Tom Lewis pinx.

[illegible]

Emily seated down on the [illegible] couch [illegible] weeping that she were departing beneath [illegible] [illegible] made [illegible] a decoration.

ROMANCE

AND

REALITY.

BY

L. E. L.

AUTHOR OF

"THE IMPROVISATRICE," "THE VENETIAN BRACELET,"
&c. &c. &c.

[Landon]

Thus have I begun;
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
SHAKESPEARE.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET;
AND BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH.
1852.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

MEMOIR OF L. E. L.

THIS volume, in the usual form of three volumes, was the first prose publication of L. E. L., who had previously achieved, even in her girlhood, a widely popular fame by her poetical productions. If these had startled the public by their fancy, beauty, feeling, and passion, the sparkling vivacity, the wonderful display of acute and comprehensive observation, and the neatness with which the ideas were expressed, the novelty in matter and manner, and the variety and charm of the whole, in this new exercise of luxuriant faculties, raised the reputation of the author to a still higher pitch; and those who are unwilling to bend the knee to Genius in Poetry were foremost to comprehend and appreciate this more ordinary form of its development. The *Improvisatrice* of the incognito and spell-like initials became yet more celebrated; and from that period, for many years, continued to delight the world with an unceasing efflux of many-coloured literature. The amount which she wrote is almost incredible. It was not "no day without a line," but no day without a piece of poetical composition, an essay, or a chapter. Writing was the atmosphere in which she breathed and lived, and her facility was so great that no task ever seemed to be a labour to her. Her invention and powers were equal to any demand; and what to others must have been a heavy burthen, was to her, as it were, a plaything. But let it not therefore be supposed that what appeared to be so easily *and lightly done* was of that quality which has

wittily been denominated "hard reading:" on the contrary, it was full of thought, and drawn from a vast fountain of intelligence collected from the perusal of the best authors, as well as from mingling with the best orders of society, whether with regard to station and refinement or to intellectual accomplishments. In fact, it might be said she devoured books of every kind, and transferred their stores of knowledge to her own rich treasury by a species of alchemy, which can belong only to the gifted few who are born to immortality.

Of this fine being, whose life and death have so deeply interested, not England alone, but Europe and America; not where the English language is spoken or read, but throughout the civilised globe, several biographies have been published; generally pretty accurate as to facts and dates, but hardly sufficient to satisfy the inquiring mind. Nor have we, in a sketch necessarily so brief as this, an opportunity to discuss the phenomena of her extraordinary nature; but our view, however limited, must differ materially from aught that has gone before. The best account of her more infantile years is that which proceeds from her own pen.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born in Hans Place, Brompton. Her father was first a superior clerk in the house of Adair and Co., eminent army agents, and ultimately a partner, to whom, when Mr. Adair retired, he left the business in conjunction with Mr. Bruce and another. It was a lucrative concern, productive, as Mr. Adair himself assured the writer, of many thousands a year, and the splendid style in which that gentleman lived fully sustained the estimate. When he left, it appeared as if each of his three successors thought they might indulge in similarly expensive style or tastes, and as some loss of connexion also took place, the consequences were unfortunate. Mr. Landon's hobby was a most innocent one,

and well became a man of his simple heartedness, kindly nature, and quiet worth. He was attached to agricultural pursuits, and the cultivation of a fancy farm, and Trevor Park, near Barnet, not only interfered detrimentally with his official affairs, but turned out to be a toy too costly for his circumstances. Resolved to suit his expenditure to the reduction imposed upon him, he removed to a house in Old Brompton, near Gloucester Lodge, with a fair garden and paddock, and though within less than two miles of the capital, altogether free from its noisy intercourse. The cottage occupied by Jenny Lind is the next to it on the London side. Mrs. Landon was the daughter of a Mrs. Bishop, who was in some way descended from noble blood; and the fondest of grandmothers. After her writings had led to celebrity and offered an independency, the young Letitia, who was most warmly attached to her, took up her residence with her in Sloane Street, and there remained till the good old lady died. With her an annuity died also, but the small property she had, she bequeathed to her favourite grandchild. Previous to this, Miss Landon's father, to whose memory she has ministered such imperishable verse, had been gathered to the grave, and the death also of a younger sister, a sweet and amiable little girl, had made her but too familiar with the sorrows of life and the shadows of death. For all these she mourned with touching affection; and many pathetic and admired sentiments in her after poems may be traced to the remembrance of these scenes and feelings. And it may here be stated that her memory was most wonderful: she never seemed to have forgotten any thing, even the slightest passages in books or the commonest incidents of the day.

To conclude with family relations, we may mention that an aunt in Gloucestershire, and Dr. Landon the Dean of *Worcester College, and the* Rev. Mr. Landon, Rector of

Aberford, Yorkshire, her uncles, afforded her occasions, as she visited them, to enlarge her acquaintance with various classes of society in various conditions of life. There were the old secluded country mansion, the swarming university, and the domestic happiness of the northern vicarage, combining all of "elegant content" and rural pleasures, to change the scene and recreate and improve a mind upon which nothing was lost. At home an only and younger brother, the present Rev. Whittington Landon, educated at Worcester College, was her dear companion, and one for whom she felt all a sister's anxiety and love.*

Come we now to her literary career. When the writer first noticed her from his adjacent residence she appeared to be a girl of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, slightly proportioned, with yet an exuberance of form. In manners she was simplicity itself, and from her

* He in his youth exhibited some of the talent inherent in his family, and many smart impromptus and epigrams showed, that if he had chosen to cultivate it, he might have attained a literary reputation. We cite a short example, where the host hesitatingly, after dinner, offered to order in another bottle of wine, with the remark that heads the impromptu: —

YOU CAN IF YOU WILL.

To drink I'm willing if I can;
Sure mine's a very hard doom;
I have the *Will*,—but tell me, pray,
Where is the *Can* to come from?

Another on an incident of the day:—

ADVENTURES OF A THIEF.

A thief stole a tea-pot in a window placed;
Both pot and thief excessively were chased;
And after being taken, as they tell,
Were both of them directly sent to cell.
Still they were both alike, both still were suited,
For each of them was highly executed!

previously retired life, and not having associated with children of her own age, strangely combined the infantile with the intellectual. With her book in one hand, reading as well as she could by snatches, she might be seen trundling her hoop, during the hours for exercise, round and round the lawn, and it would have been difficult to suppose that she was doing aught else than combining lesson with play in a curious fashion. But the soul of Poetry was already there; and her first essays in song came with the hoop.

A few specimens of her earliest productions were shown to the Editor of the Literary Gazette, who was much struck by their immaturity and originality. Indeed he was so surprised by them that he could not believe they were written by the young creature whose name was attached to them, but attributed them to a cousin of more mature years and more poetic semblance, who might wish to remain incognita; and although he soon after inserted several of them in the Literary Gazette, it was not till he had put the authorship to the test, that he was convinced of their being in truth from the pen of the girlish L. E. L. As evidence of the rapidity with which she composed, it may be related what the test was: in driving from town to Brompton immediately before dinner, on passing St. George's Hospital, it was suggested to be a good subject for verse, and Miss Landon was requested to adopt it. Dinner passed, and within an hour the ladies were joined at tea, by which time a most touching poem of seventy-four lines was completed on the given theme. The author entered the refuge of the sick and dying, and painted their various conditions and sad fates with most pathetic touches. We quote one of the individual sketches: —

> I looked upon another, wasted, pale,
> With eyes all heavy in the sleep of death:
> *Yet she was lovely still,*—the cold damps hung

Upon a brow like marble, and her eyes,
Though dim, had yet their beautiful blue tinge.
Neglected as it was, her long fair hair
Was like the plumage of the dove, and spread
Its waving curls like gold upon her pillow.
  Her face was a sweet ruin. She had lov'd,
Trusted, and been betray'd! In other days,
Had but her cheek look'd pale, how tenderly
Fond hearts had watched it! They were far away,
She was a stranger in her loneliness,
And sinking to the grave, of that worst ill,
A broken heart———

Her first contributions to the Literary Gazette were few and far between, but their appearance in print, and the praises they received, gave the impulse, which grew and grew till it was the occupation of life. These had not the signature which afterwards became so famous, but were signed L. alone; and the earliest, as far as we can at present ascertain, was entitled "Rome," and published in March 1820. One stanza will intimate its promise: —

But, Rome, thou art fallen! the memory of yore,
Only serves to reproach thee with what thou art now;
The joy of thy triumph for ever is o'er,
And sorrow and shame set their seal on thy brow.

In August 1821, her first work was published with her name at full length, *The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss Romantic Tale, and other Poems;* dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, between whom and some elder branch of her family a bygone intimacy had subsisted. With the blemishes of inexperience, it displayed so much beauty that it immediately excited public attention and critical applause; and its melancholy tone ensured it the favour of a large class of readers who delight in poetry. It was noticed with much commendation of the merits mixed with its inequalities, in the Literary Gazette of the period, and henceforward the writer became for many years at con-

tributor to almost every number of that journal, wherein hundreds of her compositions are to be found; the first which bore her magical initials being inscribed Bells, and inserted in No. 244. September, 22. 1821.

Throughout the year 1822, L. E. L. was as full of song as the nightingale in May; and excited a very general enthusiasm by the Sapphic warmth, the mournful emotion, and the imaginative invention, the profound thought and the poetic charm with which she invested every strain. Readers of the present day, short as is the time which has elapsed since then, can hardly fancy the difference between that Then and Now, as regards the production of poetry, and the universal feeling which pervaded the country, as publication after publication claimed attention and sympathy. The muse did not then struggle as at present with almost unavailing energy to make her voice heard amid the dull and engrossing pursuits of utilitarianism, the crushing weight of inferior literature, and the destructive effects of cold busy-world apathy. *Scott*, Byron, Moore, *Campbell*, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, *Bowles*, Milman, *James Montgomery*, *Croly*, *Procter*, *Watts*, *Hemans* *, *B. Barton*, *Maginn*, *Allan Cunningham*, Shelley, *Keats*, Bloomfield, Kirke White, Hunt, *Neele*, *Porden*, *Wiffen*, *T. Gaspey*, *Beresford*, *Reade*, *R. Ryan*, *Fitzadam*, *Hogg*, and even Lord John Russell (Carlos, a Tragedy) were rejoicing in their strength; and if you looked towards the north, there were the sustainers of Blackwood in similar force, and Lockhart, Wilson, and others, upholding the glory of the Modern Athens. As a curiosity in literature, we have marked the contemporaries of L. E. L. in 1822, and distinguished by italics such of them as appeared side by side with her in original poetry, contributed to the journal adorned by her effusions. It

* Under the signature of H. About a hundred of Croly's and Procter's *most beautiful productions* were written and inserted in the *Literary Gazette this year.*

is a striking list, and forms an extraordinary contrast t the year 1848, only a quarter of a century later.

Reviewing the productions of L. E. L. at this perio we cannot quite assent to the propositions laid down b preceding biographers that the whole proceded fro imagination and not real feeling. On the contrary, w think it impossible that such could have been the cas with any mind that ever existed. We are far more ir clined to agree with an anonymous writer, A. H. R., on of the multitude who addressed her in terms of enthus astic admiration, and who wrote thus: —

Farewell! sweet minstrel! Never hath mine ear
Drank in more magic melody; thy power
Wakens those hallow'd feelings, pure, and dear,
That lie close by the heart, like to a flower
That waits the influence of the April shower
To call its incense forth; so waked by thee,
Come fond remembrances of Youth's light hour,
And Hope's wild dreams of joy that is to be,
And Pity's tender burst of gentlest sympathy.

And Love, oh Love! is pictured in thy lay,
True to the very life; that gentle Love
That knows no change, no shadow, no decay,
But sad and tender as the pining dove;
Bleak storms may pass, and fickleness may prove
Its truth, and wring its bosom to the core;
But storms, or change, would all in vain remove
The love which is the heart's most precious store,
Even in its hopelessness, but prized the more.

Deeply and wild, it has been thine to feel
Love's power on thee; for never may they tell
Of hope and fear, and visions bright, which steal
Upon the thralled senses like a spell,
Who have not known that flame unquenchable;
How sweetly hast thou told of that pale one,
Who loved too faithfully, and loved too well, *

* Fate of Adelaide.

Brook'd cold desertion, and yet still loved on,
Till hope, and life, and love, were altogether gone.

I've heard at night, when the young moon was high,
And dew was on the flower, a light breeze,
Rich with the nightingale and rose's sigh,
Sweep with wild music through the murmuring trees;
Such are thy harp's sad but sweet symphonies,
Sad as the lover's song, who loves in vain,
Sweet as the melody of wind-waked seas.
Farewell, young minstrel, to thy witching strain,
Soon wake thy plaintive harp's dream of romance again.

This seems to us to be no less faithfully descriptive than rationally and metaphysically just, but we must leave speculation to those who will peruse the poetry and draw their own conclusions. Pursuing her course, L. E. L. wrote three series of poetic sketches of luxuriant grace and beauty, characterised by Bernard Barton as "gentle music:"—

Whose gushing forth and dying fall,
Surpass'd the notes of Nourmahal.

Sappho, the first of the second series, is a remarkable example of the passionate force in which the ideas are couched; and is a poem, of its order, unsurpassed in any language. In this series, too, began a line of poetry in which she afterwards loved to indulge, namely, the expression of her feelings on seeing works of fine art. Thus one of her noblest tributes to genius was addressed to Lough's Milo, the first grand welcome cheer given to his immortal chisel, and thus Martin, Maclise, and other eminent artists were embalmed in enduring verse. A few designs sketched by Mr. Richard Dagley, author of Gems from the Antique, and a dear old friend, were next sung with the ardour of personal and poetical affection; and dramatic sketches followed, being her first attempts in

that species of composition. They also were greatly admired, and added much to the popularity of their author. Her perception of the beauties of pictures seemed to be innate and peculiar to herself, and had a strange effect upon her mind; but objects of interest never impressed her in the same way as they did the generality of spectators. Her first view of St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, was an epoch in her life; under the dome, her whole being was absorbed in its grandeur and immensity; and it was with no small difficulty that her senses could be recalled to an ordinary state. That day was indeed altogether memorable. From St. Paul's she visited Paternoster Row, and was prevailed on to dine, for the first time in her life, with a party of strangers at Messrs. Longman's hospitable and literary table, and, in the evening, witnessed the private theatrical entertainment given by Mr. Mathews at the Lyceum,—what a crowd of new ideas for the teeming brain of the poet!

Ten fragments in rhyme were her next compositions, but it needs not to pursue these particulars, the bare enumeration of which would fill many dry pages of this narrative.

After the death of her grandmother, Miss Landon took up her residence in Hans Place, with Miss Lance and Miss Mary Lance, who kept a limited school and a boarding house. They were the kindest of human beings, and dearly did they love their petted inmate. Here she remained for years, till they gave up housekeeping; and during that period had for cherished companions, Miss Emma Roberts and her sister, the amiable Mrs. Newport, a valued and friendly adviser of her youthful associate, and also two charming girls of different characters, the one all liveliness, and the other all softness, the Miss Williams', to whom Miss Landon was much attached. The society here was of the most pleasant description, and afforded

relaxation from literary employment of a quiet, tasteful, and intelligent kind. Intimacies with persons of rank and literary celebrity varied the scene; and Mr. Bulwer, (now Sir E. B. Lytton,) Lady Emmeline Wortley, Mrs. Doctor Thomson, Mrs. Hall, and others may be mentioned as amongst her most frequent entertainers.

She now began to try her powers in prose, and a multitude of criticisms of every description, tales, essays, and humorous performances continued to pour from her exhaustless pen.

In mixed society she was brilliant and witty, and perhaps it would have been safer and better for herself if she had not also been, with a strong sense of the ridiculous, occasionally sarcastic. This turn, in fact, provoked some to become her enemies; whilst those who knew her were perfectly aware that the character of satirist was only assumed, and that there was not one grain of ill-will or spitefulness in her disposition. It was, however, a fault, and she paid rather dearly for it. Yet was she generous, forgiving, and affectionate. Everybody near her loved her; whilst the buzzard world, from some ludicrous sally, was being persuaded of her envy and bitterness. In her expenditure on self she was strictly economic; towards all others liberal in the extreme. And, whilst speaking of her person and habits, we may notice that her arm and hand were so femininely perfect that Mr. Barlow Behnes sought and obtained leave to make a model of the latter, which he executed in a lovely style; and that of this fair hand she was wont to make a droll use, for two of its fingers were very apt to find their way into her mouth when she was deep in the act of contemplation and writing. The childish appearance of this custom raised many a laugh at the expense of the wrapt minstrel. Of her features we need say nothing. They are sweetly given by Maclise; and

there is a noble portrait of her in oil by Pickering, which has not yet been engraved.

In July 1824 the "Improvisatrice" issued from the press, and we believe she received 300*l.* from Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. for that exquisite poem. Simplicity, gracefulness, fancy, and pathos breathed in every line, and it created an immense sensation; but here we have no occasion to dwell on its delicious attractions. Time flew on, and in November, 1831, "Romance and Reality," her first production of prose fiction appeared, and was received with similar fervour. This novel was accordingly most successful, and no wonder, for it combines in one happy mixture the romantic, the high life, the common life, the satirical, the historical, and the other attributes of the best works of its class. The fidelity of its delineations evince a fine portion of that Shaksperian genius which can identify itself with every character, and be at home in every place. It is marvellous that a female observer could have so truly picked up so much of varied life; but as it is here reproduced, we shall leave it to tell its own story, and plead its own cause.

Till June, 1838, the author held on, we cannot say the even (for it was somewhat disturbed by circumstances on which we cannot animadvert), but the tenour of her way. In that month she consummated her ill-starred and ominous marriage with George Maclean, Esq., the governor of Cape Coast Castle, with the prospect of speedily accompanying him to the fatal coast of Africa. Her best friends strenuously advised her against this step; but her position in society, lone and unprotected, had become irksome to her, and she resolved on any change which might relieve her from it. It was no union of love, and was therefore most like to end unhappily. But still the worst—the tragic end could not be foreseen—the

end of mystery which cannot be cleared now that it is passed, could not be anticipated whilst yet in the womb of time. In July the bridal pair sailed on their voyage, and on the 15th of October following, Mrs. Maclean died, in Cape Coast Castle, from the effects of prussic acid, why or how taken a hurried coroner's inquest, with scarcely any examination, *could not pronounce.*

The veil of utter obscurity hangs over her fate, and will, in all probability, never be lifted till the last trumpet sounds to call the inhabitants of earth to their final account. It is an awful contemplation.

A monument with a fitting inscription has been erected to her memory by her husband, who afterwards returned to England, and died last year. That they were most ill suited to each other is evident from every circumstance that has transpired, and God only knows the depths which human conjecture has been so anxious to penetrate.

Two unpublished poems are added, which may partly illustrate the position assumed in this brief biographical sketch. They may be placed by the side of Sappho to Phaon, or Eloise to Abelard; and yet they emanated (with another apparently more impassioned, the MS. of which is imperfect) from a mere transient indulgence, in what young ladies are pleased to call a flirtation. The feelings conjured up in the composition, compared with those inspired by the occasion, were as death from spontaneous combustion, instead of a casual burn from a particle of hot sealing-wax.

DESPAIRING LOVE.

In sooth 'twas foolishness to dream
Of ever loving thee,
The flowers I fling upon the stream
Tell what my fate will be.

Fairer and fresher than at first
Light bubbles round them play,
The wind comes by, the bubbles burst,
And they are swept away!
I lov'd you, scarcely I know why,
And still less when or how,
Perchance 'twas for your falcon eye,
Or for your noble brow:
It stole on me unconsciously,
Like dew upon the flower,
I know not how my heart could be
So captured in an hour.
It was a sense of happiness,
A vision of delight,
My heart shed forth its own excess
Till all around grew bright;
Things I had utterly disdain'd
Now pleasant to me grew,
An added zest each pleasure gain'd,
For they were shared with you.
I was so happy, and all seem'd
So happy, too, with me,
I marvell'd that I had not dream'd
How sweet our life would be!
Too soon the false light was remov'd,
The veil flung from the flame,
My tears first taught me that I lov'd,
And grief and knowledge came.
I am not lov'd; weak, blind, and vain,
What could I hope from thee?
The thought of being lov'd again
Is dream too wild for me.
The moment that my love I knew,
That moment was despair,
What had my foolish heart to do
With such an image there?
Yet I must love thee; but such love
As might beseem a slave,
The tenderness of the wood-dove,
The silence of the grave!

To breathe the air you breathe, to catch
The lightest word of thine,
The looks of thy dark eyes to watch,
Although they are not mine.
My cheek has faded for thy sake,
The tears have dimm'd my eyes,
And yet it soothes me thus to make
For thee some sacrifice!
Would that my sea, so passion-toss'd,
Could make thine own more fair!
My happiness, that were well lost,
If added to thy share.
Thine, only thine! and when that death
Shall force these links apart,
I'll die, thy name on my last breath,
Thine image on my heart!

L. E. L.

SECOND FITTE.

Oh pray thee do not name his name!
I cannot bear the sound;
Too much the echo of that word
In my own heart is found.
Oh breathe it not! that name recalls
All that I would forget,
A hope long since turn'd into tears,
A still but deep regret.
It calls to me a happy time,
When, like a bird in spring,
My heart was in its sweetest tune,
Was on its lightest wing.
It minds me, too, how that light song
Was into mourning changed,
And what a weight fell on the wings
That had so gaily ranged.
It tells me, too, I cannot trust
Thee as I trusted then,
For *who that has been* once deceiv'd
Holds such belief again?

It tells me I was once belov'd,
And that I now am not,
And that, forgotten as I am,
Yet I have not forgot.
Then do not speak of him to me,
I cannot bear his name!
It is a torch that lights again
A long since darken'd flame.
And deemest thou that he was *
Because my brow seem'd gay?
Oh I have veil'd each outward sign
With more than eastern sway.
What tho' around yon fallen pile
The ivy greenly wreathe,
Yet not the less the ruin'd wall
Lies worn and rent beneath.
I've sear'd the wound I cannot heal,
But still the wound is there;
Then pray thee do not name his name,
'Tis more than I can bear!

L. E. L.

* The word illegible; but the sense can be gathered without it.

PREFACE.

Rousseau says, nobody reads prefaces. I suspect there is more truth in the assertion than one is quite willing to admit; for a preface is a species of literary luxury, where an author, like a lover, is privileged to be egotistical; and really it is very pleasant to dwell upon our own thoughts, hopes, fears, and feelings. But all this is laying a very "flattering unction to our souls;" for who really enters into our thoughts, cares for our hopes, allows for our fears, or sympathises with our feelings? The gratitude and the modesty of an author are equally thrown away. Our readers only open our pages for amusement: if they find it, well and good — if not, our most eloquent pleading will not make them read on. The term "courteous reader" is as much a misnomer as any of the grandiloquent titles of the Great Mogul, Emperor of the World — which means a league round Delhi.

Prefaces want reform quite as much as Parliament: so I beg to retrench the gratitude, modesty, &c. usual on such occasions. Piron used to observe, that the introductory speeches made when a member was elected to the French Institute were quite superfluous, and that the new Academician needed only to say, "*Messieurs, grand merci;*" while the Directeur should answer, "*Il n'y a pas de quoi.*" I am sure that when the author begins his "*grand merci*" to the public, that public may very well reply, "*Il n'y a pas de quoi.*

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

CHAPTER I.

"It was an ancient venerable hall." — CRABBE.

"This is she,
Our consecrated Emily." — WORDSWORTH.

SUCH a room as must be at least a century's remove from London, large, white, and wainscoted; six narrow windows, red curtains most ample in their dimensions, an Indian screen, a present in which expectation had found "ample space and verge enough" to erect theories of their cousin the nabob's rich legacies, ending, however, as many such expectations do, in a foolish marriage and a large family; a dry-rubbed floor, only to have been stepped in the days of hoops and handings; and some dozen of large chairs covered with elaborate tracery, each chair-cover the business of a life spent in satin-stitch. On the walls were divers whole-length portraits, most pastoral-looking grandmammas, when a broad green sash, a small straw hat, whose size the very babies of our time would disdain, a nosegay somewhat larger than life, a lamb tied with pink riband, concocted a shepherdess just stepped out of an eclogue into a picture. Grandpapas by their side, one hand, or rather three fingers, in the bosom of each flowered waistcoat, the small three-cornered hat under each arm; two sedate-looking personages in gowns and wigs, and one—the fine gentleman of the family—in a cream-coloured coat, extending a rose for the benefit of the company in general. Over the chimney-piece was a glass, in a most intricate frame of cut crystal within the gilt one, which gave you the advantage of seeing your face in square, round, oblong, triangular, or all shapes *but its natural one*. On each side the fire-place

was an arm-chair; and in them sat, first, Mr. Arundel, reading the county newspaper as if he had been solving a problem; and, secondly, his lady dozing very comfortably over her knitting; while the centre of the rug was occupied by two white cats,—one worked in worsted, and surrounded by a wreath of roses—the other asleep, with a blue riband round her neck; and all as still and quiet as the Princess Nonchalante—who, during her lover's most earnest supplication, only begged he would not hurry himself—could have wished.

The quiet was not very lasting, for the fire was stirred somewhat suddenly, the chairs pushed aside somewhat hastily, the cat disturbed, but without any visible notice from either reader or sleeper. "My aunt asleep—my uncle as bad!" exclaimed Emily Arundel, emerging from the corner where she had been indulging in one of those moods which may be called melancholy or sullen, out of temper or out of spirits, accordingly as they are spoken of in the first or second person; and Emily was young, pretty, and spoilt enough to consider herself privileged to indulge in any or all of them.

The course of life is like the child's game—"here we go round by the rule of contrary"—and youth, above all others, is the season of united opposites, with all its freshness and buoyancy. At no period of our existence is depression of the spirits more common or more painful. As we advance in life our duties become defined; we act more from necessity and less from impulse; custom takes the place of energy, and feelings, no longer powerfully excited, are proportionably quiet in re-action. But youth, balancing itself upon hope, is for ever in extremes; its expectations are continually aroused only to be baffled; and disappointment, like a summer shower, is violent in proportion to its brevity.

Young she was—but nineteen, that pleasantest of ages, just past the blushing, bridling, bewildering coming out, when a courtesy and a compliment are equally embarrassing; when one half the evening is spent in thinking what to do and say, and the other half in repenting what has been said and done. Pretty she was—very pretty: a profusion of dark, dancing ringlets, that caught the sun-beams and then kept them prisoners; beautiful dark-grey eyes with large black pupils, very mirrors of her meaning; that long curled eye-lash, which gives a softness nothing else can give; features small, but

Grecian in their regularity; a slight delicate figure, an ankle fit for a fairy, a hand fit for a duchess,—no marvel Emily was the reigning beauty of the county. Sprung from one of its oldest families, its heiress too, the idol of her uncle and aunt, who had brought her up from infancy; accustomed to be made much of, that most captivating kind of flattery,—it may be pardoned if her own estimate was a very pleasant one. Indeed, with the exception of young gentlemen she had refused, and young ladies she had rivalled, Emily was universally liked: kind, enthusiastic, warm, and affectionate, her good qualities were of a popular kind; and her faults—a temper too hasty, a vanity too cultivated—were kept pretty well in the background by the interest or affection, by the politeness or kindness, of her usual circle. To conclude, she was very much like other young ladies, excepting that she had neither lover nor confidante: a little romance, a little pride, and not a little good taste, had prevented the first, so that the last was not altogether indispensable.

Her father had been the youngest brother, and, like many other younger brothers, both unnecessary and imprudent; a captain in a dragoon regiment, who spent his allowance on his person, and his pay on his horse. He was the last man in the world who ought to have fallen in love, excepting with an heiress, yet he married suddenly and secretly the pretty and portionless Emily Delawarr, and wrote home to ask pardon and cash. The former was withheld on account of the latter, till his elder brother's unexceptionable marriage with Miss Belgrave, and her estate, gave him an interest in the family which he forthwith exerted in favour of Captain Arundel. But a few short years, and the young officer died in battle, and his widow only survived to place their orphan girl in Mr. and Mrs. Arundel's care, to whom Emily had ever been even as their own.

Mr. Arundel was a favourable specimen of the old school, when courtesy, though stately, was kind, and, though elaborate, yet of costly *matériel;* a well-read, though not a literary man—everybody did not write in his day—generous to excess; and if proud, his consciousness of gentlemanlike descent was but shown in his strictness of gentlemanlike feelings. The last of a very old family, an indolent, perhaps an *over-sensitive temper—often* closely allied—had kept him a

quiet dweller on his own lands; and though, from increasing expenses without increasing funds, many an old manor and ancient wood had developed those aërial propensities which modern times have shown to be inherent in their nature, and had made themselves wings and flown away, yet enough remained for dignity, and more than enough for comfort: and in a county where people had large families, Emily was an heiress of considerable pretension.

His lady was one of those thousand-and-one women who wore dark silk dresses and lace caps—who, after a fashion of their own, have made most exemplary wives; that is to say, they took to duties instead of accomplishments, and gave up music when they married—who spent the mornings in the housekeeper's room, and the evenings at the tea-table, waiting for the guests who came not—who rose after the first glass of wine—whose bills and calls were paid punctually, and whose dinners were a credit to them. In addition to this, she always knitted Mr. A.'s worsted stockings with her own hands, was good-natured, had a whole book of receipts, and loved her husband and niece as parts of herself.

Few families practised more punctuality and propriety, and perhaps in few could more happiness, or rather content, be found. Occasionally, Mr. Arundel's temper might be ruffled by pheasants and poachers, and his wife's by some ill-dressed dish; but then there were the quarter sessions to talk of, and other and faultless dinners to redeem aught of failure in the last. Sometimes Emily might think it was rather dull, and lay down the Morning Post with a sigh, or close her novel with a hope; but in general her spirits were buoyant as her steps, and the darling of the household was also its life and delight. But to-night, the third rainy evening of three rainy days, every flower in the divers china bowls, cups, vases, was withered; the harp was out of tune with the damp; and Emily betook herself to the leafy labyrinth of a muslin flounce, *la belle alliance* of uselessness and industry.

CHAPTER II.

"And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the past." — *Mazeppa.*

"Who knocks so late,
And knocks so loud at our convent gate?" — SCOTT.

BUT one rosebud and half a leaf of the flounce were finished, when it was hastily restored to the work-box, the ringlets involuntarily smoothed back, both uncle and aunt awakened, for a carriage had driven rapidly into the court; a loud ring at the gates, and a loud barking of the dogs, had announced an arrival. In less than two minutes Mr. Delawarr had entered the room, and been installed in a seat near the fire; Mrs. Arundel had vanished; and her husband had called up his best manner, his kindest, to welcome one who, though an old friend, had been mostly recalled to his memory by the newspaper. The visitor was as gracefully as briefly rather accounting than apologising for his sudden intrusion, by saying that an accident to his carriage had made him late, and turned him from the direct road; and that, though a sportsman no longer, he could not be so near without coming to see if his old instructor in the game laws had quite forgotten the feats of other days. Now this was both *vrai* and *vraisemblable* enough; for, to do Mr. Delawarr justice, if there had been mention made of the declining health of the member for Avonsford, and of his friend's influence in that town, at whose entrance stood the ancient family house, it only gave inclination a motive, or rather an excuse for indulgence.

Very different was the impression produced on all the party. Mr. Arundel could not conceal his surprise, or rather emotion, to see in the pale, mind-worn brow — the elegant but indolent movements of the man of forty, so little trace remaining of the bright-eyed and bright-haired, the lively and impetuous favourite of nineteen; still less in the worldly, half-studied, half-sarcastic tone of his conversation, did any thing recal the romance, the early enthusiasm, which once rendered the interest he inspired one of anxiety. But Mr. Arundel forgot that the most sparkling wines *soonest* lose that sparkle. The impetuosity of youth becomes energy in manhood, and Mr. Dela-

warr's stormy political career was one to call forth every talent; circumstances form the character, but, like petrifying waters, they harden while they form.

To Mrs. Arundel he was the same as any other guest—one who was to eat, drink, and sleep in her house; all her hopes, fears, "an undistinguishable throng," rested with her cook and housemaid.

Emily had at first shrunk back, in that intuitive awe which all little people at least must have experienced—the feeling which fixes the eye and chains the lip, on finding ourselves for the first time in the presence of some great man, hitherto to us an historical portrait, one whose thoughts are of the destinies of nations, whose part seems in the annals of England, and not in its society. If such there be, who can come in contact with a being like this without drawing the breath more quickly and quietly, they have only less excitability than we have; and for them *tant pis* or *tant mieux*, according to that golden rule of judgment, as it turns out. This, however, wore off; the attention of a superior is too flattering to our vanity not to call it forth, and Emily soon found herself talking, smiling, and singing her very best: not that Mr. Delawarr was, generally speaking, at all like the knights of old, *voués aux dames*. Married metaphorically to his place in the ministry, and actually to the daughter of Lord Etheringhame; too worldly to be interested, too busy to be amused; young ladies were very much to him what inhabitants in a borough without votes are—non-entities in creation. But sentiment, like salt, is so universal an ingredient in our composition, that even Mr. Delawarr, years and years ago, had looked at a rainbow to dream of a cheek, had gathered violets with the dew on them, and thought them less bright than the eyes to which they were offerings, had rhymed to one beloved name, and had felt one fair cousin to be the fairest of created things. That cousin was Emily's mother, and her great likeness to her called up a host of early fancies and feelings, over which he scarcely knew whether to sigh or smile. He might smile to think how the lover had wasted his time, and yet sigh to think how pleasantly it had been wasted. But Mr. Delawarr knew well

"'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green,
When there is not a leaf on the tree;"

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CHAPTER III.

"Two springs I saw."—MOORE.

"Good night—how can such night be good?"—SHELLEY.

"Night, oh, not night: where are its comrades twain—silence and sleep?"—L. E. L.

OW-DROPPED, crocused, and violeted Spring, in the country, s beginning to consider about making her will, and leaving r legacies of full-blown flowers and green fruit to Summer, en a letter from town arrived, franked by Montague Delarr, M.P., saying, that as the spring was now commencing *town, perhaps Miss* Arundel would remember a hope she

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SNOW-DROPPED, crocused, and violeted Spring, in the country, was beginning to consider about making her will, and leaving her legacies of full-blown flowers and green fruit to Summer, when a letter from town arrived, franked by Montague Delawarr, M.P., saying, that as the spring was now commencing in *town, perhaps Miss* Arundel would remember a hope she

once gave, and comply with the request contained in the note which the said Mr. Delawarr had the honour of enclosing.

The note expressed the usual number of fears, honours, and pleasures, which usually accompany invitations; was written in a hand of even more than usually elegant unintelligible expansiveness; was on pale sea-green paper, sealed with lilac wax; and came from Lady Alicia. Now this was a most disinterested act; for the member had recovered, and taken that step of all others which insures existence, purchased a life annuity; and it is a well-known fact in physiology, that annuitants and old women never die. But Mr. Delawarr had taken an interest in his young relative; he knew his house was one of the most elegant, his wife one of the best-dressed women in London, and that she never spent an evening at home,—could he do more for Emily than open such a vista of fêtes and fashions to her futurity?

If any of the party at Arundel House hesitated about the invitation's affirmative, it was herself. Her aunt had a great notion of giving young people as much pleasure as possible, for they would have no time for it after they were married; and her uncle, kind and affectionate, only thought of his favourite's enjoyment, perhaps her advantage. Like many men of quiet manners, and still quieter habits, his imagination was active in the extreme, and had been but little put out of its way by either worldly exertions or disappointments. Thus, before his first egg was finished, Emily had refused three baronets, looked coldly on a viscount, had two earls at her feet; and, if the object of this reverie had not destroyed her own good fortune by speaking, she was in a fair way of becoming a duchess.

But, though to Emily London was as much an El Dorado as novels and novelty could make it; yet if her first exclamation was delight, her second was, "But, my dear uncle, you will miss me so;" and a long array of solitary walks and lonely rides rose almost reproachfully to her mind. This, however, the uncle would not admit; and youth, if not selfish, is at least thoughtless; so a few minutes saw Emily bounding up stairs, with spirits even lighter than her steps, to answer the important billet, which she had already conned over till she could have repeated it from the "Dear Miss Arundel" at the beginning, to the "Alicia C. F. G. Delawarr" of the sig-

nature. Many a sheet of paper was thrown aside in various stages, from two to ten lines—twice was the ink changed, and twenty times the pen, before a note worthy of either writer or reader could be effected: but time and the post wait for no man, and necessity was in this case, as in most others, the mother of invention.

The next week passed, as such weeks always do, in doing nothing, because so much is to be done—in packing and unpacking, till the Labyrinth of Crete was nothing to that of trunks; in farewell calls, in lingering walks, in careful commendations to the gardener of divers pet roses, carnations, &c.; and more than three parts of the time at her uncle's side, who every now and then began giving good advice, which always ended in affectionate wishes.

The morning of her departure arrived—cold, rainy, miserable, but very much in unison with Emily's feelings. A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge. Affection is more matter of habit than sentiment, more so than we like to admit; and she was leaving both habits and affections behind. There were the servants gathered in the hall, with proper farewell faces; her aunt, hitherto busy in seeing the carriage duly crammed with sandwiches and sweetmeats, having nothing more to do, began to weep. A white handkerchief is a signal of distress always answered: and when Mr. Arundel took his place beside his niece, he had nothing but the vague and usual consolation of "Love, pray don't cry so," to offer for the first stage.

But the day and Emily's face cleared up at last; her uncle was still with her, the post-boys drove with exhilarating rapidity, and night found them seated by a cheerful fire, with a good supper and better appetite. The morning came again, and Mr. Arundel was now to leave his niece.

"O pleasure! you're indeed a pleasant thing:"

and our heroine was setting off in pursuit of it, as miserable as any young lady need be. The last sight of the panels of the old yellow coach was the signal for another burst of tears, which extended to three stages to-day, and perhaps would have reached to a fourth, had she not been roused to anger by her maid's laughter, whose gravity, though most exemplary in the outset, now gave way to the mirth excited by the rapidity

with which a ponderous-looking person, outside a stage-coach, had lost hat, umbrella, and bundle, while the vehicle rolled rapidly over them. There is something very amusing in the misfortunes of others. However,—to borrow an established phrase from those worthy little volumes, entitled the Clergyman's, Officer's and Merchant's Widows, when the disconsolate relict is recalled from weeping over the dear departed, by the paramount necessity of getting one of her fourteen children into the Blue-coat School,—"the exertion did her good;" and she was soon sufficiently amused to regret when the darkness shut out all view save the post-boy.

Adventures never happen now-a-days; there are neither knights nor highwaymen; no lonely heaths, with gibbets, for finger-posts; no hope of even a dangerous rut, or a steep hill; romance and roads are alike macadamised; no young ladies are either run away with, or run over;—and Emily arrived in inglorious safety among the argand lamps and rosewood tables in Mr. Delawarr's drawing-room—was properly welcomed—introduced—took a hasty dinner, for her host was hurrying to the House, and her hostess to the Opera—was supposed to be very much fatigued—installed into a very pretty little boudoir—and found herself in a seat by the fire, tired enough for an arm-chair, but much too excited for her pillow; and she leaned back in that most soothing state of indolence, fireside's fantasies—while her uncle's wig, Lady Alicia's black velvet hat, Mr. Delawarr's kindness, &c. &c. floated down the "river of her thoughts." But the three hours before, of, and after midnight in a fashionable square, are not very favourable to a reverie, when the ear has only been accustomed to the quiet midnights of the country—where the quiet is rather echoed than broken by the wind wandering among boughs of the oak and beech, and whose every leaf is a note of viewless and mysterious music. But in London, where from door to door "leaps the live thunder;" the distant roll of wheels, the nearer dash of carriages, the human voices mingling, as if Babel were still building—these soon awakened Emily's attention—even the fire had less attraction than the window; and below was a scene, whose only fault is we are so used to it.

In the middle of the square was the garden, whose sweep *of turf was silvered* with moonlight; around were the dark

ng laurels, and all the pale varieties of colour that flower hrub wear at such a time, and girdled in by the line of clear lamps, the spirits of the place. At least every d house was lighted up, and that most visible, the corner was illuminated like a palace with the rich stream of nce that flowed through the crimson blinds; ever and a burst of music rose upon the air, and was lost again fresh arrival of carriages; then the carriages themselves, their small bright lights flitting over the shadowy foot ngers,—the whole square was left to the care of the gas he watchman, before Emily remembered that she had day to do justice to her country roses.

CHAPTER IV.

"Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning."
The Watchman.

"Her elegant and accomplished ladyship."
Morning Post.

y just rose an hour too soon the next morning—morning, breaker of spells and sleep. There was the garden dingy dusty, the green trees with a yellow fever, and the ring shrubs drooping as if they had been crossed in love ie fresh air. The milkman was, jailor-like, going his ing rounds; and, instead of gay equipages waiting for raceful figures that passed over the steps lightly as their le,—now stood a pail, a mop, and a slipshod domestic, e arms, at least, said much for the carnations of London. nd, like the rival houses of York and Lancaster, some e, some red, stood mansions whose nobility was certainly f outward show, and setting forth every variety of archi- re save its own peculiar beauty, uniformity; and windows hich "the dust of ages" had gathered, and even that only y seen through smoke and fog—those advantages of early g in London. The sun, the nurserymaids, and children, ll come out before Emily was summoned to the breakfast-, where a French *soubrette*—who made, as only her nation *lo, a pretty face* out of nothing, with an apron whose

pockets were placed *à l'envie*, and a cap put on *à faire mourir* — was pouring out coffee for the very fair, very languid, and very lady-like Lady Alicia, who, enveloped in a large shawl, was almost lost in that and the pillowed arm-chair.

Few women, indeed, think, but most feel; now Lady Alicia did neither: nature had made her weak and indolent, and she had never been placed in circumstances either to create or call forth character. As an infant she had the richest of worked robes, and the finest of lace caps; the nurse was in due time succeeded by the nursery governess, whose situation was soon filled by the most accomplished person the united efforts of fourteen countesses could discover. Pianos, harps, colour-boxes, collars, French, Italian, &c. &c. duly filled the school-room: but for music Lady Alicia had no ear, for dancing no liking, for drawing no taste; and French and Italian were, it must be owned, somewhat unnecessary to one who considered her own language an unnecessary fatigue. At eighteen she came out, beautiful she certainly was; highly accomplished—for Lady F., her mother's intimate friend, had several times confidentially mentioned the names of her masters; while Lady C. had expressed her approbation of the reserved dignity which led the daughter of one of our oldest families to shun that display which might gratify her vanity, but wounded her pride.

All was prepared for a ducal coronet at least; when the very day after her presentation, her father went out of town, and the ministry together; and three long useless years were wasted in the stately seclusion of Etheringhame Castle; where the mornings in summer were spent at a small table by the window, and in winter by the fire, putting in practice the only accomplishment that remained—like a ghost of the past—cutting out figures and landscapes in white paper, whose cold, colourless regularity were too much in sympathy with herself for her not to excel in the art. The middle of the day was devoted to a drive, if fair,—if wet, to wondering whether it would clear. Dressing came next,—a mere mechanical adjustment of certain rich silks and handsome jewels, where vanity was as much out of the question, as if its own peculiar domain had not been a looking-glass: with no one to attract, and, still dearer hope, *no one to surpass, cui bono?* for, after all, vanity is like those

chemical essences whose only existence is when called into being by the action of some opposite influence.

During dinner the Earl lamented the inevitable ruin to which the country was hastening; and after grace had been said, the Countess agreed with him, moreover observing, that dress alone was destroying the distinction of ranks, and that at church silks were commoner than stuffs. Here the conversation ceased, and they returned to the drawing-room; the Countess to sleep—Lady Alicia to cut out more paper landscapes.

Twice a-year there was a great dinner, to which she was regularly handed down by the old Marquess of Snowdon, who duly impressed upon her mind how very cold it was; and, in truth, he looked like an embodied shiver.

At one and twenty an important change took place. Lady Alicia was summoned from a little paper poodle, on whose white curls she had been bestowing peculiar pains, by the drawing-room doors being thrown open with even more than their usual solemnity, and she was informed, by his own man, that his lordship requested her presence in the library: the surprise was sufficiently great to make her cut off her little dog's tail.

The ex-minister was too important a person to be kept waiting, at least in his own family; what he now wanted in quantity of authority, he made up in quality. She descended into the large Gothic room dedicated to the learning of past ages, and the dignity of the present; a large round table stood in the middle, covered with political pamphlets, cut open, at least, most carefully, and a newspaper lying on a folio volume of Bolingbroke's. In a large arm-chair, with the Peerage in one hand, and an open letter in the other, whose seal, though broken, still showed the crimson glory of the coat of arms, sat Lord Etheringhame; and on the other side, in a chair equally erect, and in her person still more so, was the lady mother. What circumstance could have occasioned such a change in the castle's domestic economy—a matrimonial *tête-à-tête* at such unusual hours, and in such an unusual place? What but a circumstance that has authorised many extraordinary proceedings—an offer of marriage. Lady Alicia took the seat assigned her by a wave of his lordship's hand.

"The consequence of our family," said her father.

"*The advantages of such* a union," observed the mother.

"The solitude to which my philosophical and literary pursuits—" here the retired statesman paused.

"Well aware of the excellent principles instilled into your mind," exclaimed mamma.

"Connected with some of the first people in the kingdom," ejaculated papa.

"Fastidious as my daughter must be," and Lady Etheringhame drew up *à la giraffe*.

"So desirable a political connection," and his lordship looked at his daughter and his pamphlets.

"I shall be freed from the weight of so much maternal anxiety;" but her ladyship was stopped in her parental display by the positive declaration of—

"And now, Alicia, shall I write an answer as affirmative as suits the dignity of our house?"

Alicia said nothing, and looked less.

"We will spare her confusion," said the Countess.

"You may retire," said the Earl.

Lady Alicia was as much bewildered as it was in her nature to be; but she made up her mind to ask her mother what they wanted with her in the library, and seated herself to cut out another little poodle.

The dinner-bell rang, and Lady Etheringhame entered.

"Alicia, my love, wear your turquoise set to-day: of course, I should wish you to appear to advantage on Mr. Delawarr's first visit."

It was as if all the astonishment of her life was to be crowded into one day; for on retiring to her toilette, her handmaiden, the very reverse of her mistress, extremes meet (vide Lara and Jaqueline), by dint of compliments and insinuations, succeeded at length in drawing from her something like a question; and with all her father's eloquence and mother's anxiety, Alicia only now began to suspect a husband in the case, and that the library audience and the turquoises referred to Mr. Delawarr.

Delawarr Hall was the nearest seat to Etheringhame Castle, and the families had for years run through every possible variety of opposition and alliance. Between the present proprietors there had existed rather civility than cordiality. Lord Etheringhame's opinions were as hereditary as his halls; innovation was moral rebellion; the change of a fashion, a symptom

of degeneracy; he would as soon have destroyed his pedigree as his pigtail; and looked on every new patent, whether for a peerage or a pie-dish, as another step to ruin; in short, he held just the reverse of the poet's opinion—with him, not whatever is, but whatever had been, was right.

Sir Walter, on the contrary, was a man of plans and projects: he refurnished his house, and talked of the march of intellect; cut down a plantation of old oaks in search of a lead mine; put in French windows instead of Gothic, on which his mother died of cold, or grief; married his first wife for fancy, and talked of sentiment; his second for money, and talked of liberality, and deprecated vain pride of birth; he lost money by taking shares in a canal, which to have made profitable must have cut just across his own park; subscribed to a book society, and was eloquent about encouraging genius; had a newly invented stove in his hall; and novelty to him was what antiquity was to the other—each, like charity, covered a multitude of sins. But, above all, Sir Walter's great pride was his son, who, already far beyond his competitors, gave assurance of the distinguished career he ran in after-life. Two things were at this period necessary for Montague Delawarr,—to get married, and returned for the county.

The Baronet's dressing-room had a view of the castle. No wonder that Lady Alicia suggested herself to his mind. Montague was now in the country; and if St. Valentine could aid St. Stephen, why married he intended to be, some time or other; so the letter of proposal was written, and the result had been as favourable as they could wish.

Seven o'clock came, and with it Sir Walter and his son. The dinner-bell to-day was indeed to be "the tocsin of the heart." With something more like emotion than she had ever felt in her life before, Lady Alicia Lorraine made her appearance, and a very fair appearance it was; both figure and face were fine, her dress elegant, and the turquoises so becoming, that when Montague took his seat by her at table, he began to think the wife herself was something in the matrimonial contract about to be made. The delusion by a little maternal arrangement, hints of timidity, &c., lasted very respectably till after the wedding, when with as little blushing and as much blonde as possible, the name of Lorraine was changed for that of Delawarr. They were the happiest couple spoken

of. Sir Walter had presented his late wife's emeralds, and his son had them reset; the bride's beauty quite inspired Sir Thomas Lawrence; and Mr. Delawarr was returned for the county.

In the midst of a brilliant public career, he had little time to discover whether his household divinity was very like those of old — a statue. Lady Alicia was good-natured — that good nature which is composed of a soft smile, a low voice, indulgence of every kind — self among the number: for the rest, if her mind had a feature, it was indolence; and her cashmere, character, and carriage, were alike irreproachable.

Such was the lady with whom Emily had to encounter the dangers of a *tête-à-tête*. It passed off better than she hoped. Lady Alicia liked to be amused, and her young companion was soon encouraged to be amusing. Their arrangements were speedily made; they were to dine with Lady Etheringhame; his lordship's magnificent funeral had filled a column in the paper three years before; the dowager took to study her health, and lived in town to be near her physicians — and with a little illness and a great deal of complaint, managed to live on. The morning was to be devoted to milliners, shopping, &c.; both went to prepare for the drive; Lady Alicia convinced that Miss Arundel was a very charming girl, and Miss Arundel wondering if fairy tales were true, and whether her hostess was a snow woman animated by a spell.

CHAPTER V.

"The bondage of certain ribands and gloves."
* *
"Your gown is a most rare fashion, i'faith."
* * * *
"These pelican daughters." — SHAKSPEARE.

SHOPPING, true feminine felicity! how rapidly it passed the morning away — how in a few short hours were Emily's ideas expanded! Here she blushed for her sleeves, there for her flounces: how common seemed the memory of her red rose wreath beside her newly-acquired taste for golden oats! The bonnets that were tried on, the silks that were unfolded, the

ribands that were chosen, — till she went home happy in a hat, whose dimensions far exceeded the shields of any of her forefathers, and having chosen a ball dress, on whose composition, the milliner assured her, genius had exhausted itself.

Lady Etheringhame being now a constitutionalist, dined rather early: and Emily, her head like a kaleidoscope, full of colours, with not a little disdain, put on the blue silk she had thought *bleu céleste*, at least in the country. What a march does a woman's intellect, *i. e.* taste, take in the streets of London!

Exactly at five they were at the dowager's door — exactly five minutes after they were seated in her dining-room; and Emily began to consider whether she or the wine-coolers were most chilled — whether Lady Etheringhame's black satin or herself were stiffest — and whether she weighed her words as she did her food in the little pair of scales by her side. They adjourned to the drawing-room, and sat "like figures ranged upon a dial-plate." The French clock on the mantel-piece ticked audibly — Lady Alicia dozed — their hostess detailed symptoms and remedies, and eulogized mustard-seed, — while Emily sat like a good child, playing propriety, and looking the listener at least. Ten o'clock came at last, and with it the carriage.

"I am afraid, mamma, you are so tired," said the daughter.

> "How much we give to thoughts and things our tone,
> And judge of others' feelings by our own!"

"I hope Miss Arundel will do me the honour of accompanying you on your next visit?"

A stately bend from the elder — a low "many thanks" — a good night — and the visit was over.

"Is it possible," thought Emily, "a visit in London could be so dull?"

The next morning was more amusing — visitor after visitor came in; for Lady Alicia, like most indolent people, preferred any one else's company to her own, — all could entertain her better than she could entertain herself. An elderly gentleman had gone off with a cough, and a lady of no particular age with a prophecy.

"Well, take my word for it, those girls will never marry; marriage is like money — seem to want it, and you never get it."

The Cassandra was scarcely departed, when the objects her oracle appeared — Mrs. Fergusson and her two daughte Nothing could be more correct than the externals of th young ladies — large curls, large sleeves, still larger bonne words like the poet's idea of adieu, or the advice to make gc children — "to be seen, not heard," — and faces indicative elegant indifference.

Mr. Fergusson had made his fortune, and Mrs. F. n meant to make her way in the world; her society was to refined and exalted; she resolved on getting people to l house, and going to people's houses, whose names as yet w all she knew of them; and by dint of patience, perseveran and pushing, she had to a great degree succeeded. Is r Locke the great philosopher who says, the strokes of the pic axe build the pyramid? But these social contracts were su servient to one great end — domestic economy. Mrs. F gusson had a family of six daughters; and to get these w married was the hope and aim of her existence, "the oce to the river" of her thoughts. By day she laid plans, l night dreamed they had succeeded. To this point tend dresses, dances, dinners; for this she drove in the park — f this waited out the ballet at the opera — for this Mr. S Leger found his favourite *pâté de cœur des tourterelles* perfe at her table; for this Mr. Herbert, twice a week during la April, was asked to a family dinner — *un dîné sans façons e une perfidie,* though in a different sense to what the poet d *plateaux* intended; for this, on Mr. Hoggart a Scotchman - who wore a blue coat, which he always began to button wh economy was talked of — did mamma impress, what a treasu her Elizabeth was, and how well she supplied her place home. [By the bye, what an odious thing is a blue coat wi brass buttons, shining as if to stare you out of countenance, ar reflecting in every button a concave composition, which yc recognise as a caricature of yourself. No lady should dance wit a man who wears a blue coat and brass buttons.] For M Rosedale did Laura wear vestal white, when every one el was *à la Zamiel,* and a cottage bonnet — a cottage ornée, be sure — when every other head was in a hat.

Still, two seasons, besides watering places, had passed awa *fruitlessly;* and the Misses Fergussons, of whom two only ha *yet passed the* Rubicon of balls, operas, &c. coming out, we

still the fair but unappropriated adjectives of the noun-matrimonial husband; still it was something to be "ready, ay ready,"—the family motto. Of them nothing more can be said, than that Laura was pretty, and enacted the beauty; Elizabeth was plain, and therefore was to be sensible: the one sat at her harp, the other at her work-box.

Now, Mrs. Fergusson thought a visit to Lady Alicia a sad waste of time: there were no sons, no brothers, at least as bad as none—for the Earl was in the country, the younger abroad; still she was too little established in society for neglect. So, collecting a few facts and fancies, putting on her most fatigued face, she began talking, while the daughters sat such complete personifications of indifference, that Mrs. Granville might very well have addressed her ode to either of them.

"Mrs. De Lisle's rooms were so crowded last night—very brilliant. Still, alas!"—(here Mrs. Fergusson looked philosophical)—"the weariness of pleasure; but these dear girls were in such requisition, it was nearly day before we left. Conceive my fatigue."

"Why then," said her hearer, very quietly, "did you not leave before?"

"Ah, Lady Alicia, how little do you understand the feelings of a mother! Could I break in upon their young pleasures? Besides"—and here her voice sank to a whisper—"I do own my weakness; yet what maternal heart but must be gratified by such admiration as was excited by my sweet Laura? It is dangerous to a young head; but she is so simple, so unpretending."

"Very true," said her ladyship.

Now came one of those audible pauses, the tickings of the death-watch of English conversation. This was broken by Mrs. Fergusson's asking a question. How many are asked for want of something to say! The questions of curiosity are few to those of politeness.

"Pray when do you expect your brother, Mr. Lorraine, in England?"

"Ah, Edward! Delawarr told me he was coming at last. He is to stay with us."

Mrs. Fergusson now, for the first time, looked at Emily, who, occupied in considering whether the Misses Fergusson

were deaf or dumb, or both, was quite unconscious of the scrutiny.

A marriage and a death concluded the visit.

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Fergusson, as soon as the carriage gave security to that flow of soul, entitled confidential conversation, "to think of the luck of some people — there will this Miss Arundel be living in the house with the Hon. Edward Lorraine."

No one knew better than this lady the dangers or advantages of propinquity.

I hate that odious dark hair and ringlets too, so affected; but she is not pretty," said Miss Laura.

"There is nothing in her," said Miss Elizabeth, who piqued herself on discrimination of character.

CHAPTER VI.

"I love a devious path that winds askance,
And hate to keep one object still in view;
The flowers are fragrant that we find by chance—
And in both life and nature I would rather
Have those I meet than those I come to gather." — *The Brunswick.*

"Ah, 'tis a pleasure that none can tell,
To feel you're the wild wave's master."

"IMPOSSIBLE! If his highness would but consider"———

"I never considered in my life, and am not going to begin now. I cross the river, if you please, before yon black cloud."

"We must put back — we cannot allow a stranger to perish."

"Gentlemen of the sail, I can assure you it is not my destiny to be drowned; fulfil your agreement or forfeit your dollars."

One of the most pertinacious of the boatmen now began to mutter something about a family at once large and small.

"I can endure no more: when a man begins to talk of his wife and family, I consider his designs on my purse and time to be quite desperate. Descendants of the sea-kings! I am *sure I shall not* drown; and if you do, I promise to increase *your donation, till* your widows may erect a church and belfry

to ring a rejoicing peal over your memory; and thus I end the dispute."

So saying, the young Englishman rose from the deck, where he had lain wrapped in his cloak and his thoughts — and putting the sullen steersman aside, took the helm into his own hands. A few moments saw the little vessel gallantly scudding through the waters, dashing before her a shower of foam like sudden snow — and leaving behind a silver track, like a shining serpent, called by some strange spell from its emerald palace, and yet bright with the mysterious light of its birthplace. The river, now like an allied army, swollen with the gathered rains of many weeks, was darkened on one side by an ancient forest, black as night and death, and seeming almost as eternal. It was swept, but not bowed, by a mighty wind, now loud as mountain thunder, and now low with that peculiar whisper which haunts the leaf of the pine — such as might have suited the oracles of old — an articulate though unknown language, — and ever and anon rushing from its depths till the slight bark was hidden by the driven waters; while overhead hung one dense mass of cloud — a gathered storm, heavy as the woods it overshadowed. The banks on the other side were as those of another world; there arose rocks covered with coloured lichens, or bare and showing the rainbow-stained granite, and between them small open spaces of long soft grass, filled with yellow flowers; and here and there slight shrubs yielding to the wind, and one or two stately trees which defied it. Still, the tempest was evidently rolling away in the distance; a few large drops of rain seemed to be the melting of the light which was now breaking through its cloudy barrier; already the moon, like the little bark beneath, was visible amid surrounding darkness, and at last illuminated, encouragingly, the deck and its youthful master, whose noble and romantic style of beauty suited well a scene like this.

The excitement of the moment had given even more than its ordinary paleness to his cheek, while its character of determination redeemed, what was almost a fault, the feminine delicacy of his mouth; the moonlight above was not more spiritual than the depths of his large blue eyes; and the rain that had washed his hair only gave even more glossiness to the light auburn waves that shadowed a forehead whose flowing line was that of genius and of grace: it was a face and

figure to which the mind gave power, and whose slight and delicate proportions had been effeminate but for the strength which is of the spirit.

Successful daring makes its own way; and when the dangerous bend of the river was passed, and the wind had gradually wailed itself to rest like a passionate child, his boatmen were as elated as if the triumph had been their own. They reached the landing-place, ruled by an old oak, beneath whose shade the sea-kings must have stood: the crew went on to the little village, whose houses were already those of promise; while Edward loitered after, languid with the luxury of exertion, and the softness of the now lulled and lovely night. The moon was yet very young—that clear diamond crescent which looks as if undimmed by the sorrows, or unsullied by the crimes, which will fill even the brief period of her reign over earth: but there was ample light to show his way across a vast field, where every step he took filled the air with fragrance—for the ground was covered with those fairy flowers, the lilies of the valley—their ivory bells bowed the slight stalks by thousands, and their snow was like frost-work—as if winter had given her only loveliness to summer.

As he approached the village, the wild cherry-trees surrounded it like an orchard, the boughs covered with crimson profusion, and the cottage where he stopped was crowned with flowers; for here the turf-sods, which form the roof, are the nursery of numberless blossoming plants, all fair, and most of them fragrant. The door opened, a bright hearth was glowing with its wood fire of the odoriferous young pine-branches; and the hostess was quite pretty enough to make the short scarlet petticoat, and red handkerchief which gathered up her profusion of light tresses, seem the most becoming of costumes.

The game had the perfection of wild-heath flavour; and the rich peach brandy was most exhilarating to the wet and weary. After supper they gathered round the hearth. Many a tale was told of wood and water spirit, with all the eloquent earnestness of belief. The national song Gaule Norgé was sung, as people always sing national songs after dinner—with all their heart, and as much voice as they have left; and Edward Lorraine went to bed, when nothing was wanting but an audience, to have made him declaim most eloquently on the excellence of unsophisticated pleasure.

The next day he rose early to join in the chase of an elk, an animal rarely seen even in that remote part. The band of hunters were young and bold, and there was just enough of danger for excitement. Many a deep valley and dark ravine did they pass, when a loud shout told that their prey was at hand. Fronting them, on a barren and steep height, stood the stately creature, his size thrown out in bold relief by the clear blue sky behind: he tossed his proud antlers defyingly, as if he were conscious of the approaching enemy—when suddenly he turned, and dashed down the opposite side. Their game was now secure; gradually they narrowed their circle, till they quite hemmed in the little dell where it had taken refuge. Their noiseless steps might have defied even an Indian ear, and a few scattered trees concealed them. The stag was lying amid the grass; his horns, in forcing a passage through the woods, had borne away their spoil; and a creeping plant with large green leaves and small bright blue flowers, had wound round them, as if the victim were bound with wreaths for sacrifice. Another moment, and the hunters rushed forward; five spears were in its side at once. Awakened more than injured, the elk sprang up. One incautious youth was thrown on the ground in a moment, while it made for the thicket where Edward was hid.

He had meant to have witnessed rather than have joined in the attack; but the danger was imminent—his life was on a chance—the shot rang from his pistol—and the next moment he felt the large dark eye of the dying animal fix on his, and it lay in the death agony at his feet, for the bullet had entered its forehead. His comrades gathered round, received the reward he had promised, and prepared for supper in the woods, while Edward stood gazing on the gallant stag.

It was fifteen years since one of the kind had been seen in the district. A few hours and a few dollars finished his brief reign in the woods; and Lorraine thought a little sadly on the bold and the lonely which had fallen to gratify his curiosity.

Your moralising is, after all, but a zest to pleasure; and his remorse was more than mitigated by the applause bestowed on his address and presence of mind,—till the horns of the elk came to be viewed with very self-satisfactory feelings. Active pleasures, however, had their day; and Edward soon began to prefer wandering amid the mighty forests, till he

half believed in the spirits of which they were the home; or he would lie for hours embedded in some little nook of wild flowers, amid the rocks that looked down on the river—a wild soaring bird the sole interruption to his solitude. But one cannot practise poetry for ever; and he soon found he was declining rapidly from the golden age of innocent pleasure to the silver one of insipidity. So one fine morning saw him bribing his driver, and urging the pretty little brown horses of the country to their utmost speed, on his way to England. The sea-port was gained—the wind as favourable as if that had been bribed too—and in a fortnight he was at Hull, quite as pleased to return to his native land as he had been to leave it.

This journey to Norway may be considered the specimen brick of Edward Lorraine's life and character; for the season before, he had been *le Prince chéri* of the Park and Pall Mall—his dressing-room was one mirror—his sofas pink satin—his taste was as perfect in beauty as it was in perfume—his box at the Opera exhaled every evening a varying atmosphere; it was not the night of Medea or Otello, but that of the heliotrope or the *esprit des violettes*;—he talked of building a rival Regent Street with his invitation cards—and actually took a cottage "all of lilies and roses" at Richmond, as fitting warehouse for his pink and blue notes, "sweets to the sweet,"—and drove even Mr. Delawarr out of his patience and politeness, by asking who was prime minister.

But, alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment! we grow weary of even our own perfection. About July, fashion took a shade of philosophy—friends became weary, we mean wearisome—pleasures stale—pursuits unprofitable—and Lorraine decided on change; he was resolved to be natural, nay, a little picturesque; all that remained was the how, when, and where. He thought of the lakes—but they are given up to new married couples, poets, and painters; next, of the Highlands—but a steam-boat had profaned Loch Lomond, and pic-nics Ben Nevis; of Greece he had already had a campaign, in which he had been robbed of every thing, from his slippers to his cimeter—and had returned home, leaving behind his classical enthusiasm, and bringing back with him an ague. He took up the Gazetteer in desperation for a *Sortes*, and laid it down delighted and decided: next day he set off for Norway.

In his mind the imagination was as yet the most prominent feature; it made him impetuous—for the unknown is ever coloured by the most attractive hues; it made him versatile—for those very hues, from their falsehood, are fleeting, and pass easily from one object to another; it made him melancholy—for the imagination, which lives on excitement, most powerfully exaggerates the reaction; but, like a fairy gift, it threw its own nameless charm over all he did—and a touch, as it were, of poetry, spiritualised all the common-places of life. His was a character full of great and glorious elements, but dangerous; so alive to external impressions, so full of self-deceit—for what deceives us as we deceive ourselves? To what might not some dazzling dream of honour or of love lead! It was one that required to be subdued by time, checked by obstacles, and softened by sorrow; afterwards to be acted upon by some high and sufficient motive to call its energies into action—and then, of such stuff Nature makes her noblest and best. As yet his life had, like that of the cuckoo, known

> "No sorrow in its song,
> No winter in its year."

His beauty had charmed even his stately lady-mother into softness; and he was the only being now on earth whom his brother loved. Young, noble, rich, gifted with that indefinable grace which, like the fascination of the serpent, draws all within its circle, but not for such fatal purpose—with a temper almost womanly in its affectionate sweetness—with those bold buoyant spirits that make their own eagle-wings,—what did Edward de Lorraine want in this world but a few difficulties and a little misfortune?

CHAPTER VII.

> "Un bal! il fallait de grandes toilettes."
> *Mémoires sur Josephine.*

> "Midnight revels—on their mirth and dance intent,
> At once with joy and fear *her* heart rebounds."—MILTON.

THE boudoir was a very pretty boudoir; the curtains at the *window were rich rose colour*, the paper a pale pink, and the

fire-place like the altar of hope—one sparkling blaze. On the mantel-piece two alabaster figures supported each a little lamp, whose flame was tinted by the stained flowers; some china ornaments, purple and gold, and a vase filled with double violets, were reflected in the mirror. On the one side was a stand of moss roses, on the other a dressing-table, and a glass *à la Psyche*, over whose surface the wax tapers flung a soft light, worthy of any complexion, even had it rivalled the caliph Vathek's pages, whose skins "were fair as the enamel of Frangistan." In short, it was one of those becoming rooms which would put even a Grace in additional good humour.—By the bye, what a barbarous, what an uncharitable act it is, of some people to furnish their rooms as they do, against all laws of humanity as well as taste! We have actually seen rooms fitted up with sea-green, and an indigo-coloured paper: what complexion could stand it? The most proper of becoming blushes would be utterly wasted, and perhaps at the most critical moment. Mrs. Fergusson never would let her daughters visit at Lady Carysfort's, on account of the unabated crimson of her walls and furniture: as she justly observed, the dancers looked like ghosts. For ourselves, when we furnish our rooms, we have decided on a delicate pink paper; it lights up well, and is such a relief to the foreground of whites, reds, and blue. The hangings, &c., certainly of French rose: windows are favourite seats; and who knows how much may be effected in a *tête-à-tête*, by the crimson shade of the curtain flitting over a fair cheek *à propos*? But we are patriotic people, and write treatises for the Society of Useful Knowledge.

Emily Arundel stood by the dressing-table. The last curl of her dark hair had received its last braid of pearls; the professor of papillotes had decided, and she quite agreed with him, that *à la Calypso* best suited with her Grecian style of feature. The white satin slip, over which floated the cloud-like gauze, suited well with the extreme delicacy of her figure; and the little snow-slipper would not have disgraced the silver-footed Thetis, or Cinderella herself. The *bouquet de rois* shed its last tears on the cambric *parsemés de lis*—and Emily turned from her glass with that *beau idéal* of all reflections, "I am looking my very best!"

"*Really, Emily*, you are very pretty," said Lady Alicia,

when she entered the drawing room. Emily quite agreed with her.

The carriage soon whirled them to Lady Mandeville's; a proper length of time elapsed before they penetrated the blockade of coaches; a most scientific rap announced their arrival, and Emily's heart went quicker than the knocker. The old song says,

"My heart with love is beating —"

of pleasure, should be added. But soon admiration was the only active faculty. The noble staircase was lined with the rarest greenhouse plants; she might have gone through a whole course of botany before they arrived at the drawing-room, — for two quadrilles and three waltzes were played while they stood on the stairs. As they entered, an opening in the figure of the dance gave a transient view of nearly the whole length of the apartments. It was a brilliant *coup d'œil:* mirrors, like the child's nursery-song, "up to the ceiling, and down to the ground," reflected an almost endless crowd — the graceful figures "in shining draperies enfolded," the gay wreaths round the heads of the young, the white waves of feathers on their seniors — the silver light from the moonlike lamps flashed back from bright gems and brighter eyes; the rich decorations — alabaster vases, their delicate tracery like the frost-work of winter filled with the flowers of summer — the sweep of the purple curtains — the gold mouldings, and a few beautiful pictures — while all terminated in a splendidly illuminated conservatory.

Emily had plenty of time to "sate herself with gazing," — for Lady Alicia quietly seated herself on a sofa, and seemed to trust to fate about finding either hostess, or partner for her protégée, who at last began to think the mere spectator of pleasure ought to be a philosopher. We have heard of the solitude of the wide ocean, of the sandy desert, of the pathless forest; but, for a real, thorough, and entire knowledge, far beyond Zimmerman's, of the pleasures of solitude, commend us to a young damsel doomed to a sofa and female society, while quadrille after quadrille is formed in her sight, and the waltzes go round like stars with whose motions we have nothing to do.

The crowd was now beginning rapidly to disperse: true, there was more space for the *pas seul;* but fatigue had quenched its

spirit—curls showed symptoms of straightness—the bouquets had lost their freshness, and so had many a cheek. At this moment Lady Mandeville came up; and a shade, the least in the world, on the brow of her young visitor showed a discontent which, in her heart, she thought such a chaperone as Lady Alicia might well justify. Never was kindness more gracious in its courtesy than hers. "Captain St. Leger, Miss Arundel;" and the next minute Emily prepared smile and step: one at least was thrown away; her partner, strong in the consciousness of coat, curls, and commission, the best of their kind, deemed it risking the peace of the female world unnecessarily to add other dangers to those so irresistible. During *le Pantalon* he arranged his neckcloth; *l'Eté*, drew his fingers through his curls; *la Poule*, he asked if she had been that morning in the Park; during *la Pastorelle* prepared for his *pas seul;* and during *la Finale*, recovered the trouble of dancing, gave his arm, and, as the carriage was announced, handed her into it. "A ball is not always the *comble de bonheur*" to papas, says the author of the Disowned; "nor to their daughters either," could have added Emily Arundel.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "And music too—dear music, which can touch
> Beyond all else the soul that loves it much."
>
> MOORE.

"YOUR destiny is in her hands," ay, utterly: the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge does not depend more on its encyclopædia, Mr. Brougham—the new tragedy on Macready—the balance of Europe on the Duke—none of these are so utterly dependent as a young lady on her chaperone. She may be a beauty—but the Medicean herself would require announcing as Venus: we all see with other people's eyes, especially in matters of taste. She may be rich—but an heiress, like a joint-stock company, requires to be properly advertised. She may be witty—but *bon-mots* require to be *repeated rather* than heard for a reputation; and who is to do *this but a chaperone?*—That being of delicate insinuations,

of confidential whispers, of research in elder brothers, of exclusiveness in younger ones — she of praises and partners for her own protégée, of interruptions, ifs, and buts, for others. But, as Ude says of a forcemeat ball, "*il faut un génie pour cela,*" and to that Lady Alicia made no pretensions.

Evening after evening Emily stepped into the carriage with all the slowness of discontent, and flung off robe and wreath on her return with all the pettishness of disappointment. In the mean time her uncle was quite edified by her letters: she spoke with such regret of the country, with its simple and innocent pleasures, how different to the weariness which attended London dissipation; she was eloquent on the waste of time, the heartlessness of its pursuits; she anticipated with so much delight her return to the friends of her youth, that they scarcely knew whether to be most enchanted with her affection or her sense. What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy!

The Opera was the only place where she had experienced unmixed gratification: from her first glance at its magnificent outline — its sea of white waving plumes, with many a bright eye and jewelled arm shining like its meteors, its beautiful faces, seen in all the advantage of full dress — full dress, which, like Florimel's magic girdle, is the true test of beauty — to the moment when she lingered to catch the last swell of the superb orchestra — she was "under the wand of the enchanter." Emily possessed what, like songs and sonnets, must be born with you, — a musical ear; that sixth sense, in search of which you may subscribe to the Ancient Music and the Philharmonic, you may go to every concert — you may go into ecstasies, and encore every song — you may prefer Italian singing, talk learnedly of tone and touch, all in vain — a musical ear is no more to be acquired than Lady H.'s beauty or Mrs. T.'s grace.

"What a pity," said old Lord E., a man whom a peerage spoilt for a professor, whose heart had performed Cowley's ballad for the whole succession of prima donnas, — "what a pity you have not seen Pasta — a Greek statue stepped from its pedestal, and animated by the Promethean fire of genius! Why is not such personified poetry immortal? My feeling of regret for my grandchildren half destroys my enjoyment of the *present; it is the feeling* of a patriot, Miss Arundel.

Every other species of talent carries with it its eternity; we enjoy the work of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, only as thousands will do after us; but the actor—his memory is with his generation, and that passes away. What a slight idea, even I, who speak as a last year's eye-witness, can give of her magnificent Semiramide, defying even fate—of the deep passionate love, ever the ill-requited, expressed in her Medea; her dark hair bound in its classical simplicity round her fine head, her queen-like step—Miss Arundel, I am very sorry for you;" and he stopped in one of those deep pauses of emotion, when the feeling is too great for words.

At this moment Sontag burst upon the ear with one of those Æolian sweeps of music so peculiarly her own: "Can any thing be more exquisite?" exclaimed Emily.

"Granted," returned Lord E.; "musical talent is at its perfection in her—the finest natural organ modulated by first-rate science; but where is the mind of Pasta? It is folly to compare beings so opposite: like the child, when asked which he preferred, some grapes or a nectarine, I answer, 'both.' The one is the woman of genius—the other a most lovely creature, with the finest of voices."

"How beautiful she is!" rejoined Emily, adhering with true feminine pertinacity to her opinion, though very willing to choose new ground for her argument.

"First of all, allow me to observe, I hate to hear one woman praise another's beauty; they do it with such a covenanting air of self-sacrifice, such vain-glorious setting forth of—'There, you see I am not the least envious.' Secondly, I beg to differ from you: I remember anxiety was wound up to its highest of expectation when the fair songstress first appeared: she advanced to the front of the stage—her white arms in that half-crossed, half-clasped attitude, which so deprecatingly expresses female timidity—a burst of applause went round in compliment to those superlatively snowy hands and arms; next, she made a step forward, and in so doing displayed a foot, small enough for the slipper which the stork so maliciously dropped to waken the Egyptian king from his reverie—and a second round of applause announced due appreciation of that aërial foot; finally, the eyes were raised, *and the face* turned to the audience, but the face was received *in deep silence:* that first opinion was the true one. But wait

till the next scene, and we shall agree — for our admiration of Malibran is mutual."

"My first impression of her," said Emily, "was very striking; it was at an evening concert, which, like many others — when some three-drawing-roomed lady enacts patroness, and throws open her house for the sake of tickets, strangers, and a paragraph — was rather dimly lighted. Malibran was seated in an open window, round which some creeping plant hung in profuse luxuriance; the back-ground was a sky of the deepest blue and clearest moonlight — so that her figure was thrown out in strong relief. Her hair was just bound round her head, with a blue wreath quite at the back, as in some of the antique figures of the nymphs, who seem to have wreathed the flowers they had gathered. She was pale, and her large dark eyes filled with that lustrous gaze of absorbed attention only given to music. I thought, what a lovely picture she would have made!"

But here a song commenced; and the silence enforced by a schoolmistress was not stricter than that Lord E. held it a duty to observe during singing.

By the bye, both in print and parlance, how much nonsense is set forth touching "the English having no soul for music!" The love of music, like a continent, may be divided into two parts; first, that scientific appreciation which depends on natural organisation and highly cultivated taste; and, secondly, that love of sweet sounds, for the sake of the associations linked with them, and the feelings they waken from the depths of memory: the latter is a higher love than the former, and in the first only are we English deficient. The man who stands listening to even a barrel-organ, because it repeats the tones "he loved from the lips of his nurse" — or who follows a common ballad-singer, because her song is familiar in its sweetness, or linked with touching words, or hallowed by the remembrance of some other and dearest voice — surely that man has a thousand times more "soul for music" than he who raves about execution, chromatic runs, semi-tones, &c. We would liken music to Aladdin's lamp — worthless in itself, not so for the spirits which obey its call. We love it for he buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings, t can summon with a touch.

CHAPTER IX.

Very good sort of people.—*Common Conversation.*
A little innocent flirtation.—*Ibid.*
"Enamoured of mine own conceit."—LORD STIRLING.
A fancy ball! Pray where is the fancy?—*Rational Question.*

Is it not Rochefoucault who says, "there are many who would never have fallen in love, had they not first heard it talked about?" What he says of love may extend to a great variety of other propensities. How many *gastronomes*, with mouths never meant but for mutton and mashed potatoes, dilate learnedly on the merits of *salmis* and *sautés*—but far less as matter of taste than flavour! How many a red-cheeked and red-jacketed squire exchanges the early hours of the field for the late hours of the House, from that universal ambition called example! And what but that powerful argument, "why, every body gives them," ever made Mrs. Danvers give parties? Without one of the ordinary inducements which light up the saloon, and cover the supper-table with spun-sugar temples;—she had no son, for whom an heiress was to be drawn from her "bright peculiar sphere" in the mazes of a mazurka—no daughters, making waltzes and window-seats so desirable; not so much as a niece, or even a disposable second cousin;—without one grain of *esprit de société*, or one atom of desire for its success;—the Morning Post might have eulogised for ever the stars that made her drawing-room "a perfect constellation of rank, beauty, and fashion,"—and before Mrs. Danvers had read one half of the paragraph, she would have forgotten the other. She had a good-natured husband, a large fortune, and a noble house in an unexceptionable street; and in giving parties, she only fulfilled the destiny attached to such possessions.

Their year was the most uniform of Time's quietest current. In February they came up to town, for three reasons: they had a family house, to which the family had come up for a century past,—and they were none of those new-light people who so disrespectfully differ from their grandfathers and grandmothers; secondly, all their neighbours came to *town,—for their* neighbourhood was too aristocratic not to be

migratory; and, thirdly, Mr. Danvers represented a borough which was very prolific in petitions, road-bills, &c. In town they remained till near August, when Mr. Danvers went to Scotland to shoot grouse; and Mrs. Danvers consoled herself, during his absence, at their seat, by wondering how much the children of her parish-school and shrubs had shot up while she was away, and by superintending the housekeeper's room—where, with almost a dash of sentiment, she saw to her husband's grouse being potted, and a whole array of white jars filled with pickles as acid as Mr. Roger's temper and tongue, and with preserves as sweet as Sir Walter Scott's letter of thanks—(by the by, they say he keeps a set lithographed)—for the first copy of some young poet's first effusion. Partridges and Mr. Danvers re-appeared in September. He shot before Christmas, and hunted after; while the rest of the time was disposed of by dinners and drowsiness in the afternoon; but, we must add, with every morning given to kind and useful employment,—for their tenants might have changed landlord and lady some dozen times, and yet have changed for the worse.

But to return to May and its multitudes. Mrs. Danvers was in a black velvet dress, mutually pertinacious in their adherence to each other—and diamonds, which only required new setting to have made her the envy of half her acquaintance, three parts of whom were already crowding her superb rooms. Emily first went through a languid quadrille, with a partner whose whole attention was given to his *vis-à-vis*, and then resumed her seat by Lady Alicia, melancholy and meditative, when her attention was attracted by that most musical inquiry of, "Who is that pretty dark-eyed girl?—a very wood-nymph beside that frozen water-spirit Lady Alicia Delawarr!" The reply was inaudible; but a moment afterwards Mrs. Danvers presented Mr. Boyne Sillery. "Miss Arundel for the next quadrille."

With such an introduction, what partner but would have been graciously received? Perhaps, had not Emily's judgment been a little blinded by the diamond-dust which vanity flings in the eyes, Mr. Boyne Sillery might not have appeared such a very nice young man. He was precisely of an order she had too much *good taste* to admire—he was, to use the expression *a French critic* applied to Moore's poetry, trop

parfumé; there was an occasional glisten on his curls, th: savoured too much of a professor and *l'huile aux mille fleurs* his tailor was evidently a person of great consideration in h eyes — that was but gratitude; and his chance mention (acquaintance was too carefully correct—that air of the Cou Guide which so much betrays the *parvenu* or *débutant.* Bu Emily was in no mood to be critical. During the quadril they progressed as rapidly as an American settlement. H gave her his arm to the supper-room: grapes, pine-appl jelly, and pretty speeches, blended amicably together. Afte wards their engagement was extended to a waltz. The talked of the Corsair—the exquisite picture of Parris's Brid maid in the British Gallery — and ended with Italy an moonlight; when she was shawled, cloaked, and handed t the carriage with the most exquisite air of anxiety—but nc till her partner had learned the number of Lady Alicia' opera-box, and that they were going the following evening t Mrs. William Carson's fancy ball.

Alas! for the weakness and vanity of the female sex Mlle. Hyacinthine quite marvelled at her young lady's ani mation, as she unbound the wreath of lilies from her hai and received a caution about to-morrow's costume: such a injunction had not passed Emily's lips for weeks.

Even in this world of wonders, there are two subjects o our especial marvel;—how people can be so silly as to giv fancy balls; and, still more, how people can be so silly a to go to them. With a due proportion of the coldness of ou insular atmosphere entering like a damp sea-breeze into ou composition, we English are the worst people in the worl to assume characters not our own—we adapt and adopt mos miserably—and a fancy ball is just a caricature of a volum of costumes, only the figures are somewhat stiffer and not s well executed.

Emily was that evening, by the aid of shining spangle and silver gauze, an embroidered sylph; and in attemptin to be especially airy and graceful, was, of course, constraine and awkward. However, Mr. Boyne Sillery assured her sh looked like the emanation of a moonlit cloud; and she coul not do less than admire the old English costume, by whic she meant the slashed doublet and lace ruff of her companior On they went, through the most ill-assorted groups—youn

ladies whom a pretty ankle had seduced into Switzerland, but who now walked about as if struck by sudden shame at their short blue silk skirts; sultanas radiant in their mother's diamonds, which they seemed terribly afraid of losing; and beauties, in the style of Charles the Second, wholly engrossed by the relaxation of their ringlets.

But if the ladies were bad, the cavaliers were worse. Was there a youth with a bright English colour, and a small nose with an elevated termination, "he stuck a turban on his brow, and called himself Abdallah." Was there a "delicate atomy" of minute dimensions and pale complexion, he forthwith strutted a hardy Highlander. But our very pages would grow weary were we to enumerate the solemn Rochesters, the heavy Buckinghams, contrasted by Spaniards all slip, slide, and smile — and officers with nothing warlike about them but their regimentals. The very drawing-rooms partook of the general discomfort: one was fitted up as a Turkish tent, where, *à propos des Turcs*, the visitors drank champagne and punch; while a scene in Lapland, terribly true as to chilliness, was filled with *écarté* players and most rheumatic draughts. The master of the house wandered about, looking as if he longed to ask his way; and the mistress, who was queen of some country — whether African or Asiatic it would have been difficult from her dress to decide — curtsied and complimented, till she seemed equally weary of her dignity, draperies, and guests.

To Emily the scene was new — and novelty is the best half of pleasure. Mr. Boyne Sillery was too attentive not to be agreeable. Attention is always pleasant in an acquaintance till we tire of them. Moreover, he was very entertaining, talked much of every body, and well of none; and ill-nature is to conversation what oil is to the lamp — the only thing that keeps it alive. Besides, there were two or three whispers, whose sweetness was good, at least in the way of contrast.

Mr. Boyne Sillery was seventh, eighth, or ninth, among a score of divers-sized children — in a large family, like a long sum, it is difficult to remember the exact number. His father was the possessor of some half-dozen ancestors, a manor, and landed property worth about twelve hundred a-year. He married the daughter of a neighbour whose purse and pedigree were on a par with his own.— the heiress of two maiden

aunts, one of whom left her a set of garnets, three lockets, and the miniature of an officer; the other a book of receipts, and three thousand pounds, which, together with what her father gave, was properly settled on the younger scions of the house of Sillery.

Had Mr. S. studied Malthus more, and multiplication less, it would have greatly added to the dignity and comfort of his household. As it was, he had to give up his hunters, and look after his preserves. His wife took to nursing and cotton velvet — and every fiftieth cousin was propitiated with pheasants and partridges, to keep up a hope at least of future interest with the three black graces, "law, physic, and divinity;" nay, even a merchant, who lived in Leatherlug Lane, was duly conciliated at Michaelmas by a goose, and at Christmas by a turkey; the more patrician presents being addressed due west.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men;" and the tide on which Francis Boyne Sillery's fortune floated was of *esprit de vanille.* A cousin, Colonel Boyne, of whom it is enough to say, the first ten years of his life passed beside his mother's point apron; the second at a private tutor's, with seven daughters, all of whom entertained hopes of the youthful pupil; the third series in a stay-at-home regiment, whose cornets and captains were of too delicate material to brave the balls and bullets of "outrageous fortune;" and the last few years at Paris, a slave to the slender ankle and superlative suppers of an opera-dancer. Her reform, in a convent, and the necessity of raising his rents, brought the colonel to England. Soon after his arrival, that patent axletree of action, the not knowing what to do with himself, domesticated him during some weeks of the shooting season at Sillery House, where, not being a sportsman, all the benefit he derived from September was having his morning's sleep disturbed, and seeing partridges that would have made the most exquisite of *sautès,* drenched with an infantine-looking pap called bread sauce.

His attention, among the red-cheeked, red-handed, and large-eared race, that formed the olive plantation around his cousin's table, was drawn to his namesake, Francis Boyne Sillery, by *one day missing* from his dressing-table a large portion of the *most exquisite scent,* with which he endeavoured to counteract

the atmosphere of goose and gunpowder that filled Sillery House.

Mischief in a large family, like murder in the newspapers, is sure to come out. It was soon discovered that Master Francis, having his delicate nerves disturbed by the odour exhaled from Messrs. Day and Martin's blacking, had poured the *esprit de vanille* over the pumps with which he attended a neighbouring dancing-school.

Great was the indignation excited. With the fear of a lost legacy before their eyes, his mother burnt the shoes — his father took the horsewhip — when Colonel Boyne interfered, with a eulogium on the naturally fine taste of the boy, and a petition to adopt a youth whose predilections were so promising.

A week afterwards, the Colonel left for London, and with him Francis — the grief for whose departure was such as is generally felt by mothers on the marriage of their daughters, or fathers at the loss of supernumerary sons. Colonel Boyne took a house in Duchess Street, and a pretty housekeeper — walked St. James's and Bond Streets — kept both wig and whisker in a state of dark-brown preservation — and wore Hoby's boots to the last. Francis had too much of the parasite in his nature ever to loose his original hold; and after a few years of dread, touching a lady and her daughter who lived opposite, and spent an unjustifiable part of their time at the window — and some occasional terrors of the housekeeper, his cousin died, leaving him all he had, and not a little disappointment. A few hundreds a-year, and a few more at the banker's, were all that remained of the wasted property of the indulged and the indolent.

But youth, even of the most provident species, rarely desponds. Mr. Boyne Sillery had enough to quiet his tailor and his perfumer — and he lived on, in hopes of an heiress. In the meantime — as Wordsworth says,

> "Each man has some object of pursuit,
> To which he sedulously devotes himself,"—

being too prudent for gambling, too poor for *la gourmandise*, too idle for any employment demanding time, too deficient for any requiring talent — he took to flirting, partly to keep his hand in for the destined heiress he was to fascinate, and partly as a *present amusement*. He spoke in a low tone of voice —

a great thing, according to Shakespeare, in love affairs; l was pale enough for sentiment — made a study of pret speeches — and was apt at a quotation. Did he give his ar to a damsel, whose white slipper became visible on the crimso carpeted staircase, it was

> "Her fairy foot,
> That falls like snow on earth, as soft and mute."

If he hesitated a moment, it was to fill up the pause with

> "Oh, what heart so wise,
> Could, unbewildered, meet those matchless eyes?"

Did the fair dame wear flowers in her dark hair, he talk of

> "Lillies, such as maidens wear,
> In the deep midnight of their hair."

If she sang, he praised by whispering that her voice

> "Bore his soul along
> Over the silver waters of sweet song."

Dearly did he love a little religious controversy; for then tl dispute could be wound up with

> "Thou, for my sake, at Allah's shrine,
> And I at any god's for thine."

This propensity had brought on him on absurd nickname. young lady, whose designs on another he had thwarted for whole evening by a course of ill-timed compliments — ar the prosperity of a compliment, even more than of a jest,

> "Must lie i' the ear of him who hears it,"

—called him Cupid Quotem; and the ridiculous is memory most adhesive plaster.

It was some half dozen evenings or so before Emily w quite tired—but the past pleasant had degenerated into tl present wearisome, that sure prophecy of the future odious- when, on the fifth evening, as he was leaning over her chair the Opera, and, either in the way of idleness or experimen his speeches were more than usually sentimental; — by wa of diversion, Emily began questioning; and "Who is in th box? Do you know that person in the pit?" turned tl enemy most scientifically.

Next to saying sweet things, Mr. Sillery loved saying sou *judge, therefore,* if he was not entertaining.

A headache induced Lady Alicia to leave before the ope

was half over. While waiting in the crush-room, Mrs. Fergusson and her daughters stopped to exchange those little non-entities of speech called civilities.

"Quite an *attaché*," said Miss Fergusson, in an audible sneer, as she turned from Emily and Mr. Boyne Sillery.

That night Emily meditated very seriously on the propriety of repressing attentions of which she was tired. It is curious to observe how soon we perceive the impropriety of departed pleasures. Repentance is a one-faced Janus, ever looking to the past. She thought how wrong it was to lead on a young man — how shameful to trifle with the feelings of another — and how despicable was the character of a coquette. She remembered something very like an appointment — no, that was too harsh a term — she had unguardedly mentioned the probability of their taking a lounge in Kensington Gardens. Thither she determined not to go, and resolved in her own mind to avoid future quadrilles, &c. She went to sleep, lulled by that best of mental opiates — a good resolution.

CHAPTER X.

——— "Collecting toys,
As children gather pebbles by the deep."—MILTON.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, with that ironical pleasantry common to intense despair, "that is what I call pleasant."—*The Disowned.*

THERE needed very little diplomacy to persuade Lady Alicia to exchange the study of natural history in Kensington Gardens for its pursuit in Howell and James's, where bracelets made of beetles, and brooches of butterflies, are as good as a course of entomology. A gay drive soon brought them to that emporium of china and chronometers — small, as if meant to chime to fairy revels — of embossed vases, enamelled like the girdle of Iris, and in which every glass drawer is a shrine

"Where the genii have hid
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshid."

Truly, the black sea of Piccadilly, in spite of mud and Macadam, is, from four to five o'clock in the season, one of those *sights whose only demerit* is its want of novelty.

The carriage, entering at Stanhope Gate, first wound its way through a small but brilliant crowd—vehicles, from which many a face glanced fair

——— "As the maids
Who blushed behind the gallery's silken shades,"

in Mokanna's gathering from Georgia and Circassia, and drawn by horses whose skins were soft as the silks and satins of their owners — steeds like the one which owes its immortality to its Macedonian victor, curbed by the slight rein and yet slighter touch of some patrician-looking rider, whose very appearance must be a consolation to those melancholy mortals who prose over the degeneracy of the human race — cabriolets guided apparently as the young prince was waited on in the palace of the White Cat, by hands only, or rather gloves, varying from delicate primrose to pale blue.

Then the scene itself — the sweep of light verdure, the fine old trees which in Kensington Gardens formed the background of the distance, the light plantation of flowering shrubs on one side, the fine statue of Achilles, looking down like a dark giant disdainfully on the slight race beneath; the slender and elegant arches through which the chariot wheels rolled as if in triumph; the opening of the Green Park, ended by the noble old Abbey, hallowed by all of historic association; the crowded street, where varieties approximated and extremes met; the substantial coach, with its more substantial coachman, seeming as if they bore the whole weight of the family honours; the chariots, one, perhaps, with its crimson blind waving and giving a glimpse of the light plume, or yet lighter blonde, close beside another whose olive-green outside and one horse told that the dark-vested gentleman, seated in the very middle, as if just ready to get out, is bound on matters of life and death, *i. e.* is an apothecary. Then the heavy stages — the omnibus, which so closely resembles a caravan of wild beasts — and, last descent of misery and degradation, the hackney-coaches, to which one can only apply what Rochefoucault says of marriages — "they may be convenient, but never agreeable."

Of the pedestrians — as in telling a gentleman faults in the mistress he married that morning — the least said, the soonest *mended.* No woman looks well walking in the street: she *either elbows her* way in all the disagreeableness of indepen-

ence, or else shuffles along as if ashamed of what she is doing; er bonnet has always been met by some unlucky wind which as destroyed half its shape, and all its set: if fine weather, er shoes are covered with dust, and if dirty, the petticoat is efyingly dragged through the mud, or, still more defyingly ifted on one side to show the black leather boot, and draggled n deepest darkness on the other. No female, at least none vith any female pretensions, should ever attempt to walk, exept on a carpet, a turf, or a terrace. As for the men, one ıalf look as if they were running on an errand or from an urrest, or else were creeping to commit suicide.

So much for the pavement. Then the shops on either ıide, can human industry or ingenuity go farther? Ah, human felicity! to have at once so many wants suggested ınd supplied! Wretched Grecian daughters! miserable Roman matrons! to whom shopping was an unknown pleasure, what did, what could employ them? Harm, no doubt; for

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

But, without that grand resource, how they got through the four-and-twenty hours, like the man with the iron mask, remains a mystery.

At Howell's, Emily was aroused from the contemplation of a bracelet formed of bees' wings united by lady-birds—by seeing Lady St. Leon, a large, good-natured person—one of those who take up a chariot or a sofa to themselves—one of those fortunate beings who have never had a cross but a diamond one in the world—one who, as a child, was amusing enough to be papa's pet, and pretty enough to be mamma's. She fell in love at sixteen with the very person she ought,—the heir of the estate which adjoined her father's; she was wedded in a month, had a fine large family, none of whom were ever ill; had sons, with an uncle to adopt every one but the eldest, and daughters predestined to be married, and who fulfilled their destinies as soon as possible. She never contradicted her husband, who never contradicted her; and they had gone on to fifty, equally fat and fortunate together. No wonder her ladyship's good humour was enough for herself—and other people.

While discussing with the old lady the effects of an east

wind, and the rival merits of liquorice and lemon lozer who should she see examining the sentiments and seals Mr. Boyne Sillery; and whose conversation should she c hear but that passing between him and a young guardsı who was bestowing on him his idleness and his company?

"Pray," said Captain Sinclair, "who is that pretty whose peace of mind you have been annihilating the night or two?"

"In good truth, I hardly know—a Miss Arunde wood-nymph, the daughter of either a country squire clergyman—equipped, I suppose, by a mortgage on e the squire's corn-fields, or the parson's glebe land—sent her face for her fortune to see what can be done duri London season in the way of Cupid and conquest."

"I am at a loss," said his companion, "to unders your devotion."

"It was a mixture of lassitude and experiment, ca into execution by a little Christian charity: she appeare tirely neglected—and your nobodies are so very grat But I find the fatigue too much: moreover, one should ı let pleasure interfere with business. Last night, at the O one of those crushes which bewilder the uninitiated, wonders for me with a pretty (by courtesy) little Orie whose forty thousand pounds have lately been sugge themselves in the shape of a new system of finance."

"And what oriental lure can tempt you to risk your plexion in the city?"

"Oh, a removed one: Miss Goulburn."

Louisa Emma Anastasia Goulburn had fewer drawl than most heiresses. Her father was one of those aborij whose early history was, like most early histories, involv considerable obscurity. "Nothing in life became him the leaving it;" for he left one fair daughter and thousand pounds to benefit posterity. A sentimental fri ship formed at school with a damsel some years her se whose calculating talents Mr. Hume himself might envy duced her, on her friend's marriage, to settle with h Harley Street; and this friend having neither brother, brother-in-law, the fair Louisa Emma remained, rath her own surprise, unappropriated at four-and-twenty. A *characteristics*, she had none; and, to use a simile to des

her, she was like that little volume "The Golden Lyre," whose only merit was being printed in golden letters.

"Rich, silly," said Mr. Boyne Sillery, "what rational man could wish for a more pattern wife? I am now going to Kensington Gardens to meet her, where, by the by, I also expect Miss Arundel—one rival queen is often useful with another."

"Well," said Captain Sinclair, "I think I should be amused by a scene between your sylph and your gnome: my cabriolet waits at the corner; shall I drive you?"

"Agreed," rejoined Mr. Sillery, pausing a moment to make choice of two seals, one a kneeling Cupid—and to decide whether it was an apple or a heart which he held in his hand, would have puzzled an anatomist or a naturalist—with the motto *à vous*: the other, an equally corpulent Cupid chained, the inscription "at your feet." "I always consider," observed our calculating cavalier, "billets the little god's best artillery: the perfumed paper is a personal compliment, and your fair correspondent always applies the seal to herself: like the knights of old, I look to my arms."

A prolonged gaze on the mirror opposite, a satisfactory smile, and our two adventurers left the shop—like Pizarro, intent on a golden conquest. Emily's lip was a little bitten, and her colour not a little heightened, as she emerged from the expanse of Lady St. Leon's ermine. What a pity it is to throw away a good resolution!

CHAPTER XI.

"Yet mark the fate of a whole sex."—POPE.

"Look on this picture, and on this."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I beg to deny the honourable gentleman's assertion."

Debates: Morning Chronicle.

THE pleasantest, indeed the only pleasant parties at their house, were the small dinners, in which Mr. Delawarr excelled: it was said he rather piqued himself upon them. Among the many distinguished in mind, body, and estate, whose countenances were most frequently reflected in the *covers to the dishes* (most unprepossessing mirrors they are),

was a Mr. Morland, a self-acting philosopher, *i. e.* one whose philosophy was exerted for his own benefit—that philosophy we are so apt only to exert for others. He was a widower—had eschewed politics—never gave advice, but often assistance—read much, but wrote not at all—bought a few pictures—had the perfection of a cook—loved conversation; and a little judicious listening had made Miss Arundel a first-rate favourite.

Considering how much the ears are cultivated with all the useless varieties of "lute, sackbut, and psaltery," it is wonderful their first great quality should be so neglected; it shows how much common sense is overlooked in our present style of education. Now, considering that it is the first step to general popularity—(that general popularity, to be turned, like a patriot's, to particular account)—considering that it is the great general principle of conciliation towards East Indian uncles and independent aunts, it shows how much real utility is forgotten, when the science of listening is not made a prominent branch of instruction. So many act on the mistaken principle, that mere hearing is listening—the eyes, believe me, listen even better than the ears—there ought to be a professor of listening. We recommend this to the attention of the London University, or the new King's College; both professing to improve the system of education. Under the head of listening, is to be included the arts of opportune questionings and judicious negatives—those negatives which, like certain votes, become, after a time, affirmatives.

Mr. Morland.—"So you were at Lady Mandeville's ball last night? The primeval curse is relaxed in favour of you young ladies. How very happy you are!"

Emily rather differed in opinion; however, instead of contradicting, she only questioned. "I should really like to know in what my superlative felicity consists."

Mr. Morland.—"You need not lay such a stress on the monosyllable *my:* it is the lot of your generation; you are young, and youth every hour gives that new pleasure for which the Persian monarch offered a reward; you are pretty"—Emily smiled—"all young ladies are so now-a-days"—the smile shadowed somewhat—"you have all the luxury of *idleness, which,* as the French cooks say of *le potage,* is the *foundation of* every thing else."

Emily.—"I am sure I have not had a moment's time since I came to town—you cannot think how busy I have been."

Mr. Morland.—"Those little elegant nothings—those rainbow-tinted bead-workings of the passing hours, which link the four-and-twenty coursers of the day in chains light as that slender native of Malta round your neck. I'll just review a day for you: Your slumber, haunted by some last night's whisper 'fairy sound,' is broken by the chiming of the little French clock, which, by waking you to the music of some favourite waltz, adds the midnight pleasures of memory to the morning pleasures of hope. The imprisoned ringlets are emancipated; 'fresh as the oread from the forest fountain,' you descend—you breathe the incense of the chocolate—not more I hope—and grow conversational and confidential over the green tea, which, with a fragrance beyond all the violets of April, rises to your lip, 'giving and taking odours.' A thousand little interesting discussions arise—the colour of the Comte de S.'s moustache—the captivation of Colonel F.'s curls: there are partners to be compared—friends to be pitied—flirtations to be noted—perhaps some most silvery speech of peculiar import to be analysed.

"After breakfast, there are the golden plumes of your canary to be smoothed—the purple opening of your hyacinths to be watched—that sweet new waltz to be tried on the harp—or Mr. Bayly, that laureate of the butterflies, has some new song. Then there are flowers to be painted on velvet—the new romance to be read—or some invention of novel embellishment to be discussed with your Mlle. Jacinthe, Hyacinthe, or whatever poetic name may euphoniously designate your Parisian priestess of the mirror.

"Luncheon and loungers come in together—a little news and a little nonsense—and then you wonder at its being so late. The carriage and the cachemere are in waiting—you have been most fortunate in the arrangement of your hat—never did flowers wave more naturally or plumes fall more gracefully. Your milliner has just solicited your attention to some triumph of genius—you want a new clasp to your bracelet—

'Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!'

Complexion and constitution are alike revived by a drive in the *park—a white glove rests* on the carriage-window—and

some 'gallant grey' or chestnut Arabian is curbed into curvets and foam by its whispering master.

"I will allow you to dream away the dinner-hour — what young lady would plead guilty to an appetite? Then comes that hour of anxious happiness — that given to the political economy of the toilette. I rather pique myself on my eloquence; but 'language, oh, how faint and weak!' to give an idea of the contending claims of tulle, crape, &c. &c. We will imagine its deliberations ended in decision. Your hair falls in curls like a sudden shower of sunshine, or your dark tresses are gathered up with pearls. You emerge, like a lady lily, delicate in white — or the youngest of the roses has lent its colour to your crape; your satin slipper rivals the silver-footed Thetis of old; and in a few minutes you are among the other gay creatures 'of the element' born of Collinet's music; and among the many claimants for your hand one is the fortunate youth. Midnight passes — and I leave you to your pillow,

'Gentle dreams, and slumbers light.'

"So much for your past — now for your future. The season is nearly at an end — the captured coronet has crowned your campaign — parchments are taking the place of pasteboard; you are bewildered in blushes and blonde — diamonds and satin supersede your maiden pearls and gauze — another fortnight, and you are being hurried over the continent with all the rapidity of four horses and felicity, or else giving a month to myrtles, moonlight, and matrimony. Of your consequent happiness I need not speak: 'tis true your duties take a higher character — you have a husband to manage — a visiting-list to decide — perhaps have the mighty duties of patroness to balls, charities, concerts, and Sunday schools to perform. But I have finished:— the advantages of a house and carriage of your own, the necessity of marriage, I trust you are too well an educated young lady not fully to understand."

"Now, out upon you, Miss Arundel!" said Lady Mandeville — a lady, both beauty and *bel esprit*, who sat near her, "to encourage, by smile and silence, so false a painter of our destiny. Do you not see the veiled selfishness of such sophistry? Our said happiness is but the excuse of our exclusion. Whenever I hear a man talking of the advantages of our ill-

:x, I look upon it as the prelude to some new act of ty."

Delawarr. — "Ah! you resemble those political econo- vho, if they see a paragraph in the paper one day re- over the country's prosperity, examine its columns the see what new tax is to be suggested."

y Mandeville. — "On grounds of utility I object to false impression being made on Miss Arundel's mind; r destiny to be miserable, and I were no true friend did ct the part of a friend, and impress upon her the dis- ıle necessity."

Morland. — "Then you would join in the prayer of lian heroine, in the prairie, 'Let not my child be a r very sorrowful is the lot of woman?'"

y Mandeville. — "Most devoutly. Allow me to revise orland's picture, and, for *Jeanne qui rit,* give the far keness of *Jeanne qui pleure.* I will pass over the days and petting, red shoes and blue sash, as being that only when any thing of equality subsists between the sexes; ;s on to the time when all girls are awkward, and most ı ugly — days of black-boards and collars, red elbows, , Italian, musical and calisthenic exercises. Talk of on! What course of Eton and Oxford equals the fatigues of an accomplished young lady? There is no, the harp — the hands and feet equally to be studied to be made perfect in its touch, the other in its tread; erhaps, she has some little voice, which is to be shaken fine one — French and Italian are indispensable — ›hy, grammar, histories ancient and modern; there are ;s, in crayons and colours — tables to be painted, and eens — a little knowledge of botany and her catechism, ı have done your best towards giving your daughter :atest of blessings, as the Edinburgh and Westminster s call it, a solid education. It is true, as soon as the ırpose of feminine existence, marriage, is accomplished, ›ur and expense of years will be utterly forgotten and ; but you have not the less done your duty. Emerged e dull school-room, the young lady comes out: period :-burnings and balls — of precaution and pretension — too attractive younger brother — of the too necessary ıe — *time of love* and lectures — the Mount Ararat

between the purgatory of the school-room, and the paradise o an eligible offer :

> 'The horizon's fair deceit,
> Where earth and heaven but seem, alas ! to meet.'

I do not feel my spirits equal to dwelling on the wretchedne of an unappropriated *débutante*, that last stage of maide misery ; but suppose our aspirant safely settled in some par in the country, or some square in town — Hymen's bark fairl launched — but

> 'Are the roses still fresh by the bright Bendemeer ?'

A woman never thoroughly knows her dependence till she i married. I pass also the jealousies, the quarrels, the disgusts, that make the Catholic questions and corn-bills o married life — and only dwell on one particular : some irresistible hat, some adorable cap, some exquisite robe, has rathe elongated your milliner's list of inevitables — I always thinl the husband's answer greatly resembles the judge's response t the criminal, who urged he must live, — 'I do not see th necessity.' Is not this just the reply for a husband when th fair defaulter urges she must dress ? How will he ejaculate 'I do not see the necessity.' Truly, when my milliner send in her annual account of enormities, like Corneille's Curiatius '*j'ai pitié de moi-même.*' "

No debate ever ending in conviction, it is of little conse quence that here the conversation was interrupted by that ris of feminine stocks which usually takes place during the secon glass of claret.

CHAPTER XII.

> "I am the most unlucky person in the world." — *Common Exclamation.*
> "People always marry their opposites."—*General Remark.*

"COACHES all full," said a little bustling waiter, who poppe about like a needle through a seam. "No horses to be had,- all at the races, — very bad day, sir, — very bad indeed !".

"*Confound* the wet!" somewhat hastily ejaculated M *Lorraine, resuming* his station at the window, which look

into a narrow little street, now almost Venetian with a canal in the middle. The rain came down in torrents, — not a creature was passing; he had not even the comfort of seeing a few people drenched through: somebody was dead in the shop opposite, so that was shut up: he turned to the room, — there was not a glass to enliven its dark dingy lilac walls; the chairs were with those black shining sliding seats, in contempt of all comfort; the fire-place was filled with shavings; and a china shepherd and shepherdess, clothed in "a green and yellow melancholy," were the penates of the mantelpiece. How stimulating to be thrown on one's own resources! — unfortunately, they are like

> "Spirits from the vasty deep.
> But will they come when you do call to them?"

No resource but that of swearing came to Edward's help; and he paced the little room, most unpatriotically consigning the climate of his native land, the races, the horses, the inn, and himself, to the devil. At last he went in search of the landlord, whom he found standing dismally at the door, apparently engaged in counting the rain drops.

"Are you sure no horses are to be procured? — how unlucky!"

"All my luck, sir," said the disconsolate looking master of the Spread Eagle; "it is just like me, — my best horses knocked up at the races, — they might have been as lame as they pleased next week; but I am so unlucky — I hav'n't fifty pounds in the world; but if I had ten in the Bank of England, there would be a national bankruptcy, on purpose that I might lose it; and if I were to turn undertaker, nobody would die, that I mightn't have the burying of them: it's just my luck always."

Edward's sympathy was interrupted by the roll of wheels. A phaeton drove up to the door, and in its owner he recognised his young friend Lord Morton; and a few minutes sufficed to persuade him to take his seat, and accept an invitation to Lauriston Park. It never rains but it pours, and a pouring shower is always a clearing one; so it proved, and a beautiful evening was darkening into still more beautiful night, as they entered Lauriston Park.

Certainly our *English parks* are noble places; and a most

disrespectful feeling do we entertain towards the noblem who sells his deer and ploughs up his land. Why should l be so much richer or wiser than his grandfathers? Befo them swept acres upon acres of green grass—a deep sea verdure; here some stately oak, whose size vouched for i age—an oak, the most glorious of trees,—glorious in its ov summer strength of huge branches and luxuriant foliage,- glorious in all its old associations, in its connexion with th wild, fierce religion, when the Druids made it a temple,- and thrice glorious in its association with the waves and win it is its future destiny to master, and in the knowledge th the noble race have borne, and will bear, the glory of Englar round the world. It may sound like the after-dinner pat otism of the Freemasons' Tavern; but surely the heart do beat somewhat high beneath the shadow of an old oak.

Beside these were numerous ashes; the light and the grac ful, the weeping cypress of England, through whose slig boughs the sunshine falls like rain, beloved of the bee, a beneath which the violet grows best. I scarcely ever saw ash whose roots were not covered with these treasurers of t Spring's perfume. Far as the eye could reach stretched aw young plantations; and if Art had refined upon Natu clothed the hill side with young plants, shut out a level fl or opened a luxuriant vista, she had done it with veiled fac and unsandalled foot.

Lord Morton's news and Lorraine's novelties were inte rupted by the dashing forward of a carriage, over who horses the coachman had evidently lost all control. Fort nately, the road was narrow; and with too little risk to enal them to display much heroism, our gentlemen secured t reins, and aided the ladies to alight. From its depths emerg the black velvet hat and white feathers, and finally the wh of the Countess of Lauriston, followed by her daughter. Aft a due portion of time employed in exclamations, sympathi and inquiries, how they came to meet was explained as satisfa torily as the end of an old novel, when every thing is clear up, and every body killed, after having first repented, married.

Lord Lauriston was laid up with the gout: prevented fr attending the county ball, he still remembered his populari *and "duly sent* his daughter and his wife;" all thought

going was now at an end: however, the purpose was more completely answered,—an overturn in the service of their country was equivalent to half-a-dozen evenings of hard popular work; and, too much alarmed to re-enter the carriage, or even try the phaeton, they agreed to walk home, and this, too, in the best of humours.

Lady Lauriston delighted to see her son, whose absence at this period was to be feared; for electioneering dinings and visitings are tiresome—and the young man objected to trouble; while his non-appearance would have wasted a world of "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles:" as it was, his mother took his arm with delighted complacency.

Nor was Lady Adelaide less amiable. She was glad, on any terms, to escape from a ball which she called the purgatory of provincials; and besides, the handsome and graceful Lorraine was no bad addition to a family party; while Edward thought to himself, he had never seen any thing so lovely. The cloak, lined with ermine, was drawn in most exquisite drapery round her beautiful figure; the night air had already begun to relax the long ringlets which suited so well with the high white forehead, and a face whose loveliness was of that haughty style to which homage was familiar, and conquest as much a necessity as a desire.

There was something, too, picturesque in the scene: they had now entered the shrubberies, whose luxury of blossom was indeed a contrast to the dark forests where he had lately sojourned,—as much a contrast as the stately beauty at his side was to the pretty laughing peasants of Norway. His imagination was excited; and as yet, with Edward, imagination was more than one half love.

They reached the house; and what with Morton's return, Lorraine's wit, and Adelaide's gratified vanity, the supper passed with a degree of gaiety very rare in a house whose atmosphere might have vied with Leila's snow court in Thalaba for coldness and quiet.

Lord Lauriston was one of those mistakes which sometimes fall out between nature and fortune,—nature meant him for a farmer, fortune made him a peer. In society he was a nonentity; he neither talked nor listened—and it is a positive duty to do one or the *other*; in his own house he resembled one of *the old family pictures*, hung up for show, and not for use;

but in his farm no Cæsar rebuked his genius. Heaven what attention he bestowed on the growth of his grey peas how eloquent he could be on the merits of Swedish turnip and a new drill, or a patent thrashing machine, deprived hi of sleep for a week.

In marriage, as in chemistry, opposites have often an a traction. His lady was as different as your matrimoni affinities usually are; society was her element, and Lond her "city of the soul." Her house and her parties occupi the first years of her marriage, in endeavours to embellish t one, and refine the other; but of late the business of li had grown serious; she had been employed in marrying her daughters. Her systems of sentiment might have vi with her lord's systems of husbandry; hitherto they had be eminently successful. Her first daughter had come out durir the reign of useful employments; and Lady Susan plait straw, and constructed silk shoes, till Mr. Amundeville, po sessor of some thirty thousand a-year, thought he could n form a more prudent choice, and made her mistress of h saving-bank and himself,—and mistress indeed was she both. A day of dash and daring came next; and Anastas rode the most spirited hunter, drove her curricle, told amusir stories, drew caricatures, and laughed even louder than sl talked. Lord Shafton married her: he was so delicate, l said, or it was said for him, that he needed protection. Se timent succeeded; and Laura leant over the harp, and sat b moonlight in a window-seat, sighed when her flowers fade and talked of Byron and Italy. Sir Eustace St. Clair ma her an offer, while her dark blue eyes were filled with tears some exquisite lines he had written in her album.

Lady Adelaide only remained, and an undeniable beauty her mother did indeed expect this match to crown all th others. Her style was, however, to be wholly different, li that of a French tragedy, classical, cold, and correct, — i difference, languor, and quietude now united to form a *bea idéal* of elegance.

Of Lord Morton little can be said; he was rather goo looking, and as good-natured as a very selfish person can be and not more in the way than those always are who depen *entirely upon* others for their amusement.

Such was the family where Edward Lorraine promised

stay for a fortnight—a very dangerous period; long enough to fall in love, scarcely long enough to get tired. Lady Lauriston was perfectly satisfied with the proceedings; she was aware of the advantage of the suffrage of one whose authority in taste was held to be despotic; she calculated on his good report preceding Adelaide in town; and she felt too much confidence in her daughter's principles to be at all alarmed about her heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

Duties with wants, and facts with feelings jar,
Deceiving and deceived — what fools we are!
The hope is granted, and the wish content,
Alas! but only for our punishment.

Had Lady Lauriston been aware of Mr. Lorraine's certainty of succeeding to the Etheringhame estates and honours, her plans would have assumed a more appropriating form. Invalid in body, still more so in mind, the present earl was sinking to the grave, not less surely because the disease was more mental than physical—not less surely because he was young, for youth gave its own mortal keenness to the inward wound. It was curious that, while father and mother were cut out in the most common-place shapes of social automata, both sons possessed a romance of feeling which would greatly have alarmed their rational parents. But no moral perceptions are so blunt as those of the selfish; theirs is the worst of near-sightedness—that of the heart.

Lord and Lady Etheringhame were blind to the faults, even as they were to the good qualities of their children, simply because to neither had they an answering key in themselves; we cannot calculate on the motions of a world, of whose very existence we dream not. They had a certain standard, not so much of right and wrong as of propriety, and took it for granted from this standard no child of theirs could depart.

Algernon the elder brother's character was one peculiarly likely to be mistaken by people of this sort: his melancholy passed for *gravity, his timidity* for pride, and were therefore *held right proper qualities*; while his fondness for reading,

his habits of abstraction, passed for close study, which made his mother call him such a steady young man; while his father, who had some vague notions of the necessity of great men studying, looked forward to the triumphs of the future statesman. He had been educated, from his delicate health, entirely at home; and his tutor,—who had only in his life moved from his college to the castle, and who had lived entirely among books—books which teach us at once so much and so little of men—could see nothing but good in the pupil, whose eagerness to learn exceeded even his eagerness to teach, and who rarely went out without a book in his pocket.

The gloomy seclusion in which they lived—his health, which rendered those field sports that must have thrown him among young companions unattractive—all fostered the dreaming habits of his mind. He would pass hours under the shade of one old favourite cedar, whose vast boughs required a storm to move them, and through whose thick foliage the sunbeams never pierced; or whole evenings would pass away while he paced the chestnut avenue, ancient as those days when the earls of Etheringhame wore belt and spur, and rode beneath those trees with five hundred armed vassals in their train. There he dreamed of life—those dreams which so unfit the visionary for action, which make the real world so distasteful when measured by that within.

Algernon was a poet in all but expression: that deep love of beauty—that susceptibility to external impressions—that fancy which, like the face we love, invests all things it looks on with a grace not their own—that intense feeling which makes so much its own pain and pleasure—all these were his: it were well had expression been added also—if he had been a poet! Feelings which now fed upon his own heart, would then have found a channel, and in their flow have made a bond between him and his fellow-men; the sorrow that parts in music from the lip often dies to its own singing, and the ill-starred love of its song goes on its way, soothed by the comrades it has called up, vanity and sympathy. The poet dies not of the broken heart he sings; it is the passionate enthusiast, the lonely visionary, who makes of his own hopes, feelings, and thoughts the pyre on which himself will be consumed. The old proverb, applied to fire and water, may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master.

Algernon was just nineteen when a warmer climate was imperatively ordered; and a few weeks saw Algernon and his tutor settled in a villa near Naples—the one happy in the novelty, loveliness, and associations of Italy—the other delighted with their vicinity to a convent rich in curious old manuscripts, and to which he had obtained free access.

It was one of those glorious evenings which crowded the whole wealth of summer into one single sunset, when Algernon was loitering through the aisles of a vast church, which seemed, like the faith it served, imperishable. The west was shut out, but the whole building was filled with a rich purple haze—the marble figures on the monuments stood out with a distinctness like real existence, but apart from our own. To me statues never bear aught of human resemblance—I cannot think of them as the likeness of man or woman—colourless, shadowy, they seem the creation of a spell; their spiritual beauty is of another world—and well did the Grecian of old, whose faith was one of power and necessity, not of affection, make his statues deities: the cold, the severely beautiful, we can offer them worship, but never love. It was, however, neither statue nor picture that so rivetted Algernon's attention, but a female kneeling at the shrine of the Virgin in most absorbing and earnest prayer.

Perhaps the most striking, as well as the most picturesque change in costume, is the veil universally worn in Italy; and but that the present day does not pique itself on its romance, it were matter of marvel how a woman could ever be induced to abandon an article of dress so full of poetical and graceful association. A veiled lady either is, or ought to be, enough to turn the head of any cavalier under five-and-twenty.

It was, however, admiration, not curiosity, the kneeling female excited; for her veil had fallen back, and her face only shadowed by a profusion of loose black ringlets, was fully seen. It was perfect: the high noble forehead—the large melancholy eyes—the delicately chiselled oval of the cheek—the small red mouth, belonged to the highest and most superb order of beauty; a sadness stole over its expression of devotional fervour—she suddenly buried her face in her hands: when she raised her head again, the long dark eyelashes were glittering with tears. She rose, and Algernon followed her, more from an impulse than an intention; she

stopped and unlocked a small door — it belonged to the convent garden adjoining — and there entering, disappeared.

But Algernon had had ample time to fall desperately in love. He was now at an age when the heart asks for some more real object than the fairy phantoms of its dreams: passions chase fancies; and the time was now come when the imagination would exert its faculty rather to exaggerate than to create. He thought over the sadness of that angel face, as if he were predestined to soothe it — a thousand scenes in which they were to meet glanced over him — till he found himself leaning back in the darkest recess of a box at the Opera, feeling rather than listening to the delicious music, which floated through the dim atmosphere, so well suited to the reverie of the lover.

How much more is that vague tone of poetry, to be found in almost all, awakened by the obscurity of the foreign theatres! — in ours, the lights, the dresses, &c. are too familiar things, and prevent the audience from being carried away by their feelings, — as they are when music and poetry are aided by obscurity like mystery, and silence deep as thought. A murmur of applause, and a burst of song thrilling in its sweetness, aroused Algernon, and, leaning over the front, he saw — her dark hair gathered with three bands of costly diamonds in front, and a starry tiara behind — her crimson robe shining with gold — her dazzlingly white arms raised in eloquent expostulation — her voice filling the air with its melody — in the Medea of the stage he saw the devotee of the Virgin.

Pass we over the first steps of attachment — so delicious to tread, but so little pleasant to retrace, either for ourselves or others — till another evening of purple sunset saw, in that church where they had first met, Algernon kneeling by the side of the beautiful Francisca, while a priest pronounced the marriage blessing — a pale, aged man, to whose wan lips seemed rather to belong the prayer for a burial than aught that had to do with life or enjoyment.

Truly does passion live but in the present. Algernon knew his marriage was not legal; but her he loved was now his by a sacred vow — and when the future came, he might be entirely his own master: the Janus of Love's year may have two faces, but they look only on each other. The worst

of a mind so constituted is, that its feelings cannot last, least of all its love; it measures all things by its expectations — and expectations have that sort of ideal beauty no reality can equal: moreover, in the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting — the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossom bears them and dies. Francisca, beautiful but weak, without power to comprehend, or intellect to take part with her lover, somewhat accelerated the re-action; and Algernon now saw the full extent of the sacrifice he had made, and the mortifications that were to come, since love had no longer strength to bear him through them.

If there be one part of life on which the curse spoken at Eden rests in double darkness — if there be one part of life on which is heaped the gathered wretchedness of years, it is the time when guilty love has burnt itself out, and the heart sees crowd around those vain regrets, that deep remorse, whose voices are never heard but in the silence of indifference. Who ever repented or regretted during the reign of that sweet madness when one beloved object was more, ay a thousand times more, than the world forgotten for its sake? But when the silver cord of affection is loosened, and the golden bowl of intoxicating passion broken — when that change which passes over all earth's loveliest has passed, too, over the heart — when that step which was once our sweetest music falls on the ear a fear, not a hope — when we know that we love no more as once we loved — when memory broods on the past, which yields but a terrible repentance, and hope turns sickening from a future, which is her grave — if there be a part of life where misery and weariness contend together, till the agony is greater than we can bear, this is the time.

Francisca saw the change, and in a few weeks Algernon was almost startled by the change in her also; but hers was an external change — the bright cheek had lost its colour and outline, and she was wasted, even to emaciation. He was often absent from their villa, wandering, in all the restlessness of discontent, in the wild environs of Vesuvius; and on every return did he observe more alteration, when remorse urged to kindness, and he reproached himself bitterly for leaving her so much to solitude. Under this influence he returned suddenly and unexpectedly one day, and sought Francisca in a fit of repenting fondness; a faint moan made him

enter the room, and there, on the bare rough pavement, knel Francisca. A coarse dress of sackcloth strangely contraste with her delicate shape — drops of blood were on the floor — and her slight hand yet held the scourge: a shriek told he recognition of Algernon, and she fell senseless on the ground

In her state of bodily weakness, the least sudden emotio was enough to bring on a crisis — and before night she wa in a brain fever; from her ravings and a few questions h learnt the cause. She had marked his growing coldness, and with the wild superstition of the ardent and the weak, ha held it as a judgment for loving a heretic; the belief tha some fearful judgment was hanging over both grew upon he daily; and by fasts, rigid and severe penance, she strove t avert the penalty, and obtain pardon. Body and mind alik sank under this; and she died in a fearful paroxysm o terror, without one sign of recognition, in Algernon's arms He returned to England too late to see his father living; an the first object he met in the old chestnut avenue were th black horses, the dark plumes of the hearse, which were bear ing Lord Etheringhame to the vault of his ancestors.

Algernon thenceforth lived in the deepest seclusion: on only object yet had an interest for him — his young brother perhaps the very loneliness of his affection made it the deeper In many points of character Edward resembled his brother but he had an energy which the other had not — a buoyanc of spirit, to which difficulty was a delight. As he advance in life, many an effort did he make to rouse Lord Ethering hame from his lethargy, but in vain. Grief, after all, is lik smoking in a damp country — what was at first a necessit becomes afterwards an indulgence.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Will you come and spend a long day with me?"
Penalties of Friendship.

"Delightful and intellectual society."—*False Concords.*

"To all and singular in this full meeting,
Ladies and gallants, Phœbus sends you greeting;
From his more mighty sons, whose confidence
Is placed in lofty rhyme and humble sense,
Even to his little infants of the time
Who write new songs, and trust in tune and rhyme."
DRYDEN.

"Look you, friend, it is nothing to me whether you believe it or not; what I say is true."—*Love for Love.*

OF all places, London is the best for an *incognita* acquaintance; cards may be exchanged to all eternity without a meeting, and the various circles revolve like planets in their different systems, utterly unconscious of the means and modes of each other's existence. A friend, whom Emily had earnestly, though unsuccessfully, endeavoured to see, thanks to a headache of Lady Alicia's, found them at home. This was a Mrs. Smithson, who had formerly been Emily's governess; and our heroine was still young enough for the attraction of friendship, to recall with rapture her first readings of Matilde and the Corsair, and to remember with delight her first essay as *confidante*. Miss Hughes being in love at the time, had only left Arundel Hall to become the wife of Mr. Smithson; a gentleman whose station and salary now authorised his taking a house and a wife, and, at forty-five, instituting a new search after happiness.

Mrs. Smithson entered the room, and received Emily's welcome and embrace, evidently a little disorganised by the latter; not but that she was very glad to see her former pupil, but it is very trying to have the drapery of one's shawl destroyed. A few moments, and they were conversing with true feminine fluency. Emily had to mention the curate's marriage, the death of the apothecary, and to say how well both uncle and aunt were. Mrs. Smithson had to state that she had three children — to wonder Emily had grown so much — and each had to rejoice over meeting with the other. Besides, there was a most interesting subject to be discussed: Mrs. Smithson had enchanted the world with a novel — not a

person less than a baronet figured in its pages — the heroine had a most authentic milliner — it was rumoured that Lady Holdernesse was the Marchioness of L.; and, altogether, it had had the most circulating success. Moreover, she had something to say about her husband, who had written a treatise on bats and beetles.

Emily was at that happy age which takes so much on trust, and her praise was quite elaborate in its enthusiasm. What a charm there must be in praise, when it consoles for all the miseries and mortifications of literature! The fair and fashionable author now mentioned the object of her visit, which was to induce her young friend to spend a long day with her, to which her young friend readily assented. "I shall be delighted — I will come early — you will excuse my dining in a morning dress — and we shall have such a delightful chat."

Mrs. Smithson's face perceptibly lengthened at the words "morning dress." "Why, my sweet girl, Monday is my little *conversazione;* my literary pursuits require literary connexions — only a very small circle, but all *talented* people: however, you will look well in any thing."

But before the Aspasia of Marylebone departed, it was settled that Emily's maid should be in Harley Street to attend to the necessary change of costume; and, this important arrangement decided, Mrs. Smithson's green pelisse and blue bonnet departed — blue and green, like the title of an old novel, "paired, but not matched." By the by, how much bad taste is shown in the selection of colours! Out upon the folly of modern liberty, which has abolished sumptuary laws, and left us to all the horrors of our own inventions! Liberty of conscience is bad enough — the liberty of the press is still worse — but worst of all is liberty of taste in dress to common people.

Monday and two o'clock found Emily in Harley Street, rather sooner than she was expected, as was evident from that silken rustle which marks a female retreat. A discreet visitor on such occasions advances straight to the window or the glass: Emily did the latter; and five minutes of contemplation ascertained the fact that her *capote* would endure a slight tendency *to the left.* She then took a seat on the hard, or, as they say *of hounds,* the hide-bound sofa — the five minutes lengthene

into twenty, and she sought for amusement at a most literary-looking table. Alas! she had read the novels—for treatises she had no taste—and two German volumes, and three Latin, together with a scientific journal, gave her a cold chill. While thus employed, a red-faced, loud-voiced servant girl threw open the door, and howled, "If you please, ma'am, Master Adolphus has thrown the Library of Entertaining Knowledge at Master Alfred's head, because he tore the Catechism of Conchology;" but before Miss Arundel could express her regret at such misapplication of knowledge, the girl had vanished in all the dismay of a mistake.

At last Mrs. Smithson appeared. "My dear Emily, you have waited—I forgot to tell you that I devote the early part of the day to the dear children—I never allow my literary and domestic duties to interfere: you cannot commence the important business of education too soon, and I am but just emerged from the study."

This was a little at variance both with the servant's appearance and her own laboured toilette, whose want of neatness was the result of hurry and bad taste, not of after-disorganisation. It is amazing how oppressive is the cleverness of some people, as if it were quite a duty in you to be clever too—or, as I once heard a little child say, "Oh, mamma, I always speak to Mrs. S. in such dictionary words!"

"Slowly and sadly" did the morning pass. Alas! for the victim of friendship, whom sentiment or silliness seduces into passing a long day! The upright sitting on the repulsive sofa—the mental exhaustion in searching after topics of conversation, which, like the breeze in Byron's description of a calm, "come not"—the gossip that, out of sheer desperation, darkens into scandal; if ever friends or feelings are sacrificed under temptation too strong to be resisted, it is in the conversational pauses of a long day; and worst of all, a long day between people who have scarcely an idea or an acquaintance in common, for the one to be exchanged, or the other abused—communication or condemnation equally out of the question. Mrs. Smithson secretly pitied herself for wasting her colloquial powers on that social non-entity, a young lady; and Miss Arundel was somewhat bewildered by the march of her former friend's intellect. Divers of those elegant harmonies, which make musical the flight of time in London, verified the old rhyme, that

"Come what may,
Time and the tide wear through the roughest day."

The muffin-boy announced three o'clock—the pot-
clanking his empty pewter was symptomatic of four—
belman tolling the knell of the post announced five—and
length, a heavy hard-hearted rap proclaimed the retur
Mr. Smithson; a gruff voice was heard in the passage
ponderous step on the stairs—the door and his boots crea
and in came the author of the treatise on bats and bee
followed by a blue-coated, nankeen-trousered young n
whose countenance and curls united that happy mixtur
carmine and charcoal which constitute the Apollo of a Co
ton Street counter. Mr. Smithson was equally sullen
solemn-looking, with a mouth made only to swear, and a b
to scowl—a tyrant in a small way—one who would be a
trary about a hash, and obstinate respecting an oyster—on
those tempers which, like a domestic east wind, "sp
neither man nor beast," from the unhappy footman that
cursed, to the unlucky dog that he kicked.

A minute specimen of humanity, in a livery like a jea
lover's, of "green and yellow melancholy," announced din
Mr. Smithson stalked up to Emily, Mr. Perkins simpered
the hostess, and they entered a dismal-looking parlour, wi
brick-red walls and ditto curtains were scantily lighted b
single lamp, though it was of the last new patent—to wh
a dim fire, in its first stage of infant weakness, gave s
assistance.

Mr. Smithson, who, as member of a public office, tho
that church and state ought to be supported—which sup
he conceived to consist in strict adherence to certain form
muttered something which sounded much more like a gr
than a grace, and dinner commenced.

At the top was a cod's shoulders and head, whose in
lectual faculties were rather over much developed; and at
bottom was soup called mulligatawny—some indefinite m
ture of curry-powder and ducks' feet, the first spoonfu
which called from its master a look of thunder and lightn
up the table. To this succeeded a couple of most cadave
fowls, a huge haunch of mutton, raw and red enough ever
an Abyssinian, flanked by rissoles and oyster patties, which
evidently, like Tom Tough, seen "a deal of service:" t

were followed by some sort of nameless pudding—and so much for the luxury of a family dinner, which is enough to make one beg next time to be treated as a stranger.

Conversation there was none—Mr. Smithson kindly sparing the lungs of his friends, at the expense of his own. First, the fire was sworn at—then, the draught from the door—then, the poor little footboy was encouraged by the pleasant intelligence that he was the stupidest blockhead in the world. Mr. Perkins sat preserving his silence and his simper; and to the lady of the house it was evidently quite matter of habit—a sort of accompaniment she would almost have missed.

The truth is, Mr. Smithson had just married some twenty years too late—with his habits, like his features, quite set, and both in a harsh mould. Young lady! looking out for an establishment—meditating on the delights of a house of your own—two maids and a man, over whom you are set in absolute authority—do any thing rather than marry a confirmed bachelor—venture on one who has been successful with seven succeeding wives, with ten small children ready made to order—walk off with some tall youth, who considers a wife and a razor definitive signs of his growth and his sense; but shun the establishment of a bachelor who has hung a pendulum between temptation and prudence till the age of forty-five—but of all subjects, age is the one on which it is most invidious to descant.

The cloth was removed, and sudden commotion filled the passage:

> "At once there rose so wild a yell
> Within that dark and narrow dell;"
> &c. &c. &c.

and in came Master Adolphus and Master Alfred in full cry, having disputed by the way which was to go first—also a baby, eloquent as infancy usual is, and, like most youthful orators, more easily heard than understood. The boys quartered themselves on the unfortunate strangers; and Mrs. Smithson took the infant, which Emily duly declared was the sweetest little creature she had ever seen. On going upstairs, Emily found Mlle. Hyacinthe shivering—for, with the usual inhumanity of friends, there was no fire; and it was one of those wet, miserable evenings, gratis copies distributed by November *through the year.*

Suicide and antipathy to fires in a bed-room seem to be among the national characteristics. Perhaps the same moral cause may originate both. We leave this question to the Westminster Review. Between grumbling and garnishing, discontent and decoration, Emily was some time before she descended to the drawing-room, which was half full or more on her entrance. She took a seat with a most deferential air — for she was a little awestruck by the intellectual society in which she now found herself — and Mrs. Smithson, equally eager to conciliate a reviewer, who stood on her right, and a poet, who stood on her left, had quite forgotten the very existence of her sweet young friend.

With curiosity much excited, but wholly ungratified, Emily looked eagerly round for a familiar face, but in vain; at last, a lady, who had been watching her for some time, said:

"Will you promise not to suspect me of an intention to steal your pearl chain, if I offer my services as catalogue to this exhibition of walking pictures?"

"I will, on the contrary, be grateful with all the gratitude of ignorance — there must be so many people here I should so like to know something about."

"I see," rejoined her companion, "that you are a stranger, and have no credentials in the shape of 'such a sweet poem' — 'such a delightful tale.' No one has introduced you as that young lady whose extraordinary talents have delighted all the world. I suspect that, like myself, you are here on sufferance."

"Mrs. Smithson is a very old friend."

"And my husband has written a pamphlet on the corn laws. As for myself, I neither read nor write; but I know something of most of the authors here, and their works. Knowledge is much like dust — it sticks to one, one does not know how."

Emily thanked Mrs. Sullivan (for such was her name), and drew closer to her side, with that sense of loneliness which is never felt so strongly as in a crowd. For some time she listened to every word she could catch, till at length the disagreeable conviction was forced upon her, that clever people talked very much as others did. Why, she actually heard two or three speaking of the weather. Now, to think of a *genius only saying,* "What a cold day we have had!"

"Whence do you come?" asked Mrs. Sullivan, of a young man who looked at least intelligent.

"I have been spending the day at Hampstead, and beautiful it was: the fog, which, as Wordsworth says of sleep,

'Covered the city like a garment,'

left the heath clear, and the sky blue; and there was sunshine enough to keep me in spirits for the rest of the week."

"A most Cockney expedition, truly!"

"My dear Mrs. Sullivan, why will you indulge in commonplace contumely? Believe me, it is only those

'In crowded cities pent'

who fully enjoy the free air above their heads, and the green grass beneath their feet: to them, as to the lately recovered sick man,

'Each opening breath is paradise.'

How often have I closed my book in weariness, or flung down the pen in vexation of spirit, and have gone forth into the open air, at first thoughtfully and heavily; but as the rows of houses give way to hedges, streets to fields crowded with daisies —

'The Danaë of flowers,
With gold heaped in her lap,'

and I catch the shadows of two or three old trees, my heart and steps grow lighter, and I proceed on my way rejoicing. I forget the dull realities of experience — experience, that more than philosophy 'can clip an angel's wings;' I forget that all 'mine earlier hopes' are now set down

''Mid the dull catalogue of common things;'

and I return with a handful of wild flowers, or a branch covered with acorns (the most graceful wreath that ever Oread wore), and imbued with poetry enough to resist the dull thick atmosphere of town for full four-and-twenty hours; — and then think how beautiful the environs of London really are!"

"Yes, putting white stuccoed villas, verandas, and pic-nic parties, out of the question."

"Putting nothing at all out of the question: it is a very morbid or very affected taste which turns away from aught of human *comfort or* human enjoyment."

"The other evening," continued Mrs. Sullivan, "I he you quoting,

'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.'"

"As if," rejoined the young poet, "one were alw obliged to be of the same opinion! However, so far I ready to admit, that the enjoyment of a wild and a lon scene is of a higher and more imaginative quality than t of merely beautiful cultivation; and, I must add, I do no all agree with Marmontel, who said, that whenever he sa beautiful scene he longed for some one to whom he could s 'How beautiful!'"—

"Which," interrupted Mrs. Sullivan, "being translated i plain English, means that vanity and imagination were variance; and a thousand fine things that he might h said about the prospect with such effect, if he had been tened to, were now being wasted on himself."

"To again quote the oracles of my high-priest, Wor worth, there is nothing like

'The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart.'

What 'truths divine' crowd every page of Wordswort writings! I sometimes wish to be a modern Alexander, t I might have Mount Athos carved into, not my own stat but his."

"Nay," exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, "spare me 'lectures poetry.' I am worse than even Wordsworth's flitch. says,

'The very bacon showed its feeling,
Swinging from the smoky ceiling.'

Now, I am free to confess the very bacon has more feel than I have: so dissipate your lakeism by telling yon traveller I want to hear some of his adventures. W variety of talent," said Mrs. Sullivan, as he turned aw "does that young man possess! He has *l'esprit comme diable*, and a sense of the beautiful *comme un ange*. I can characterise his poetry better than in his own words:

'What is it but a heavenly breath
Along an earthly lyre.'"

As the young traveller Mrs. Sullivan had summoned cros *the room, he was* intercepted by a lady, whose very graci

smile on him was the essence of conciliation; it seemed, however, like English sunshine, too precious to be long enjoyed. Some other "gentle tassel" was to be lured with all the skill of complimentary falconry, and with one more smile, and a parting bend of necessity and regret, the traveller approached with the "self-betraying air" of the flattered.

"My southern voyage," said he, after the first greetings with Mrs. Sullivan were over, "is enough for a season's reputation. Mrs. Harcourt has just been expressing her admiration of that spirit of romantic enterprise so much wanting in young men of the present day, has asked me to her fancy ball, and held forth the temptation of the beauties of her room on the strength of my traversing 'river wild and forest old.' Mrs. Harcourt takes an intellectual degree beyond the common collector of crowds—she desires that every second individual in hers should be 'noticeable persons;' her young ladies are beauties or heiresses; her gentlemen geniuses, authors, or travellers. I have been at her house, though she has forgotten me. I was then only a young man—not 'the young man who spent the summer in the Pyrenees, and had brought home the guitar of a Spanish princess.' I saw Sir Hudson Lowe standing on the same rug with one of Buonaparte's old generals; one of our Tory members, to whom innovation is the 'word of fear,' who considers anarchy and annihilation as synonymous, shrinking in the doorway from the carbonari atmosphere of General Pepi. I saw a most orthodox-looking bishop taking the paleness of horror from the sight of Mr. Owen. A man just come from Babylon was talking to one newly arrived from Moscow. There were two critics, one historian, half-a-dozen poets, a gentleman with a beard like a Turk, a real Persian, and three Greeks. *A propos des Grecs*, —a droll adventure once befell this fair extractor from the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The Greek stocks and fever were at their highest, when a cargo from Missolonghi of turbaned and mustachioed gentry arrived, and cast anchor in the river. Mrs. Harcourt's ball was the following night—she threw herself into her carriage—drove as if the speed of thought were in her horses as well as herself—took a boat—ascended the vessel's side—was introduced—interpreted—and invited the patriots for the ensuing evening,—they delighted with the hospitality of England, and she no

less at having forestalled the market, and secured such novelties for her supper-table. Compliments and classics equally exhausted, Mrs. Harcourt gave her last injunction — 'Pray, come just as you are, those crimson caps are so characteristic — and not later than ten.' She was on the point of leaving the ship, when an officer advanced and opposed her departure, and with that frank politeness which, as the newspapers say, distinguishes the British sailor, observed, 'D—n it, ma'am, it's no go.' The lady stared; but a single question elicited the fatal truth — the vessel was under quarantine, and once on board there was no quitting it. All that the captain could do was to grumble, and say he supposed she must have his cabin; and there this candidate for the honour of the Athenians was left to reflect on her ball next evening, and the chance of catching the plague,—for cholera was not then invented to fright the isle."

All around laughed, as people always laugh at misfortunes, *i. e.* with all their heart.

"I understand," observed Mrs. Sullivan, "that the Adelphi intends converting itself into an amphitheatre, and treating the spectators, after the fashion of the Roman conquerors, to a show of wild beasts. Why do you not recommend them to give a bull-fight?"

"Such an animated account of one as I have just been reading in the *Talba,* where a young Moorish prince vanquishes, single-handed, in the arena, a black and ferocious bull! I have some thoughts of turning author myself, on purpose to dramatise one of the most interesting stories I have read. How pretty Mrs. Yates would look as Inez de Castro! Think of the splendid scene of the bull-fight, its chivalric and romantic associations!"

"I see but one difficulty—who is to take the bull by the horns?"

"Oh, somebody would be found to run 'the glorious risk. I despair of nothing now-a-days."

"In such a mood men credit miracles," said Mrs. Sullivan.

"I," replied the traveller, "am just come from witnessing one. Do you remember how your friend S——'s words were like the friar's steps in Romeo and Juliet? He says:

> 'How oft to-night
> Have my old feet stumbled;'

and if he did get out six words, seven were unintelligible. He now speaks as fluently and as unaffectedly as myself. I cannot say more."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that S——, in utter despair at being thus disabled from enlightening his audience, betook himself to Mr. Jones, who has undeniably demonstrated that he possesses the gift of tongues."

"I should like to see S——: he will be so gloriously theatrical."

"You will be disappointed in this charitable expectation. Jones has vanquished all his violent distortions, and replaced them by the calm style and effective delivery of the gentleman. His aim, and, I must add, his accomplishment, is to teach the art of speaking with ease and fluency."

"Does he instruct ladies?"

"I hope not,

'That were but sharpening the dart,
Too apt before to kill.'"

Emily's whole attention was now given to a lady speaking near her,—the first few sentences were lost, but she caught the following:—

"When I say your gratitude ought to be excited by my vanity, I divide the functions of vanity into two influences; the one is, when it is passive, I only feed upon the memories it brings; the other is, when it is active, and prompts me to exert myself for your entertainment; and it is while thus acting for your amusement that it calls on you to be grateful, if not gratified."

"But who goes into society,—at least those who have any pretensions," said a young man, clever-looking, and with an animated manner, which gave additional attraction to a pointed and brilliant style of conversation;—"who goes into society without 'a marriage robe,' and, like that worn of yore, brilliant, embroidered, and concealing the real figure?

'We do live
Amid a world of glittering falsehoods.'"

"You seem to consider it," returned the lady, "expedient for every one termed, by right or courtesy, distinguished, to play truant to themselves, avoiding all external show of the *thoughts or the feelings* by which such distinction may have

been acquired: as if the earnestness of genius were less endurable than the heartlessness of the world; nay, as if the polished chain mail of the latter were the only garb fit to be worn by the former."

"Exactly my idea. I hold that we are the knights of conversation, and ought to go into its arena armed at all points, for a harsh and violent career."

"I do not see that we are at all called upon to pay so costly a compliment to society, as to assume a character diametrically opposed to our real one,—to utter sentiments we secretly disbelieve,—and to be as angry with our better nature for bursting from restraint, as at other times with our own inferior nature for refusing to submit to it. I think wisdom may wear motley; and truth, unlike man, be born laughing. Genius ought every where to be true to itself, and to its origin, the Divine Mind; to its home, the undying spirit; to its power, that of being a blessing; to its reward, that of being remembered."

"The speaker to whom you have been listening with such attention is Miss Amesbury; to use a very fine phrase from some magazine, 'a brilliant star in our brilliant galaxy of female writers.' I characterise her conversation by a fine line from Marlow,

'A frosty night, when heaven is lined with stars.'

I recall a thousand such beautiful expressions. I remember her comparing society 'to a honey-comb, sweet but hollow.' Again, she calls friendship's memory 'the fame of the heart.' Her last work is my favourite. The character in the second tale called Egeria is meant for Mrs. Hemans—a most exquisite sketch, written with all the delicacy of feminine tact, and all the warmth of feminine feeling. It is a beautiful answer to that false reproach, that one woman cannot praise another.

"Miss Amesbury is especially happy in the use of quotations—and an apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence. I cannot help thinking, though, in her first story (the History of a Modern Corinne) she has fallen into the common and picturesque error, of making her women of genius peculiarly susceptible of love—a fact I greatly doubt. Every body knows that love is made up of vanity and

idleness. Now, a successful literary career gratifies the vanity, while it gives employment. Love is not wanted as flattery, nor as occupation—and is therefore cut off from its two strong-holds. Besides, the excitement of a literary career is so great, that most sentiments seem tame by its side. Homage you have from the many,—praise is familiar to your ear; and your lover's compliment seems cold when weighed against that of your reviewer. Besides, a lover is chiefly valued for the consequence he gives; he loses one great charm when you have it without him. If I wanted to inspire an intense devoted attachment, I would scarce seek it from genius: it gives you but a divided heart. Love bears no rival near the throne—and fame is as 'mighty autocrat as he.'"

"But do you see the gentleman she has just addressed, perhaps with a hope to conciliate a critic:—vain hope! when the critic is made out of the remains of a disappointed poet, who finds it easier to tell people what they should read, than to produce what they will read. One would think that an unsuccessful volume was like a degree in the school of reviewing. One unread work makes the judge bitter enough; but a second failure, and he is quite desperate in his damnation. I do believe one half of the injustice—the severity of 'the ungentle craft' originates in its own want of success; they cannot forgive the popularity which has passed them over, to settle on some other; and they come to judgment on a favourite author, with a previous fund of bitterness—like an angry person, venting their rage not on the right offender, but on whoso chances to be within their reach."

"The principal remark that I have made on London society is, its tone of utter indifference. No one seems to care for another."

There was a truth to Emily in this speech that made her turn to the speaker. He was good-looking, and singularly tall.

"That is the author of a most chivalric history of Mary Queen of Scots. The enthusiasm of a young man about beauty and misfortune is as good in taste as it is in feeling. He is a Scotchman, certainly not

'From pride and from prejudice free;'

for I verily believe that he looks upon the rest of the world as

'a set of niggers,'—an inferior race, on this side the Tweed. We English are much more liberal in that respect; we have always been ready to offer homage,

> 'When we saw by the streamers that shot so bright,
> That spirits were riding the northern light.'

I remember his saying to an English author, 'it is to Edinburgh you must look for your literary fame.' The best answer would have been the Highland proverb,

> 'Tis a far cry to Lochow.'

It is singular how long national hostility lasts, and how many shapes it will take! That a prejudice still exists between the Scotch and the English is no credit to either. Were I to allot each their shares of illiberality, I should say, there are six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other; and as I am one who utterly despairs of improving the human race, I have no doubt it will continue."

"Who is that gentleman," exclaimed Emily, "whose eye I have just caught, so full of mirth and malice?"

"That is the Philip de Comines of King Oberon, the Froissart of Fairyland — a re-union of the most opposite qualities — a zealous antiquary, yet with a vein of exquisite poetry, side by side with one of quaint humour. Do let me tell you a most original simile of his: he compares fried eggs to gigantic daisies. The oddity of the likeness is only to be equalled by its truth. And to give you one touch of poetry: speaking of his return across a common, one winter night, he made use of the following (I think) singularly fine phrase:

> 'The silence of the snows.'

"The person next to him is the writer of some entertaining and graphic travels in the East. Travelling is as much a passion as ambition or love. He ascribes his first desire of seeing Palestine to hearing his mother (who read exquisitely) read the Old Testament aloud. His imagination was haunted by the Dead Sea, or the lilies of Sharon: when he slept, he dreamed but of the cedars of Lebanon; and as a boy, he used to sit by the sea-side, and weep with his passionate longing to visit the East. Thither he travelled as soon as his will was master of his conduct.

"But do turn to one of my great favourites — that is *Allan Malcolm*. Does he not look as if he had just stepped

across the border, with the breath of the heath and the broom fresh about him? There is an honesty in his nature which keeps him unspotted from the world — the literary world, with its many plague spots of envyings, jealousies, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The face so sweet in its matron beauty is that of 'his bonnie Jeane' beside. I like to meet him sometimes: it is good for one's moral constitution to know there are such things as kindliness and integrity to be found in the world. A countryman is at this moment beside him — a stanch border minstrel, who would any day uphold the thistle to be a more poetical plant than the laurel. I own myself I think it would be more characteristic. I suspect the northern reviewer was thinking as much of the Fitful Fancies of the poet in his own person as of those in his works, when he said 'that his ideas stood stiff and strong, as quills upon the fretful porcupine.' A little speech I heard him make will give you a clearer idea of him than a long description. We were talking of dancing, when he said, 'I loathe the woman who dances, and despise the man.'"

"And I liked his poetry so much!" exclaimed Emily, in the most reproachful of tones.

Miss Arundel's whole attention was now attracted by a female in a Quaker dress — the quiet dark silk dress — the hair simply parted on the forehead — the small close cap — the placid and subdued expression of the face, were all in such strong contrast to the crimsons, yellows, and blues, around. The general character of the large, soft, dark eyes seemed sweetness; but they were now lighted up with an expression of intelligent observation — that clear, animated, and comprehensive glance, which shows it analyses what it observes. You looked at her with something of the sensation with which, while travelling along a dusty road, the eye fixes on some green field, where the hour flings its sunshine, and the tree its shadow, as if its fresh, pure beauty was a thing apart from the soil and tumult of the highway.

"You see," said Mrs. Sullivan, "one who, in a brief interview, gave me more the idea of a poet than most of our modern votaries of the lute. I was so struck with any one coming up to London, filled but with historic associations,

looking upon the Tower as hallowed by the memory of Lady Jane Grey, and of Westminster Abbey as (to use the American Halleck's noble expression) a 'Mecca of the mind,' with England's great and glorious names inscribed on the consecrated walls. She is as creative in her imaginary poems, as she is touching and true in her simpler ones."

A slight movement, and a few exclamations, drew off their attention to the little supper table. A gentleman had, instead of placing his fork in a sandwich, inserted it into a lady's hand. The injury was not much; but the quaintness of the excuse was what amused the bystanders.

"I beg pardon," said the offender, with the most unruffled composure of countenance; "but I mistook the hand for white bait."

"A fitting compliment for one whose mind is the most singular mixture of pun, poetry, conceits, simplicity, that ever mingled the mime and the minstrel. But I hold that he is rather the cause of mirth in others than merry himself. He is pale, silent, serious; and I never heard an instance of laughter recorded against him. In his most comic vein, the idea of death seems ever present. His favourite imagery is death's heads, coffins, skeletons: even his merriest ballads turn upon the death of their subject. His faculty of perversion outdoes any temper in the world. One of the oddest applications of a quotation was in a preface, where, speaking of his own sketches, he says, 'Like the tape-tied curtains of the poet, I was never meant to draw.' With this is mingled a gift of the most touching poetry. I doubt whether the whole of 'our British poets,' drawn up in battle array, could send forth specimens more calculated to touch even a critical Coriolanus than some of his short and beautiful pieces."

"There is something," said Emily, "that interests me in the face of that gentleman. Who is he?"

"One of the very few persons of whom I have a pleasure in speaking — an author, yet free from envy — a critic, yet free from malice. Charles Townsend said of old, 'to tax and to please, any more than to love and be wise, is not given to man;' and to prefer and yet please, is a difficult task for an editor. Perhaps it is because liberal and kindly feelings are to be found in the object of your inquiry. It is a pleasant

thing to enter his house. It is as well to see domestic happiness now and then, in order to be able to talk about it as a wonder. Congenial in tastes, united in pursuits, he is fortunate in a wife, who is pretty enough to be silly, and yet clever enough to be plain, and kind and good enough to be either."

At this moment, a lady came up and spoke to Mrs. Sullivan, with that warm kindliness of manner, which, like love, air, or sunshine, must win its way everywhere.

"That is the very person we were speaking of, and the most charming and fittest of writers for youth,—at least to them have her last works been chiefly addressed; but the oldest might go back to the chronicles of her school-room for the mere pleasure of being young again. It is quite wonderful to me, in such a cross-grained, hardening, and harsh world as ours, where she can have contrived to keep so much of open, fresh, and kindly feeling. She is very national, and I am sure you have read her beautiful Irish stories. I think it is she who says, that Englishmen do not know how to make love. True enough! An Englishman seems to think he is conferring a favour, which the lady cannot too highly estimate, by the mere act of falling in love with her; but if any could inspire him with the amiable accomplishment of love-making, it would be one of her own Irish coquettes—a creature of rainbow lightning."

"They are very real. Does she draw from herself?"

"Perhaps from the pleasures of memory; for she is now half of one of those happy couples which make one understand a phrase somewhat difficult to comprehend, from so seldom witnessing it—domestic felicity."

"Nay," exclaimed Emily, laughing, "are you not an Englishwoman—a native of that happy island so celebrated for its

'Dear delights of hearth and home?'"

"I nevertheless think that the blessings of matrimony, like those of poverty, belong rather to philosophy than reality. Let us see—not one woman in fifty marries the man she likes—and though it may be safest—why I could never understand—it is not pleasantest to begin with a little aversion. Let us just go *through a day in married life.* First, an early breakfast—for the

husband is obliged to go out. On the miseries of early rising, like those of the country, I need not dwell: they are too well known. He reads the newspaper, and bolts his roll—she takes care that Miss Laura does not dirty her frock, and that Master Henry does not eat too much; he goes to his office or counting-house—she to market—for remember I am speaking of a good wife—some pounds of beef or mutton are to be ordered at the butcher's, the baker has charged an extra loaf, and the greengrocer has to be paid four shillings and twopence. On her return home, there is the housemaid to be scolded for not scouring the front bed-room—and the cook's conduct requires animadversion for yesterday's underdone veal. Perhaps, in the course of the morning, Mrs. Smith calls with an account of Mrs. Johnson's elegant new pelisse; and when Mons. le Mari returns to dinner, he suffers the full weight of the discontent one woman's new dress never fails to inspire in another. Evening comes, and a matrimonial *tête-à-tête* is proverbial—'what can I have to say to my wife, whom I see every day?' Well, he reads some pamphlet or sleeps—she brings out the huge work-basket doomed to contain and repair the devastations of seven small children—she has given up her maiden accomplishments—and of course, a married woman has no time for music or reading. Perhaps, by way of agreeable conversation, she may say, 'My dear, I want some money:'

'Oh, sound of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!'

on which he wakes, and goes to bed. She follows; and Mrs. I.'s pelisse is the foundation of that piece of exquisite eloquence, a curtain lecture. Now, who can deny that this is a faithful and exact picture of three hundred out of the three hundred and sixty-five days that constitute a year of married life."

"You are a connubial Cassandra," said Emily.

"Yes; and, like that ill-fated prototype of all who tell disagreeable truths, I shall get no lady, at least no young or unmarried one, to believe me. But I must now thank you for listening. Our carriage is announced; and Mr. Sullivan, when his horses are concerned, is like time and tide—he stays for no man—nor woman neither."

A heavy, plain man took the lady away, very much as if she *had been* a parcel; and Emily could well believe he

written pamphlets on the currency and the corn-laws. He looked like a personification of the dryness of the one, and the dulness of the other.

Mrs. Smithson had by this time pretty well distributed her stock of conciliation and courtesy, and now recollected the existence of her sweet young friend. Divers introductions took place; and Emily heard a great deal of conversation, of which conceit was the canvass, while flattery laid on the colours. Dry biscuits and drier sandwiches were handed round; and about twelve, Emily found herself in her own room, very tired, very dissatisfied, and very hungry. She had seen many who had long been the throned idols of her imagination and her disappointment much resembled that of the princely lover of Cinderella, who, on questioning his porters if they had seen a robed and radiant beauty pass, learnt that their uncharmed eyes had only beheld a little dirty girl. She had fallen into the common error of supposing that the author must personify his works, and that his conversation must be copy and compeer of his writings.

We forget that those writings are the productions of the mind's highest mood, when thoughts rise up in their perfect beauty, like the stars on the night; when feelings, untempted and unchecked, are the true, the good, and the pure; when vanity is sublimed into fame — that earthly hereafter — which in taking the semblance of eternity, catches somewhat of its glory too; when imagination peoples its solitude with the great and the lovely, like those spiritual essences which obey but a midnight spell; when, if memory bring sorrow, it is softened and refined, or if hope speak of a future, it is one exalted and redeemed; when the enjoyment of creation is within him, and the consciousness of power is delight. In such hours are those pages written which will pass sea and land, winged with praise and pleasure — over which eyes will glisten and hearts beat, when the hand that wrote is mouldered in the grave, and the head that conceived but a whitened skull.

Now society is a market-place, not a temple: there is the bargain to be made — the business to be followed; novelty curiosity, amusement, lull all of the strong passions to sleep, and, in their place, a thousand petty emotions hurry about, making up in noise what they want in importance. The

society and solitude of an author's life realise the old fable of Castor and Pollux, who had an earthly and heavenly life between them. In society, all his more earthly nature preponderates; his mind, however different its stature and fashion may be, must wear the same dress as its neighbours.

There is nothing people are so much ashamed of as truth. It is a common observation, that those whose writings are most melancholy are often most lively in conversation. They are ashamed of their real nature; and it is a curious fact, but one which all experience owns, that people do not desire so much to appear better, as to appear different from what they really are. A part is to be played in company, and most desire that part to be an attractive one; but nothing is more mistaken than the means. A sincere wish to please is sure to be successful: but instead of wishing to please, we rather desire to display. The eye is restless to watch its opportunity—the lip feverish with some treasured phrase; we grow jealous from competition, and envious with apprehension; we think of ourselves till we forget those very others for whose applause we are striving; disappointment comes, as it often does, to even well-founded hopes—then how much more so to exaggerated expectation? mortification succeeds, and vanity covers, all as a garment, but a poisoned one, like the centaurs, envenoming and inflaming every wound.

Conversation is forced or languid, insipid or ill-natured; and a celebrated author may retire, leaving his character behind, but taking with him the comfortable conviction that his mind has played false to its powers; that he has despised the flatterer, but loved the flattery—at once ungrateful and exacting; that he has praised himself—the worst of praise is that given in hopes of return; and that he carries away with him a worldliness and selfishness, which, like the coming of the sandy waves of the desert, will, sooner or later, dry up and destroy all the fair gardens and the fresh springs in the Egypt of his imagination.

We talk of the encouragement now given to talents—of genius as the most universal passport to society. This may be good for the individual, but not so for literature. The anxious struggle—the loneliness of neglect—the consciousness of merit—the resources which open to a mind flung back upon *itself—will do more* to stimulate exertion than praise or even

profit. The flattered and followed author sees too soon the worthlessness and hollowness of the prize for which he contends. That desire, which is fame in solitude, and vanity in society, is like gazing at the stars with the naked eye, and through a telescope. In the latter, we see only a small bright point, whose nature is analysed, and whose distance is measured;—in the former, we go forth into the silent midnight, and our whole soul is filled with the mystery and beauty of those glorious and unattainable worlds. In a little time, imagination—that vivifying and redeeming principle in our nature—will be left only to the young. Look on all the great writers of the present day; are they not living instances of the truth of this assertion? After all, literary life grows too like the actual one. Illusions merge in realities—imagination gives place to memory—one grows witty instead of romantic; and poetry ends in prose, all the world over.

CHAPTER XV.

We hope, plan, execute; will it be vain?
Or will the future be the past again?

Truly, a little love-making is a very pleasant thing, and Lady Adelaide found that it greatly enlivened the dulness of Lauriston House. Society does much towards forming a coquette, but here the credit was all Nature's own. Every one, they say, has a genius for something, and here was hers; and it was not mere talent, it was genius. Gifted with no discernment into character, generally speaking, her tact was unerring when her favourite propensity was called into play. She saw at a glance into the recesses of the heart she wished to subdue—intuitively she entered into its tastes—and nothing could be more perfect than her assumption of the seeming best calculated to attract. To her this was more than ordinarily easy; she had no original feelings of her own to alter or subdue, but took, like a picture, her expression from the light in which she was placed. All she desired was admiration: like the green and blue bottles in the chemist's shop, she kept her lovers for show, not use; or, like the miser's gold, the mere pleasure of possession was all she *desired. The idea* that some return might be expected

for the affection lavished upon her, never entered her head; and it may be doubted whether she was more gratified by her maid's flattery or by her lover's. As to her marriage, that she took for granted must happen—but she left all its arrangements to her mother.

Many a mother might have feared one so handsome, so fascinating, as Edward Lorraine; but she entertained no alarm about her daughter's heart, who could not well lose what she never had. He lost his, however; and when, at the fortnight's end, he went on to Etheringhame Castle, besides regrets, hopes &c., he carried with him a secret wonder that he had made no formal declaration of rapture or despair, heaven or hell depending on one little monosyllable. Once he drew bridle beneath the old oak where they stopped the carriage; but a moment of not very satisfactory meditation reminded him that to ride back with a proposal was somewhat premature, as though the impression was strong on his mind that the lady was very sensible to his merits, yet it was difficult to decide on what grounds this impression rested.

It was this indecision that constituted the science of Adelaide's skill; hers was a mixed government of fear and hope—a look was to say every thing, which, on being interpreted, might mean nothing. Like a politic minister, her care was—not to commit herself; she left all to the imagination, but not till that imagination was properly excited: the signs of her preference, like the oracles of old, were always susceptible of two interpretations; and a rejected suitor would scarcely have known whether to curse her falsehood or his own vanity. But this was a finale she ever avoided: an offer, like the rock of adamant in Sinbad's voyages, finishes the attraction by destroying the vessel; and, like the Roman conqueror, she desired living captives to lead in her triumph—an ovation of *petits soins*, graceful flatteries, anxious looks, pretty anger, judicious pique, and vague hopes.

Edward Lorraine rode on, fully convinced that blue was the loveliest colour in the world—it trimmed the lace *cornette*, so becoming to a slight invalid, which Adelaide wore at breakfast. A headache is a delicate compliment to a departing lover; and Edward consoled himself by the future preference he was to obtain over every London rival. Her preference! of what did he not feel capable to win it!—what would he not do before

they again met!—conquer Greece, and lay the crown at her feet—become prime minister, and place at her disposal the whole list of pensions and places—start forth another Byron, and make her immortal in his love; at least, he felt fully equal to them all, and his horse was spurred to a full gallop in the mere energy of intention. Ah! love and youth are delightful things, before the one is chilled, and the other darkened by those after-days, each of which brings with it some dull or sad lesson!—when we learn, that, though disappointment is misery, fruition is but weariness; and that happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

It was late in the evening before he found himself seated in his brother's favourite apartment in Etheringhame Castle—one of those delicious evenings when winter lingers round the hearth, but spring looks laughing in at the window—and the room where they sat was especially suited to such a night. It was very large, and the black oak wainscoting was set in every variety of carvings, where the arms of the family were repeated in every size. Time had darkened, rather than destroyed, the colours of the painted ceiling: the subject was Aurora leading out the horses of the Sun, while the Hours scattered flowers around; the whole encircled by the once bright clouds, whose, morning tints had long disappeared, but the figures were still distinct; and the eye gazed till they seemed rather some fantastic creation of its own than merely painting. A huge black screen, worked in gold, hid the door; and the fantastic gilded Chinese people that covered it, with their strange pagodas—their round heads like little gold balls, yet with an odd human likeness—the foreign palm-trees—the uncouth boats,—seemed like caricatures of humanity called up by some enchanter, and left there in a fit of mingled mirth and spleen. Placed in Gothic arches of carved oak, thousands of books were ranged around—many whose ponderous size and rich silver clasps told of past centuries; and between, placed on altar-like stands of variegated marble, were bronze busts of those whose minds had made them gods among their kind.

Two peculiarly large windows, whose purple curtains were as yet undrawn, opened upon the lawn; one was in shade, for an acacia tree grew so close that its boughs touched the glass, and every note swept by the wind from its leaves was audible.

The lawn was only separated from the park by a light iron rail; and the beds of rainbow-touched flowers, the clumps of blossoming shrubs, the profusion of early roses, were suddenly merged in the unbroken verdure, and the shadow of old and stately trees farther on, and seen more distinctly than usual at so late an hour, from the clear background of the cloudless west, now like an unbroken lake of amber. There was but a single lamp burning, and that was so placed that its light chiefly fell on a recess, so large that it was like a room of itself, and furnished in most opposite taste to the library.

A skilful painter had covered the walls with an Italian landscape: the light fell from the dome almost as upon reality, so actual was the bend of the cypresses, and so green the ivy, that half covered the broken columns in the distance. In the middle was an ottoman, on which lay an ebony lute, inlaid with pearl flowers, and a cast of the loveliest hand that ever wandered in music over its strings. Three pictures hung on the wall: the first was of a most radiant beauty, the hair gathered up under a kind of emerald glory, quite away from the face, whose perfect outline was thus fully given to view. The fine throat and neck were bare, but the satin bodice was laced with jewels, and a superb bracelet was on the arm, which was raised with a gesture of command, suiting well with the brilliant style of her triumphant beauty. In the second, the hair, unbound, fell loose in a profusion of black ringlets, almost concealing the simple white drapery of the figure: the expression was wholly changed—a sweet but tremulous smile parted the lips—and the downcast eyes wore the dreaming looks of passionate thoughts, which feed but on themselves. In the third, a large white veil passed over the head; the hair was simply parted on a brow whose paleness was ghastly—the features were thin to emaciation, the mouth wan and fallen; while the colour of the closed eyes was only indicated by the long black lashes which lay upon the white and sunken cheek. Beneath was written, "FRANCISCA——, taken after death."

There was beauty, there was grandeur in the room; it spoke both of mind and of wealth; but the only part which had a look of comfort was that made bright by the cheerful blaze of the fire: a little table, on which stood two decanters, apparently filled from the two urns by Jove's throne—for one was dark, and the other bright; a basket of oranges, and another of

nuts, were set in the middle; and in an arm-chair on each leant Lord Etheringhame and his brother, too earnest in r conversation to mark an object beyond each other's face.

Edward Lorraine.—"I will urge my arguments against this teful seclusion no longer on your own account; you may lect your talents and your toilette—leave your capacities your curls equally uncultivated—forget your manners and r mirror—leave your coat to your tailor, and your neck-h to fate—on your own account I urge you no longer; but ill urge you on that of others. With your wealth, your editary influence, your rank, how many paths of utility lie n before you! Your many advantages ought to be more n an Egyptian bondage to stimulate you to exertion. Why, very busts around reproach you: look on the three opposite was the debt of gratitude, which men are now paying, by tation and honourable mention, to these, won by indolent lusion?"

A sickly smile passed over Etheringhame's fine but wan tures, as he said, "You are happy, really, Edward, in the ouragement of your illustrations—Bacon, Milton, and Syd-: the first adventured into public life but to show his in-ficiency to withstand its temptations; the second dragged old age in fear, poverty, and obscurity; the third perished a scaffold."

Edward Lorraine.—"I must give up my first: Bacon is of the most humiliating examples of man's subservience to umstances: he lived in an era of bribery and fraud; and whose mind was so far in advance of his age, was, alas! in actions but its copy. Much must be ascribed to his early ication among corrupt and time-serving courtiers—the evil h which we are familiar seems scarce an evil: but even his mple has a sort of hope in its warning to those who hope best of their nature. How little would any public man op now to such a degradation! But Milton and Sydney! k at the glorious old age of the one, when his thoughts, like ravens of the prophet, brought him heavenly food, and he rked in pride and power at the noble legacy he bequeathed his native tongue. Look at the glorious death of the other ling with his blood those principles of equity and liberty ose spirit has since walked so mightily abroad, though even w but *in its infancy!* Never tell me but that these had a

prophet's sympathy with centuries to come: I do believe that the power of making the future their present is one of the first gifts with which Providence endows a great man."

Lord Etheringhame.—"But, even supposing I had the power, which I have not, and the inclination, which I have still less, of mixing in the feverish and hurried strife called the world, of what import is an individual?—I see thousands and thousands rushing to every goal to which human desires can tend—and what matters it if one individual loiter on the way? I see, too, thousands and thousands daily swept off, and their places filled up, leaving not a memory to say that they have been—and again I ask, of what import is an individual?"

Edward Lorraine.—"Of none, if this living multitude were as the sands on the shore, where none is greater or less than the other; but when we see that one makes the destinies of many, and the tremendous influence a single mind often exercises, it behoves every man to try what his powers are for the general good. It is the effort of a single mind that has worked greatest changes. What are the events that, during the last five hundred years, have altered the whole face of things—changed the most our moral position? Let me enumerate some of the most striking. The discovery of America, of gunpowder, of printing,—the Reformation, the magnet,—all these were severally the work of an individual; and in each case a lonely, humble, unaided individual. Algernon, all these are stimulating examples. Instead of asking of what import is an individual, let us rather ask, what is there an individual may not do?"

Lord Etheringhame.—"And to what have all these discoveries tended? I see you glance round the room and smile. We have luxuries, I grant, of which our forefathers never dreamed; but are we better or happier? It is true, where a former earl stepped upon rushes, I step upon a carpet; but comfort is a very conventional term; and what we have never had, at least we do not miss. We do not kill each other quite so much, but we cheat each other more: mortifications are more frequent than wants: and it does appear to me, that, in this change of rude into civilised life, we only exchange bodily evils for mental ones."

Edward Lorraine.—"But success in one effort inclines us *to hope for* success in another: the same powers which have

so well remedied the ills of the physical world, may, when so applied, equally remedy those of the moral world. Hitherto, it seems to me, we have attended more to the means than to the end — we have accumulated rather than enjoyed. All the energies of the mind were devoted to necessity; but our house is now built and furnished, our grounds cultivated, ourselves clothed: our natural condition thus ameliorated, now is the time to enjoy our artificial one. We have provided for our comforts; let us now attend to our happiness; — let each man sedulously nurture those faculties of pleasure which exist both for himself and others. It is the mental world that now requires discovery and cultivation. And has not much been done even in this? How much has reason softened religious persecution and intolerance! Every day do not we become more and more convinced of the crime and cruelty of war? How little is the exercise of arbitrary authority endured! How much more precious is the life of man held! How much more do we acknowledge how intimately the good of others is connected with our own! How is the value of education confessed! Only look on the vast multitude who are at this moment being early imbued with right principles, accustomed to self-control, and fed with useful knowledge. Look at the youthful schools filled with quiet, contented, and industrious children, now acquiring those first notions of right and wrong — those good and regular habits, which will influence all their after-life. Open the silver clasps of yon huge chronicle, and you will see it is not so long since human beings were burnt for a mere abstract opinion — not so long since the sword was appealed to in the court of justice, to decide on right and wrong, and its success held as God's own decision — not so long since a man looked forward to the battle as the only arena of his struggle for fame and fortune, when education was locked up like a prisoner, and often like a state-prisoner, uselessly and vainly, in a monastery, and knowledge, like fixed air, too confined to be wholesome. Are not all these things changed for the better? and, encouraged by the past, Reason herself turns into hope. Algernon, I am young, and as yet undistinguished; but I am not thoughtless. I look forward to future years of honourable and useful exertion, for which early youth is not the season. We require some experience of our own, before we benefit by that of others; but my path is ever before me,

and it is my entire conviction of its excellence that makes r wish my brother to share it with me."

Algernon gazed for a moment on the expression whi lighted up the beautiful face of his brother, whom he loved those love who have but one channel for the gathered wat of their affection; but his sympathy was as that of a moth who hears her eldest boy dwell on schemes in which she h no part beyond the interest that she takes in all that is his.

Lord Etheringhame.—"You will succeed, Edward. Yo energy will carry you over some obstacles—your enthusia will blind you to others; but I, who have neither spirits f the struggle, nor desire for the triumph, what have I to do Olympus? Edward, there are some sent into the world b as a sign and sorrow, whose consciousness of early death is ev with them—who shrink from efforts on which the grave mu so soon close—who ask of books but to pass, not employ ti —whose languid frame shrinks from exertion that would sha yet quicker from the glass the few lingering sands—who lo back to their youthful feelings, not with regret for their fres ness, but awe at their intensity. Such a one am I. I ha lived too much in too few years. Feelings and passions ha been to my mind like the wind that fans the flame into brighter, clearer light, only to exhaust the material of the bla The oil which should have fed the altar for years has be burnt out in a single illumination. I went into the worl and what were the fruits of my experience? That I was t weak to resist temptation; and, in yielding, I entailed myself suffering even beyond the sin. I found that passi which had seemed too mighty for resistance, died of itself, a in spite of all my then efforts to keep it alive. I found th affection could pass away, even without a cause. I sto beside the tomb of the young and beautiful, and felt it h been opened by me, and that by no wilful crime, but by change of feeling, over which I had no control. My fi welcome, as I rode into our avenue, was waved by the bla plumes of my father's hearse. I have ever held it as an ome The fever is in my veins, and the death-damps on my bro Do not, Edward, talk to me of active life."

Lorraine looked on the Earl. The dark chestnut of h hair was mixed with white, the fine outline of his featu was sunk, and the whole expression was so spiritless, so sa that though Edward, with all the soothing tenderness

affection, did not believe his health impaired to the extent of danger, yet could not help owning to himself, how little was he fitted to be one of the gladiators in social or political life.

Truly the history of most lives may be soon comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes. And this, after all, was the summary of Lord Etheringhame's. His love was a fault, its termination a misfortune, and certainly his persisting in its regret was a folly. But there is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

CHAPTER XVI.

"He has been the ruin of his country."—*Morning Post.*

"England owes everything to her patriot minister."—*Morning Herald.*

We now return to London and Miss Arundel again.

One evening, which, as usual, "had dragged its slow length along," on her and her hostess's return home, they were met with a request to adjourn to Mr. Delawarr's library; and there Lady Alicia grew almost animated with the pleasure of seeing her brother.

"Nothing at all has happened since you left us," said his sister.

"Nothing!" returned Edward Lorraine. "You mean every thing. Why, at this very moment I see your sleeves have assumed a different form. I left you in ringlets, and your hair is now braided. I have heard already that our richest duke has put a finish to the pleasures of hope; that seven new beauties have come out; that a new avatar of Mrs. Siddons has appeared at Covent Garden, in the shape of her niece Fanny Kemble; and that we have refused to emancipate the Jews, lest it should convert them—and their conversion being a sign of the end of the world, it is a consummation devoutly to be deprecated."

"Oh, I have heard all this a hundred times: one hears things till one forgets them. But what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Lording over the three elements;—fire-king with my hearth blazing with *pine boughs*—water-king, with the lightest

of boats on the roughest of rivers—and earth-king, with the valleys flying before me, thanks to the prettiest of chocolate-coloured coursers—and am now come back to enlighten my club and enchant my partners with my adventures in Norway."

"Judicious, at least," observed Mr. Delawarr. "Nothing like laying the scene of one's adventures in a distant land. I only hope you will have no rival Norseman to encounter. One great reason why our old travellers are so much more delightful than our modern ones is, that they needed not to verify their facts; and I am afraid plain truth is like a plain face—not very attractive."

"Nay, this is pre-supposing my Sir John Mandevilleism. I do not mean to be forgotten beside my adventures—I mean less to astonish than to interest. I shall tell any fair auditor not of the dark forest itself, but what my feelings were in the said forest."

"I dare say," said Lady Alicia, "you were very dull."

"I shall be ignorant of that feeling at least for the next six weeks, during which period I intend to be your visitor."

Edward did just glance towards where they were sitting; yet Emily could scarce help taking his speech as a personal compliment. Like poetry, gallantry must be born with you—an indescribable fascination, which, like the boundaries of wit and humour, may never be defined—seen rather than heard, and felt rather than understood.

"How very handsome Mr. Lorraine is!" said Emily to her pillow. Alas! the danger and decisiveness of a first impression.

When Mr. Delawarr, who was last at the breakfast-table, entered next morning, Edward rose, and threw down a paper he held amid a heap of others, and said, laughingly, "I have been deliberating, at the imminent danger of my coffee, which, thanks to my meditation, is as cold as Queen Elizabeth, and walks as fancy free—at least from any fancy of mine—I have been debating, whether in emulation of the patriots of Rome, I should not arise and stab you to the heart with one of these knives—yonder columns having informed me that England, 'that precious stone set in a silver sea,' is on the brink of destruction, and that you are the political Thalaba of her *peace and plenty;* or to speak in less embroidered language,

that the present ministry are the destruction of the country, and that you are worst among the bad. I have shuddered at the excess of your guilt. Luckily, farther to ascertain the extent of your enormity, I took up another newspaper; and now I am only anxious to make my homages acceptable to the deliverer of his country, and express my admiration of the patriotic minister in sufficiently earnest terms."

"I answer with Rosalind," said Mr. Delawarr—

> "'Which will you have—me or your pearl again?
> Neither of either—I reject both twain.'

I am afraid I am neither quite worthy of the praise, nor, I trust, deserving of the censure;—and now some chocolate for consolation and change; for to tell you the truth, indifference is as fabulous as invulnerability. There is no moral Styx; and in politics as in every thing else, censure is more bitter than praise is sweet."

"Thanks to my lately acquired bad habit of early rising," observed Edward—"the which philosophers and physicians praise, because they know nothing about it—I have been for the last hour studying leading articles, advertisements, &c., till I am possessed of *matériel* enough for three weekly papers. Really people should put their names to advertisements, or at least allow them to be whispered about. There is an ingenuity, an originality, which makes one lament over so much unappreciated genius. I began one paragraph: it deplored the evils brought on the country by the passing of the Catholic bill—observed that the king's silence about it in his speech at the opening of Parliament sufficiently indicated his opinion that Ireland was plunged into the deepest affliction. The depreciation of her produce was next insisted upon; and I found this exordium led to the information that Messrs. Standish and Co. had been enabled, from the depressed state of the market, to lay in a large stock of Irish linen at unheard-of low prices.—My next is one of quite antiquarian research. It begins with an allusion to Lady Fanshaw's Memoirs, when Hart Street, St. Olave, was a fashionable part of London—is philosophical with reference to the many changes of fashion—that capricious divinity, as it poetically entitles her—and finishes by rejoicing to see Leicester Square recovering much of its former splendour, when princes were its inhabitants, and *noblemen were its wayfarers;* and this we are informed is in

consequence of the crowds of carriages which assemble d to inspect Newton's tremendous bargains of Gros de Na and French ginghams. And here is the worst of all, ' Music of the Mazurka, as danced by the Duke of Devonsh —shades of Paul and Vestris, welcome your illustrious cc petitor, 'as danced by the Duke of Devonshire!'"

"I think," replied Mr. Delawarr, "the Duke might fa bring his action for libel."

"What! place his refined exclusiveness, as the Duke Wellington did his chivalrous sense of honour, for the ju ment of twelve tallow-chandlers! Let them ask for redres the jury were their peers; but what sympathy could l Higgins, the snuff-merchant, have with the exquisite disn of the house of Cavendish at this exhibition of their head a ballet master; or Mr. Wiggins, the butcher, know what was Prince of Waterloo, the conqueror of Buonaparte's estimate fame?

'How can we reason but from what we know?'

and what could the retail individuals that constitute a jury kn of these 'fine fancies and high estimates?'"

"They were very respectable men, Edward," observed l Delawarr, with a decorous accent of reproof.

"Am I in the slightest degree detracting from their pret sions to our great national characteristic? A respectable n passes six days behind his counter, and the seventh in a o horse chaise—imagines that his own and his country's con tution equally depend on roast-beef—pays his debts regula and gives away half-pence in charity. What can such"—

"Hush! Really, Mr. Lorraine, these are very danger sentiments for a young man to express."

"Oh, you laugh; but what sympathy could these estima individuals have with ideal honour and wounded feeling?"

"On the one great principle, 'every thing has its price damages are the *chevaux de frise* of our law."

"Well, well—but to turn from politics to literature: her again lament over unappreciated genius. The unknown Ch tertons of the columns display a flight of invention, a degree talent, which often puts to shame the work whose merits tl insinuate rather than announce. How completely to the calibre *the many*—

'For gentle dulness ever loves a joke'—

is the following:—'Our town was alarmed last night by the intelligence that Satan had arrived by the mail-coach.' Lucifer's arrival was alarming enough. Fortunately, it turned out to be only the harmless, nay, even meretorious hero of Mr. Montgomery's poem, who came with all sorts of moral reflections, instead of temptations."

"I was somewhat surprised," replied Mr. Delawarr, "to see my own name in one of the keys that now seem to follow a work as regularly as its title-page to precede it. Of course, I read this setting forth of my thoughts, words, and actions; and was rather dismayed to find how little I knew of myself."

"It is certainly in the destiny of some individuals to be the idols of the circulating library. The Duchess of Devonshire, of whom I heard Lafayette say, when he showed me her picture, that her loveliness was the most lovely of his remembrances—was the fortune of seven novels to my own reading knowledge. I cannot enumerate the many of which Lord Byron was hero, under the names of Lord Harold, Lord Lara, Count Monthermer, &c. His throne was then filled by a woman; and Lady Jersey has furnished the leading feature of thirty volumes. Brummel has figured on the stage three times (but he is quite an historical personage); and Lord and Lady Ellenborough were subjects for two sets of three volumes. We have been enlightened with divers slight sketches of others; but those I have named have hitherto been principals in the field of fiction."

"I often wonder at many that are omitted. Now, Lord Petersham I should have thought the *idéal* of a modern hero: Lady Dacre, dramatist, poet, could they not have made a female Byron out of her? Can you, Edward, account for omissions like these?"

"Only on the principle, that there is a destiny in these things: but I do think a novelist will soon be as necessary a part of a modern establishment as the minstrel was in former times. The same feeling which in the olden days gave a verse to a ballad now gives a column to the Morning Post; only that the ball has taken place of the tournament, and white gloves are worn instead of steel gauntlets."

"I have heard my aunt say," observed Emily, "that Surr's Winter in London hastened the Duchess of Devonshire's death. *She died* of a broken heart."

"*A most interesting fact* to your aunt, who is, I believe, a

most inveterate novel-reader; but one I rather doubt: people are not so easily written out of their lives — except by prescriptions."

"Most of the broken-heart cases I hear, put me in mind," rejoined Edward, "of our old friend Mrs. Lowe's story. A maiden lady of forty called on her one day on one of those sentimental errands to which maiden ladies of her age seem peculiarly addicted; and, after a deep sigh or two, said, 'I wished much, madam, to see you, for you were the death of my unfortunate aunt.' Somewhat surprised at this sudden charge of murder, Mrs. Lowe naturally inquired into particulars. 'Your husband was engaged to my poor aunt: he deserted her for you, and she died of a broken heart.' 'At what age?' inquired her unconscious rival. 'My poor aunt was fifty-two when she died.' 'At least,' said Mrs. Lowe, 'she took some time to consider of it.' For my part, I think hearts are very much like glasses — if they do not break with the first ring, they usually last a considerable time."

"What a charming old lady she was!" resumed Mr. Delawarr; "she had of age so little but its experience, and had lost of youth so little but its frivolity. I was once much delighted with an answer I heard her give to a young gentleman, whose silly irreverence of speech on sacred subjects richly deserved the rebuke it drew. 'Really, Mrs. Lowe, you have quite a masculine mind.' 'No, sir,' returned she, 'say a firm one.'"

"I can assure you, Miss Arundel," said Edward, "if you were to see her, you would quite anticipate the days of close caps," &c.

Emily smiled; but, somehow or other, she had never thought of her roses and ringlets with more satisfaction than just now.

Some authors, in discussing love's divers places of vantage ground, are eloquent in praise of a dinner-table — others eulogise supper: for my part I lean to the breakfast, — the complexion and the feelings are alike fresh — the cares, business, and sorrows of the day, have not yet merged in prudence and fatigue — the imaginativeness of the morning dream is yet floating on the mind — the courtesies of coffee and chocolate are more familiar than those of soup and fish. As they *say in education*, nothing like an early commencement — our

first impressions are always most vivid, and the simplicity of the morning gives an idea of nature piquant from probable contrast. Perhaps one's rule of three for action might run thus: be *naïve* at breakfast, brilliant at dinner, but romantic at supper. The visions prepared for midnight should always be a little exalted: but if only one meal be at your choice, prefer the breakfast. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, is as true of sentiments as saints.

CHAPTER XVII.

All have opinions, wherefore may not I?
I'll give a judgment—or at least I'll try.

"As idle as ever," said Mr. Lushington, by way of a parting pleasantry. "In my time young men did not spend the morning on the sofa, reading trashy novels; they—" but the merits of our grandfathers were lost in the cough and heavy step with which the elderly gentleman descended the stairs, on his way to some other domicile, where he might vent another portion of his discontent. Certainly the breath of Mr. Lushington's life was an east wind.

It is quite wonderful what privileges are accorded to single gentlemen of a certain age and a certain fortune, — these are the people who may be rude with more than impunity, even reward. Whether the old ladies, either for themselves or their daughters, hope it is not quite too late for these said single gentlemen to marry, — whether the masculine part of the creation with that attention to business, their great moral duty, calculate on pecuniary futurities, either in the shape of legacy or loan, we know not; but assuredly the *magna charta* of social life accords much to this privileged class.

Mr. Lushington was one of the number. As a child, he cried over his pap, his washing, and dressing, and himself to sleep — for the mere sake, as his nurse asserted, of plaguing her: at school, though neither tyrant nor tell-tale, he was hated, — for his comrades always found his opinion opposite to theirs, a shadow thrown over their hopes, and a sneer affixed to their *pleasures*. At a very early age he went to India;

lived for years in a remote station, where he was equally decided and disliked; and finally came home to adjust the balance of comfort between a hundred thousand pounds and a liver complaint. He made morning calls, for the express purpose of telling the ladies of the house how ill they looked after the fatigues of the night before, and dwelt emphatically on the evils of late hours and ruined complexions; he dined out to insinuate the badness of the dinner, and take an opposite side in politics to his host,—he was not the least particular as to principles, always supposing them to be contradictory; —and he went to balls to ask young damsels who had no partners why they did not dance, and to make a third in every *tête-à-tête* that seemed interesting. In short, he was a modern incarnation of an Egyptian plague, sent as a judgment into society; but then he was single, and single men may marry; —but then he had a hundred thousand pounds and he must die and leave them behind him. Vain hopes! He had too large a stock of tormenting to confine it to any one individual, even though that individual were his wife; and as to his money, when he did die, which he was a long time about, he left one of those wills which realise the classic fable of the golden apple thrown by the goddess of discord — for his heir not only spent the whole property in chancery, but some thousands of his own.

What a pity there is not some mental calomel! for Mr Lushington's equanimity was in a bilious fever with Edward Lorraine's appearance of luxurious enjoyment—thrown upon a sofa, like a crimson cloud for colour and softness, with just enough of air from the laurels and acacias of the square garden to fling back the blind, scented as it passed with the rich flowers of the balcony, while through the rooms floated that soft twilight which curtains can make even of noon. They were filled with graceful trifles for the fancy,—and a few noble pictures, an alabaster statue or two, a few exquisitely carved marble vases, to excite the imagination; while the vista ended in a conservatory, where the rose—a summer queen—held her rainbow court of jonquils, tulips, and the thousand-flowered and leaved geranium, but still supreme herself in beauty and sweetness.

Emily was seated at a harp, trying some new ballads; so *there was just* music enough to haunt the ear with sweet

sounds, but not to distract the attention; while an occasional verse of gentle expression awoke, ever and anon, some pleasant or touching memory.

The ground, the table near Edward, were covered with novels enough to have realised even Gray's idea of paradise. How unlucky some people are? Gray was just born an age too soon. How would he have luxuriated in the present day! Andrews' or Hookham's counter would have been "the crystal bar" which led to his garden of Eden, and the marble-covered tomes the Houries of his solitude.

"Well," said Mr. Morland, who had entered as Mr. Lushington departed, "are you in ancient or modern times, aiding some heroine and her ringlets to escape from her prison in a mouldering castle, where her only companions are ghosts; or braving, for love of her dark eyes, some ferocious banditti, whose muskets and moustaches are equally long; or are you in ecstasies with some sweet child of simplicity, whose hair curls intuitively, and to whom the harp and piano, French and Italian, are accomplishments that come by nature; or are you in those days of prudence and propriety, when the fair lady lost her lover by waltzing, and the matrimonial quarrel was rendered desperate by the disobedient wife going to a masquerade to which her husband followed her in the disguise of a domino?"

"Nay," returned Edward; "I thought you were far too modern a person to even remember the avatar of Newman and Co."

"One does not easily forget the impressions of our youth; and mine passed in a reign of female authorship. I have been convinced of the justice and expediency of the Salic law ever since. Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Radcliffe ruled the Europe, Asia, and Africa of the novel-writing world — America was not then discovered. Mrs. Robinson took sentiment, and was eloquent on the misfortunes of genius: by genius was meant a young man who was very poor and very handsome, and who complained to the moon for a *confidante*; also, a beautiful young lady, whose affections we always placed contrary to the decrees of some cruel parent, and who had a noble contempt for money. Mrs. Smith took philosophy, was liberal and enlightened in her views, expatiated on how badly society was constituted, and, as a proof, her heroines — sweet

innocent creatures — were continually being run away against their will; and her hero had some fine-fangled theo which always prevented his getting on in the world, till s distant relation left him heir to his wealth, or some rich l ess married him. Mrs. Radcliffe took terror, which, by by, she never excited in me — I believe I did not read romances when young enough. I always felt comfortabl the conviction that all the mysteries would be explained, did but go on. Schedoni, in all her works, is the only atte at a character, and he is a fine Rembrandt; but her he who wander about on a fine evening, playing on the f carry insipidity to its extremity; and as for the heoin grew so tired of their undeviating sweetness, that I hope last some of the dangers they encountered would fairly pu end to their terrors, troubles, and existence together."

Edward Lorraine.—"It is curious that the occasional pi of poetry announced in the title-page, and interspersed thr the volumes, should be so wretched; and yet her descript are touched with the finest poetical colouring;—her It woods and sunsets are really beautiful pictures."

Mr. Morland.—"Simply because, with fine poetical t she was not a poet; the spirit was not strong enough wi to break through the set forms and conventional phrases w were then vouchers of the Muse's Almack's."

Edward Lorraine.—"Like the veins of a mine, the m rials of fiction are soon worked out. To your three contin of sentiment, philosophy, and terror, what succeeded?"

Mr. Morland.—"A school of common sense and real Miss Edgeworth only wanted imagination to have secured the very highest place in novel-writing. Humour gave anima to her pages — feeling never. Her remarks are always sensi but we feel somewhat selfish in making them our code — and heroines are so prudent, that we quite long for them to com some little indiscretion. She is an English and dramatic Ro foucault, developing her axioms by actions; and with, moreo a point of attack before her. French morality and Fr sentiment were the alpha and omega of her literary warfa

Edward Lorraine.—"Surely Miss Burney's heroines into scrapes enough to satisfy you. To tell you the truth hope there is not even a picture of an aunt or grandmo *near*—*I never* liked Miss Burney. Her pages are a succes *of caricatures*—her lovely Miss Anvilles and angelic

Beverleys pretty wax dolls—and her Lord Orvilles and Mortimer Delvilles just captivating court-suits. Camilla is the only character with any interest; and even that is lost in her preference of that most prudent young gentleman, Edgar Mandlebert. I never forgive a girl bad taste in her lover. What must she be, when even her *idéal* of excellence is mean?"

Mr. Morland.—"I prefer Miss Austen's; they are the truest pictures of country life, whose little schemes, hopes, scandals, &c. are detected with a woman's tact, and told with a woman's vivacity."

Edward Lorraine.—"Yes, they are amusing to a degree; but her pen is like a pair of skates—it glides over the surface; you seek in vain for any deep insight into human thought or human feeling. Pride and Prejudice is her best work; but I cannot forgive Elizabeth for her independence, which, in a woman, is impertinence; and Mr. Darcie is just a stiff family portrait, come down from its frame to be condescending.* What you said of Miss Edgeworth appears to me to be the great characteristic of the writers of that time—an utter want of imagination, and of that deep feeling born of it and nursed by it. Various and entertaining personages passed over the stage; but none of them wore that window in their hearts it is the part of a philosopher or poet to discover."

Mr. Morland.—"Who was it that used to thank the gods—first, that he was born a man—and secondly, either a Grecian or a Roman—I have forgotten which—and no great matter either. Now, I am thankful that I am born in the same age with Sir Walter Scott. It is quite exhilarating to think that life has had so much enjoyment as I owe to him: he is the Columbus that has discovered our America of literature. Think not only of his works themselves, but of their effects. How much he has destroyed and discovered! How much mental gold he has distributed! What a new spirit he has created! He is the Hercules who has cleared off the dragons and giants, and the Prometheus who has bequeathed a legacy of living fire."

Edward Lorraine.—"When opinions have lost the support of the grounds on which they were originally formed, they

* I had not read Persuasion when the above was written. Persuasion, in my very humble opinion, is *one of the* most touching and beautiful tales in our language.

become prejudices; but in proportion as they lose their foun dation, they tighten their hold: for though a man may giv up his opinion he holds to his prejudice as a drowning wretcl who has lost his boat grasps his oar. Habit holds over th mind more than a despotic power; and hence I understan how it is possible for people to be blind to the great change working around them. It is half curious, half ludicrous, t hear persons—ay, and critics too—talk of a novel as a pleasar hour's amusement, and exhort the author gravely to turn hi talents to higher account, wholly unconscious of the truth, th the novel is now the very highest effort—the popular vehicl for thought, feeling, and observation—the one used by ou first-rate writers. Who, that reflects at all, can deny, that th novel is the literary Aaron's rod that is rapidly swallowing a the rest. It has supplied the place of the drama—it ha merged in its pages pamphlets, essays, and satires. Have w a theory—it is developed by means of a character; an opinio —it is set forth in dialogue; and satire is personified in chapter, not a scene. Poetry has survived somewhat longe but is rapidly following the fate of its fellows. Description similes, pathos are to be found in the prose page; and rhythr is becoming more and more an incumbrance rather than recommendation. I do believe, in a little time, lyrical will b the only form of poetry retained. Now, query, are we gaine or losers?"

Mr. Morland.—"Gainers, certainly. It matters little wha form talent takes, provided it is a popular one. But, even now a new spirit, in the shape of a new writer, is rising; and th author of Pelham has again enlarged the boundaries, and poure fresh life into the novel. Many clever works have appeare within the last few years; but none sufficiently vigorous o sufficiently original to create their own taste, or give their ton to the time; and this is what this author is doing and will do Pelham took up a ground quite untouched. There ha been fashionable novels, and of real life, so called; but the wanted either knowledge, or talent to give that knowledg likeness. But the author of Pelham was the first who said such and such beings exist—such and such principles are no acted upon—and out of such will I constitute my hero *Nothing* proves the life thrown into the picture so much a *the offence it gave*—so many respectable individuals took th *hero's coxcombry* as a personal affront."

Edward Lorraine.—"I think these works go very far to support our theory of the novel—that it is like the Roman empire, sweeping all under its dominion. Pelham is the light satire of Horace—Paul Clifford the severer page of Juvenal—the Disowned has the romantic and touching beauty of poetry—while Devereux is rather the product of the philosopher and the metaphysician."

Mr. Morland.—"I should judge—though it seems almost a paradox to say so of one whose pages are mostly so witty and so wordly—that the original frame of his mind was imaginative even to romance, and that his mood would savour more of melancholy than mirth. Poetry has a large part in his composition: look at his young painter. Could any writer but one who has had such dreams himself have imagined a dream of fame so engrossing? There is something to me inexpressibly touching in that young artist's history: he is poor, low-born, with neither grace of person nor of manner; he is not even successful in his pursuit; he is the victim, not the priest of his altar! yet how we enter into his hopes! how convinced we feel of his power! and the author's great skill is shown in making his enthusiasm a pledge for his genius. No one could draw such a character who had not, at some time or other, numbered fame and futurity among his own visions. Again, I know no one who has painted love so poetically—and poetry is love's truth; he has painted its highest nature, removed from the commonplaces of life, but ready for its cares—a hidden spring, whose presence is only indicated by the freshness of the verdure around; and the more spiritualised, self-devoted, and entire, in proportion as it is kept apart from the dividing and corrupting effect of the world. The love he depicts is especially that of the naturally melancholy and passionate, who exalt and refine their feelings even to themselves."

Edward Lorraine.—"I am not sure, whether even the wittiest—the most seemingly gay passages, do not rather favour your view; the satire is that of sarcasm, as if society had forced knowledge upon him, and the knowledge was bitter, and the very keenness of the perception gave point to the expression; indeed, in most of his observations, I have been struck with their truth even before their wit."

Mr. Morland.—"I know no writer who has united so

much philosophy with so much imagination; hence his views will have such effect on his time. He uses his power to make us feel—chiefly to make us think; it is the consequences he draws from his creations which force reflection to succeed to interest. Read his pages dispassionately, after the first vivid effect of the story is departed, and you will be surprised to observe the vast mass of moral investigation and truth which they contain. His very poetry is full of this spirit; witness a simile, exquisite for its turn and thought—

'Autumn, which, like ambition, gilds ere it withers.'"

"Is he handsome?" asked Emily.

"Nay," returned Lorraine, "do not ask me. I always consider one of my own sex as a nonentity or a rival: in the first quality he excites my indifference—in the second, my hatred. I dislike that any one should attract a woman's attention enough for her to ask any questions about him."

A woman always, whether she shows it or not, takes a general assertion to herself, not from vanity, but from the intense individuality of her nature; and Emily found something satisfactory even in having no answer to her question.

Mr. Morland.—"But what induces you to have so many books open at once?"

Edward Lorraine.—"Because I have a Plutarchian taste, and love parallels. Nothing delights me more than to turn from a subject in one author, to see how differently it is treated in another; for no two agree even about the same thing."

Mr. Morland.—"Because no one sees things exactly as they are, but as varied and modified by their own method of viewing. Bid a botanist and a poet describe a rose-tree—the one will dwell upon its roots, fibres, petals, &c., and his abstract view will be of its medicinal properties; the poet will dwell upon its beauty, and associate it with the ideas of love and summer, or catch somewhat of melancholy from its futurity of fading—no fear of want of variety. But in what book had you taken refuge from Mr. Lushington?"

Edward Lorraine.—"In a favourite—the second part of Vivian Grey. I think it one of the most singular I have read. *Its chief* characteristic is the most uncurbed imagination. *But his humour* is grotesque caricature, and his satire person-

ality; he strikes me as being naturally ill-natured; and circumstances have thrown in his way people and things, which he seems to think it a pity to lose, but which it is against the bent of his talents to use; he should have been born a German, What a fine and most original novel might be written which took for its *matériel* the mystics and metaphysics of our neighbours, wrought up with a tone of the supernatural, yet bringing all to bear on our actual and passing existence!"

Mr. Morland.—"Yes, but Mr. D'Israeli must be banished first. I should say he is one whose greatest misfortune is that he was born in London, and in the congregating habits of the present day. His is a mind that requires to be thrown upon and within its own resources. To go back to the days of the Spectator, and illustrate my meaning by an allegory:—the two female figures that now wait to guide Hercules through the world are Philosophy and Vanity, and according as one or other is his guide, he is benefited or injured: he who goes conducted by Philosophy, goes to think of others, and is benefited—he who is led by Vanity into society, goes to think of himself, and is injured."

Edward Lorraine.—"How philosophical we should be—what moral truths we should discover, could we forget ourselves, and lose our identity in our examination!"

Mr. Morland.—"Not so neither; ourselves must still be our rule for others: philosophy, like charity, begins at home; but also, like charity, I should wish it to extend, and become the more beneficial the more it expands. But *apropos* to benevolence, and 'all that sort of thing,' is this one of your favourite authors?" taking up a volume of Tremaine.

Edward Lorraine.—"No, I consider Mr. Warde most happy in his common-places; he flings himself on the current, and there he floats. His popularity shows the force of habit; and we like his copy-book morality on the same principle that Eton boys are said to like mutton—because we are used to it. There is always a certain capital of opinion to which men deem it proper to subscribe—our education from the first cultivates credulity—we are taught to agree, not to examine, and our judgment is formed long before our comprehension. We must either have property of our own, or else credit; and all experience shows the leaning most have towards the latter. Hence it is that so much is taken for granted. Mr. Warde

has shown great tact in embodying those generalities i pages; and we are little disposed to deny his truths, we heard them so often. Add to this a most elegant styl appropriation of popular and passing events, and have w the secret of Mr. Warde's success?"

"I must," returned Mr. Morland, rising, "bid you by; we have been quite clever enough for one mornin shall really not have an idea left. Well, opinions of own are very pleasant: I am always inclined to apply t judgment the proverb which the Spaniard applies t home—

> 'My home, my home! though thou'rt but small,
> Thou art to me the Escurial.'"

Always be as witty as you can with your parting b your last speech is the one remembered.

CHAPTER XVIII.

> "Spirit of Love! soon thy rose-plumes wear
> The weight and the sully of canker and care;
> Falsehood is round thee—Hope leads thee on,
> Till every hue from thy pinion is gone;
> But one bright moment is all thine own,
> The one ere thy visible presence is known.
> When, like the wind of the south, thy power,
> Sunning the heavens, sweetening the flower,
> Is felt, but not seen, thou art soft and calm
> As the sleep of a child—the dewfall of balm.
> Fear has not darkened thee—Hope has made
> The blossom expand, it but opens to fade.
> Nothing is known of those wearing fears
> Which will shadow the light of thy after-years.
> Then thou art bliss:—but once throw by
> The veil which shrouds thy divinity,
> Stand confessed, and thy quiet is fled;
> Wild flashes of rapture may come instead,
> But pain will be with them. What may restore
> The gentle happiness known before?"
>
> *The Improvisatrice.*

THERE was a considerable change in the tone of E epistles. Pleasures were not considered quite so insip nor was our young lady quite so philosophical as she been; she owned, that now town was full it was very de *ful;* and mentioned casually, in a postscript, that Mr. Lo *was a great* acquisition to their circle.

No one can deny Lady Charlotte Bury's assertion, that no well-regulated young female will ever indulge in a species of amusement so improper as flirtation; but it must be admitted, that having a pleasant partner is preferable to not dancing, and that a little *persiflage*, a little raillery, a little flattery, go far to make a partner pleasant. We are afraid these three parts only want a fourth — sentiment — to make up what is called flirtation, — at least, the Misses Fergusson pronounced that Miss Arundel flirted shamefully with Mr. Lorraine. This was said one evening when, after having waltzed — animated at once by pleasure and a desire to please — with the grace of a Greek nymph (or, at least, our idea of one) and the ear of a nightingale (we take it for granted that a nightingale's ear for time must be exquisite) — she sat down with Edward on a vacant window-seat.

"Love," thought Lady Mandeville to herself, "is said to spring from beauty. I am rather inclined to reverse the genealogy. I pique myself upon my penetration, and will never trust it again, if my young friend is not improving her complexion, and losing her heart somewhat rapidly; — well, I think her to-night a most lovely creature."

Lady Mandeville remembered how different she looked seated by Lady Alicia at her first ball; but to-night

> The heart's delight did, like a radiant lamp,
> Light the sweet temple of her face.

She was placed so that her delicately cut features were seen in profile; the head a little thrown back, a little turned away — that half withdrawing attitude so graceful and so feminine; the mouth half opened, as if listening with such unconscious intenseness that the breath was rather inhaled than drawn — its least sound suppressed; the beautiful crimson of excitement glowed on the cheek, that rich passionate colour it can know but once — a thousand blushes gathered into one aurora; her eyes were entirely veiled by the long lashes, not from intention, but impulse, intuitively aware of his every glance, — she herself knew not that to look into his face was impossible. Ah! there is no look so suspicious as a downcast one.

Emily was now in the happiest period of love — perhaps its only happy one; she felt a keener sense of enjoyment, a pleasure in trifles, a reliance on the present; her step was more buoyant, her laugh more glad; she felt a desire to be

kind to all around, and her nature seemed all gaiety but for its sweetness.

"Love's first steps are upon the rose," says the proverb—"its second finds the thorn." Like the maiden of the fairy tale, we destroy our spell when we open it to examine in what characters it is written. In its ignorance is its happiness; there is none of the anxiety that is the fever of hope—no fears, for there is no calculation—no selfishness, for it asks for nothing—no disappointment, for nothing is expected: it is like the deep quiet enjoyment of basking in the bright sunshine, without thinking of either how the glad warmth will ripen our fruits and flowers, or how the dark clouds in the distance forebode a storm.

I doubt whether this morning twilight of the affections has the same extent of duration and influence in man that it has in woman; the necessity of exertion for attainment has been early inculcated upon him—he knows, that if he would win, he must woo—and his imagination acts chiefly as a stimulus. But a woman's is of a more passive kind; she has no motive for analysing feelings whose future rests not with herself: more imaginative from early sedentary habits, she is content to dream on, and some chance reveals to herself the secret she would never have learnt from self-investigation. Imbued with all the timidity, exalted by all the romance of a first attachment, never did a girl yet calculate on making what is called a conquest of the man she loves. A conquest is the resource of weariness—the consolation of disappointment—a second world of vanity and ambition, sighed for like Alexander's, but not till we have wasted and destroyed the heart's first sweet world of early love.

Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girlhood is a beautiful season, and its love—its warm, uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment: after-years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end, destroys its immortality; and, thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings—the chances and changes of life's common-place employments and pleasures—and, alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous *there* is but a step—our divinity turns out an idol—we are *grown too* wise, too worldly, for our former faith—and we

ugh at what we wept before: such laughter is more bitter—thousand times more bitter—than tears.

Emily was in the very first of the golden age of unconscious ıjoyment—a period which endures longer in unrequited love ıan any other; the observance and display of another's feelgs do not then assist to enlighten us on our own.

Lorraine's imagination was entirely engrossed by Adelaide orimer. He had first seen her in a situation a little out of ıe common routine of introduction; she was quite beautiful ıough to make a divinity of—and her grace and refinement ere admirable in the way of contrast to the prettiness and nplicity of which he had just been thoroughly tired in orway. Now it is an admitted fact in moral—or, we should y, sentimental—philosophy, that one attachment precludes other—and that to be sensible of the attractions of one lady, to be blind to those of the rest. Edward thought Miss rundel "a great acquisition to their circle," and a very pretty reet creature; but he never even thought of falling in love ith her, and certainly she did not think of it either. Thus atters stood at present—very sufficient to give a shadowy ftness to her eyes, and brilliancy to her blush. And yet the *mellia japonicas* (those delicate white flowers, which seemed if carved in ivory by some sculptor whose inspiration has en love till all that is beautiful is to him something sacred), d the geraniums in the window behind, could have witnessed at their conversation had been carried on in a tone of exclure gaiety, and that the only arrows flung round were those laughing sarcasm.

Strangers and friends had been alike passed in gay review strangers, for their dress and manners; and friends—our ends always share the worst—to dress and manners added npers, opinions, and habits—their whole internal and exnal economy. It is a wise law of nature, that we only hear second-hand what is said of us, when, at least, we can comrt ourselves with disbelief. His Satanic majesty did not ow how to tempt Job; instead of making him hear his friends k *to* him—though that was bad enough—he should have ade him hear them talk *of* him; and if that did not drive m out of all patience, I know not what would.

"Nothing," at length observed Emily, "strikes me so much the *little appearance of* enjoyment there is in any present

—our faces, like our summers, want sunshine; my uncle would quote Froissart, who says of our ancestors, 'the English, after their fashion, *s'amusent moult tristement.*' Look at the quadrille opposite—it boasts not a single smile; I am inclined to ask, with some foreigner, 'Are these people enjoying themselves?'"

"We must first make," replied Edward, "due allowance for climate and constitution—we must make another for fashion: we live in an age of re-action; the style of loud talking, laughing, or what was termed dashing, lies in the tomb of the Duchess of Gordon. We are in the other extreme—and I answer your question by another: Do you mean to affront me, by supposing I could enjoy myself? What pitiable ignorance of pleasure, on my part, does the question insinuate!"

"I am, then, to imagine, that the highest style of fashion is, like that of ancient art, the beauty of repose? You account for the indifference of the gentlemen—how do you account for the gravity of the young ladies?"

"You speak as if you considered a ball a matter of pleasure, not business! Do you imagine a girl goes through her first season in London, with the view of amusing herself? Heavens! she has no time to waste in any such folly. The first campaign is conquest and hope—the second, conquest and fear—the third, conquest and despair. A ball-room is merely—'Arithmetic and the use of figures taught here.' A young lady in a quadrille might answer, like a merchant in his counting-house, 'I am too busy to laugh—I am making my calculations.'"

"*La nation boutiquière,*" laughed Emily.

"Ah, good!" exclaimed Lorraine. "Do look how sedulously those two young ladies have made room for that thin, bilious-looking, elderly gentleman, to hear more conveniently Malibran's last song."

"He sat by me at dinner the other day. Do you know, I am quite interested in him—I pity his situation so much! The conversation took what you would call a most English strain, about domestic felicity; and he spoke in a tone of such strong personal feeling of the cruel opposition of circumstance to affection! I have arranged his little romance in my own mind. Has he not for years 'dragged at each remove the lengthened *chain' of* an early and vain attachment—too poor to marry?"

"Nothing like the *couleur de rose* of the imagination — I wish it could be condensed into curtains for my dressing-room. This gentleman, who has so excited your sympathy as too poor to marry, has only about ten thousand a-year; but, as he once observed, wives and servants are so expensive now-a-days, they require almost as much as one's-self."

"Who is that gentleman who has just entered, with such an air of captivating condescension? He always gives me the idea of having stepped out of the Spectator — one of the Cleontes and Orlandos of other days, whose very bow annihilated one's peace of mind. I have a vision of him, with lace ruffles, and his mistress's portrait on his snuff-box — keeping a portfolio of *billets doux* and talking of the last sweet creature that died for him, with a 'Well, it was really too cruel!'"

"You are right — Mr. Clanricarde is born too late; the reputation of a conqueror, whether of hearts or kingdoms, is now philosophically demonstrated to be worthless. Utility is fast annihilating the empire of the sigh or the sword: a hero is pronounced to be dangerous, or, worse, useless — and Alexanders and Richelieus are equally out of keeping with our time. Mr. Clanricarde's theory of sentiment is rather original: he says he quite agrees with Montesquieu's doctrine of the influence of climate; he therefore argues that this external effect must be counteracted by an internal one, and takes up an attachment as the best resource against the fogs, rains, and snows of our island. He changes his mistresses with the weather: in sunshine, by way of contrast, he devotes himself to some languid beauty — in gloom to some piquant coquette. I rallied him the other day on his homage this June to the lively and witty Miss Fortescue. 'Yes, summer is setting in with its usual severity,' replied he — 'one must have a resource.'"

"He is a practical reproach to our barometer," rejoined Emily: "but do you not think the inconvenience of such rainy seasons is more than compensated by the pleasure of grumbling at them?"

"Our national safety-valve: a Frenchman throws his discontent into an epigram, and is happy — an Englishman vents his on the weather, and is satisfied. Heaven help our minister through a fine summer! it would inevitably cost him his place; for our *English grumbling* is equally distributed between the

weather and politics, and the case would be desperate when confined to the last."

"Are not the Misses M'Leod dressed beautifully to-night."

"We agree. Ah, Miss Arundel, what a duty it is in a woman to dress well! Alas, that a duty so important should ever be neglected! Dress ought to be part of female education; her eye for colouring, her taste for drapery, should be cultivated by intense study. Let her approach the mirror as she would her harp or her grammar, aware that she has a task before her, whose fulfilment, not whose fulfilling, is matter of vanity. Above all, let her eschew the impertinence of invention; let her leave genius to her milliner. In schools, there are the drawing, French, and dancing days; there should also be dressing days. From sandal to ringlet should undergo strict investigation; and a prize should be given to the best dressed. We should not then have our eyesight affronted by yellows and pinks, greens and blues, mingled together; we should be spared the rigidity of form too often attendant on a new dress; and no longer behold shawls hung on shoulders as if they were two pegs in a passage."

"A frivolous employment you find, truly, for our sex!"

"A frivolous employment! This comes of well-sounding morality shining in a sentence. Frivolous in an education devoted to attraction! No sonata will do so much execution as your aërial *crêpe* over delicate satin; and your cadences never produce half the effect of your curls."

"But consider the time your system would require."

"But consider the time really and truly given to the toilette. My system would require but half—for it would be judiciously employed."

"You gentlemen have strange notions on these subjects; you have some visionary fancy of a heroine all white muslin and simplicity, whose ringlets never come out of curl, and who puts a few natural flowers, which make a point of not fading, in her hair."

"I have a particular antipathy to white muslin; and I think natural flowers like natural pleasures—their beauty is soon past. No; I prefer a noble confidence in your milliner, using your own taste only in selection; and also that confidential intercourse between yourself and your clothes as if you were accustomed to each other. Do not take up your boa as

if it were the rope with which you meant to hang yourself; nor wrap your shawl round you as if it were your shroud. But you, Miss Arundel, understand well what I mean."

There was a very graceful emphasis on the *you;* but Emily certainly blushed deeper than the occasion required. For the first time, Lady Alicia was petitioned to keep the carriage waiting half an hour for "one more waltz;" and "Oh, such a delightful ball, sir!" was Emily's account to Mr. Delawarr the next morning at breakfast.

If, as a pretty little French woman once observed, a young lady's delight in a ball is not always *raisonnable,* at least she always has *quelque raison.*

I own that life is very wearisome—that we are most miserable creatures—that we go on through disappointments, cares, and sorrows, enough for a dozen of poems; still, it has pleasant passages—for example, when one is young, pretty, and a little in love. What a pity that we cannot remain at fifteen and five and twenty! Or, second thoughts are best—I dare say then we should sink under the *ennui* of enjoyment, or be obliged to commit suicide in self-defence.

It is a fact, as melancholy for the historian as it is true, that though balls are very important events in a young lady's career, there is exceedingly little to be said about them:—they are pleasures all on the same pattern,—the history of one is the history of all. You dress with a square glass before you, and a long glass behind you; your hair trusts to its own brown or black attractions, either curled or braided,—or you put on a wreath, a bunch of flowers, or a pearl *bandeau;* your dress is gauze, crape, lace, or muslin, either white, pink, blue, or yellow; you shower, like April, an odorous rain on your handkerchief; you put on your shawl, and step into the carriage; you stop in some street or square; your footman raps as long as he can; you are some time going up stairs; you hear your name, or something like it, leading the way before you. As many drawing-rooms are thrown open as the house will allow,—they are lighted with lamps or wax lights, there is a certain quantity of china, and a certain number of exotics; also a gay-looking crowd, from which the hostess emerges, and declares she is very glad to see you. You pass on; you sit a little while on a sofa; a tall or a short gentleman asks you to dance,—*to this you reply, that* you will be very happy; you

take his arm and walk to the quadrille or waltz; a succes
of partners. Then comes supper: you have a small piec
fowl, and a thin slice of ham, perhaps some jelly, or a
grapes,—a glass of white wine, or *ponche a la romaine.* Y
partners have asked you if you have been to the Opera;
return you question them if they have been to the P
Perhaps a remark is hazarded on Miss Fanny Kemble. If
are a step more intimate, a few disparaging observations
made on the entertainment and the guests. Some cava
hands you down stairs; you re-cloak and re-enter the carri
with the comfortable reflection, that as you have been see
Mrs. So-and-so's ball, Mrs. Such-a-one may ask you to he

Now, is not this a true page in the annals of dancing?
little sentiment in the case alters the whole affair. Emi
day of philosophical reflection in a ball-room was either pas
to come. There are many odd things in society; but
amusements are the oddest of all. Take any crowded p
you will, and I doubt if there are ten persons in the room
are really pleased. To do as others do, is the mania of
day. I will tell you a story.

Once upon a time a lady died much regretted; for she
as kind-hearted an individual as ever gave birth-day pres
in her life, or left legacies at her death. When they he
the intelligence, the whole of a married daughter's family w
in great distress,—the mother cried bitterly, so did her
eldest daughters, as fitting and proper to do. The young
child of all, a little creature who could not in the least recoll
its grandmother, nevertheless retired into a corner, and th
its pinafore over its face. "Poor dear feeling little creature
said the nurse, "don't you cry too." "I'm not cryin
replied the child; "I only pretend."

Regret and enjoyment are much the same; people are l
the child,— they only pretend.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I trust I may be permitted to have an opinion of my own."
Commonplace in Domestic Dialogue.

who judges of other days by the feelings of his own, is like one who would Polar dress to the climate of the Tropics."
JAMES'S *History of Chivalry.*

RE you entertained at the play last night?" said Lady eville, who, apart from the other callers, had formed a circle of Emily, Lorraine, and Mr. Morland.

ward Lorraine.—"Allow me to answer for you; Miss lel was delighted, for she was superlatively miserable—ie pleasure of a tragedy is to be measured by its sorrow."

ily.—"I never saw a tragedy before, and, to use one of .orraine's own expressions, novelty is the secret of enjoy-; and I liked Miss Fanny Kemble so much."

r. Morland.—"Excepting as matter of pedigree, our an-s are exceedingly in the way: we go to see a young, rising, erienced girl, and we keep talking about Mrs. Siddons. I it just a debatable point, whether Miss Kemble be most ted to the attraction flung over her by memories of other or injured by the comparison."

ily.—"I cannot offer an opinion, but I must express my it; there is something in her voice that fills my eyes with even before I know the sense; and her face is to my taste ful,—the finely arched and expressive brow, and the dark, nate eyes,—what a world of thought and feeling lie in shadowy depths! She gave to me, at least, an interest in I never felt before."

dy Mandeville.—"I agree with you in not placing Juliet g my favourite creations of Shakespeare; her love is too n, too openly avowed—it is merely taking a fancy to the andsome young man she sees; even to her lover she has

'If thou thinkest I am too quickly won.'

among all Shakespeare's heroines, give me Viola. I have s formed a beautiful vision of the lonely and enthusiastic n, nursing a wild dream of the noble duke, whose per-ns had been the subject of their fireside talk—

'*I have heard my father name him*'—

cherishing the vision of her girlhood in silence and hopelessness. Viola seems to me the very poetry of love. Satisfactory as is the ending of Twelfth Night, I always feel a fanciful anxiety for the fate of her who is henceforth to be

'Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.'

I have a great idea of a lover having some trouble,—it is the effort we make to attain an object that teaches us its value."

Edward Lorraine.—"I think you judge Juliet unfairly, because you judge her by rules to which she is not amenable—by those of our present time. You forget how differently love affairs are now arranged to what they were in the time of the fair Veronese. It was an age when love lived, as Byron says, more in the eyes than the heart. A kind wind blew back a veil, and showed a rose-touched cheek; or a dark eye flashed over a blind—this was enough to make an enamoured youth desperate. The lady herself just glanced over her lattice, and a stately step, or a well-mounted steed, henceforth haunted her dreams. The only communication between lovers was the handing the holy water in the cathedral, a guitar softly touched at night, or perhaps the rare occurrence of meeting at a festival. In all the old novelists and poets, love at first sight is a common event, because it was such in actual life. Our modern easiness of manners and freedom of intercourse develope the same feeling though in a different manner,—we no longer lose our hearts so suddenly, because there is no necessity for such haste; we talk of answering tastes, our ancestors thought of answering eyes,—we require a certain number of quadrilles, and a certain quantity of conversation, before the young pair can be supposed to form an attachment; but allow me to say, I do not see why it is so much more rational to talk than to look oneself into love. No: judge Juliet according to the manners of a time of masks, veils, serenades, and seclusion, and you will find the picture worked out in colours as delicate as they are natural."

The defence of one woman is a man's best flattery to the whole sex, even as the abuse of them in general is but a bad compliment to any individual.

Lady Mandeville.—"I cannot but think the commonplace and sweeping satire he bestows on us a great fault in the clever *and original* author of Sydenham. However, I hold it but as *the ingenious* vanity of a young man: had he praised people

would only have said, 'very interesting, but so romantic;' but ne censures, and the remark is, 'he must know a great deal to know so much evil.' Perhaps this is the cause why the judgments of the young are generally so severe,—censure has to hem somewhat the seeming of experience; and in reason as in ashion, we doubly affect what we have not."

Mr. Morland.—"It puts me in mind of a little speech of is to a lady who reproached him for praising her young riend's style of wreath and ringlet, when he knew it was not ecoming—'Could you suspect me of speaking the truth to a oung lady?'"

Lady Mandeville.—"Now the knowledge of our sex that peech supposed. Nothing is so disparaging as vanity. It eems, like the Tartar, to suppose it acquires the qualities of the ndividual it destroys."

Edward Lorraine.—"To return to our theatricals; I was elighted with Miss Kemble's Portia; her rich melancholy voice ives such effect to poetry. I missed her when she was not on he stage, in spite of the absorbing interest of that most calumiated and ill-used person, the Jew."

Emily.—"A most amiable person you have chosen for your bject of interest."

Edward Lorraine.—"I do think him so ill used: his riches atter of mingled envy and reproach—himself insulted,—his aughter, to whom, at least, he softens into affection—otherise so chilled and checked—deserts, nay, robs him,—I am ure he has most sufficient cause of resentment against 'these hristians;' only I cannot forgive his craven conduct in the st scene: had I been Shylock, I would have exacted my peilty at its utmost peril,—my life should have cheaply bought ntonio's."

Mr. Morland.—"That would have been carrying revenge fficiently far."

Edward Lorraine.—"Truly, I hold revenge to be a moral ity. To permit ourselves to be injured with impunity, is to ve an encouragement to evil, which may afterwards turn ainst others as well as ourselves. Some one says, revenge is ich a luxury, the gods keep it to themselves; when they do rmit us to participate in the enjoyment, by placing it in our wer, it is downright ingratitude not to partake."

Lady Mandeville.—"A most amiable and peaceful do trine!"

Mr. Morland.—"I, for one, do not wish those days to retur when a man's forefathers left him a feud by way of inheritanc or a quarrel as a legacy."

Edward Lorraine.—"Well, well, we can still have a suit chancery; and I do not see but that, when

'Your *lawyers* are met, a terrible show,'

the redress will be about as destructive to both sides as wh you faced your opponent at the head of your armed retainer though, for myself, I am free to confess, I never ride up t avenue where I first catch sight of the towers of Etheringhar without regret for the days when our banner floated over fi hundred horseman, and the crested helmets on the wall we not, as now, a vain show for the antiquary."

Lady Mandeville.—"Yes—you have cause to regret thc days, when, as a younger brother, you would have been p into a monastery or a dungeon! You must confess that o modern days of clubs, cabriolets, and comfort, is somewhat mc advanced towards perfection."

Edward Lorraine.—"Why comfort is a very comparati term: it is true, I prefer the crimson carpet under my feet the rushes with which my ancestors would have strewed r floor; but if I had never seen the carpet, I could not ha missed it—as Cibber, in his beautiful poem of the Blind Bc says—

'I do not feel
The want I do not know.'"

Mr. Morland.—"The hope of improvement is a quality once so strong and so excellent in the human mind, that I, i one, disapprove of any sophism—or, if you will, argument that tends to repress it. It is certain that nothing ever pr duces either the evil or the good prognosticated; circumstanc always occur which no one could have foreseen, and whi always both alter and ameliorate. Our age is a little self-in portant—so was its predecessor—so will be its follower: it a curious fact, but the worst and the best is always said a thought of the existing time. For my part, I neither thi that our present day is all but perfection, nor do I quite hc *with those* who only put my gardener's belief into differe *words, 'that* learning and good roads will ruin the kingdom.

Lady Mandeville.—"One of the manias of the present day, which especially excites my spleen, is the locomotive rage which seems to possess all ranks—that necessity of going out of town in the summer—people, for example, in the middle classes, who have a comfortable and well-furnished house—to live in some small cottage or miserable lodgings, the chief of whose recommendation seems to be, that they are either damp or windy; they give up regular habits and comforts, an innovation on the least of which would have occasioned a fortnight's grumbling at any other time; but now 'the lady's health required change of air,' or 'it would do the children so much good.'"

Edward Lorraine.—"You have forgotten the genteel sound of 'we passed the summer at Worthing,' or 'the autumn at Hastings.'"

Mr. Morland.—"Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar, is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults."

Lady Mandeville.—"Ah, if we could but keep a little for our own use of the wisdom we so liberally bestow on others! Nothing can be more entire than my conviction of the truth of what we have been saying—but I wish you good morning, for I must tease—I mean persuade—Lord Mandeville to go to Lady Falcondale's fête—not that I have myself the least wish to go,—but every body will be there."

"I wonder," said Lorraine, as she departed, "whether any thing can be more musical than Lady Mandeville's laugh. What a risk it is to laugh! Laughter may be generally classed under three heads,—forced, silly, or vulgar; but hers is the most sweet, real, *spirituelle* sound possible—it so appreciates the wit, which it increases as it catches—it speaks of spirits so fresh, so youthful! I think Weld is the traveller who says he loved to sit of an evening in the shade where he could hear the laughter of the Indian women—that it had on him the effect of music: I say the same of Lady Mandeville's."

Mr. Morland.—"The author of Paul Clifford is the first who has made open war, and turned his ridicule against the sombre followers of Lord Byron; but I think he goes too far in the close alliance he *supposes* between good spirits and genius.

The favourite topic of our philosophers is the weakness, that of the poets the sorrows of human nature—its fears also, and its crimes. These are not very enlivening subjects, and yet they are universally chosen; and for one great reason—in some or other of their shapes they come home to every one's experience. It is very true that Homer's general tone is exciting, warlike, and glad, like the sound of a trumpet; still his most popular passages are those touched with sorrow and affection: the parting of Hector and Andromache is uppermost in the minds of the great body of his readers; and the grief of Priam touches the many much more than the godlike attributes of Achilles. I believe genius to be acute feeling gifted with the power of expression, and with that keen observation which early leads to reflection; and few can feel much of, or think much on, the various lessons of life, and not say, in the sorrowful language of the Psalmist, 'My soul is heavy within me.' But as the once beautifully-moulded figures, that pass through the various casts taken in plaster of Paris, till scarce a trace remains of their original symmetry and grace in the base copies hawked about the streets—so an idea, or a feeling, once true and beautiful, becomes garbled and absurd by passing through the hands of awkward imitators. I have not the slightest intention of taking up the defence of 'young gentlemen who make frowns in the glass;' in truth, their laments and regrets are about as just as those of an old gentleman of my acquaintance, blessed—I believe that is the proper phrase—with a more than ordinary portion of children and grandchildren, but who kept dying off, and being buried in the family vault, to the great sorrow of the grandfather, who, equally vexed and indignant, complained, 'there will not be a bit of room for me in my own vault.'"

Edward Lorraine.—"A hard case, truly, to outlive one's very grave; though, to me at least, there is something very revolting in our system of burial—something very contrary to the essentially cheerful spirit of our religion. I can conceive no scene more chilling and more revolting than a London burying-ground; haste, oblivion, selfishness are its outward signs. I love not this desire to loose the ties between the living and the dead; the sorrowful affection which lingers over the departed is too sacred, too purifying a feeling, to be thus hurriedly put aside. With all that is false and affected about *Père la Chaise*, the feeling which founded it, and which it still

keeps alive, is a good one; for no solitary moment passed in thoughtfulness beside the deceased was ever yet without its price to the survivor."

Mr. Morland.—"They say that every age has its ruling vice—I think impatience is that of our present—we live in such a hurry that we have not time to be sorry."

Edward Lorraine.—"And we shall have no time to be charitable—we have to attend the Ladies' Bazaar; we are destined to fall victims to-day to smiles, pincushions, and compassion: to my certain knowledge, Miss Arundel, the other morning, despatched a whole regiment of dolls."

Moore says,

> "Lightly falls the foot of Time,
> Which only treads on flowers."

Pleasantly did the day pass to Emily—one gets so soon accustomed to the society of a beloved object. Habit is a second nature, and what was at first pleasure is next necessity. Words, such nothings in themselves—trifles, so unimportant—walks, where there is nothing to see—amusements, where there is nothing to do—how delightful they become under some circumstances! Well, it would not do to be always in love; as a travelling merchant observed to his wife, who had indulged somewhat too liberally, for nearly a whole week, in the fascinating fluid called "mountain dew,"—"What! to-day again?—this won't do every day—you wouldn't be an angel, would you?"

Though we differ in the gentleman's estimate of angelic nature, we will apply his words, and say to the enamoured—"This won't do every day—you wouldn't be an angel, would you?"

CHAPTER XX.

"I saw the guardian Cupid of our town
Dressed in a mercantile, staid suit of brown;
A wig he wore—a slate was on his knee,
On which he cast up sums industriously;
Complexion, morning—hair, like midnight dark—
Balance, good county interest and a park;
Sings like an angel—dances like a grace—
Chances from Grosvenor Square to Connaught Place.
But while with this arithmetic amused,
His bow and arrows lay behind unused."—MILTON.

"We must not be too exquisite—
We live by admiration."—WORDSWORTH.

"I WISH," said Lady Mandeville, as she and Emily met on a crowded staircase, "you would let me recommend my *coiffeur* to you."

"A gentleman most devoted," observed her husband, "to the science. Aware that appearance is every thing in this world, he holds it little less than a sin to neglect it. Meeting him stepping like a feather, or as light as one of his own curls, I stopped to ask Signor Julio Rosettini why he had not been in attendance during the last fortnight; and knowing how dear fame is to genius, I assured him I had scarcely known Lady Mandeville to be herself. That 'I was too good,' and that 'my perceptions of the beautiful were exquisite,' were his no less flattering rejoinders. He then proceeded to inform me that a porter had first run against him with a square trunk, and then knocked him down for being in the way. 'You know, milor, your countrymen of the *canaille* are very independent—of course my face was cut, and even the humblest of Beauty's slaves would not enter her presence disfigured.' There's a professor of *pommade divine* for you!"

Emily laughed and said, "Indeed, I shall expect to have 'a Cupid ambushed in each curl' under the skilful hands of Signor Julio. I will try his power to-morrow."

Now, it is a very debateable point in my mind, whether any woman ever thanks another for recommending either *coiffeur*, *modiste*, or any of those modern artisans of the graces—it is a tacit reflection on her previous appearance. But Emily was *far too new to* think of that impertinent independence—a taste *of her own;* she therefore received the advice with juvenile

thankfulness. Moreover, she recollected having heard Lorraine admire the classic perfection of Lady Mandeville's head. Motives are like harlequins—there is always a second dress beneath their first.

The next night, her glance at the glass was certainly a very satisfactory one; and, in all that pleasant consciousness which attends a new dress, she entered the drawing-room. Here a slight disappointment awaited her—Lorraine had gone to another party, and was only to join them at Mrs. Grantham's. Emily turned away from the fire-place, though there was a mirror over it, and sat down in a large arm-chair, and picked, leaf by leaf, the beautiful rosebuds which she had that very afternoon chosen with such care from the crimson multitude of their companions.

It is a very different thing to be first seen, without competitor except your own shadow, to being but one in a crowd—your head, and perhaps one arm, only visible—the first glossiness of the ringlet, and the first freshness of the white tulle, departed for ever. These are heavy disappointments at nineteen, and even a little later. Her eyes grew large and dark with the tears that, in a moment after, were checked—shame put down sorrow, but not till the lashes glistened with momentary brightness. But in youth, happiness deferred turns into hope. "I won't dance, and I'll sit near the door," thought Emily.

A sort of fatality attends resolutions—they are so very rarely kept. For the first time, whether it was from having been accustomed to see her dance lately, Lady Alicia bethought her Miss Arundel would like a partner. She also caught the particularly low bend of a Mr. Granville, and instantly introducing him to Emily, sunk back in her chair with an appearance of heroic exertion.

Mr. Granville was at present on sufferance in society—working his slow way, and trying to be useful and agreeable, in order that he might reach the proud pre-eminence of being neither. Who he was, was rather debateable ground—what he had, was more easily answered: he came out on the strength of his uncle's will. Some persons skate into society—others slide. Mr. Granville belonged to the latter class. He had an otto-of-rose smile, a low voice, large white hands, and a large *white handkerchief*. You could not be rude to him, for he

took it as a personal compliment. To a gentleman's opinion he deferred—with a lady's he agreed: while his own idea of conversation was a series of commonplace questions, which seemed only asked that he might be of the same opinion as your answer. To sum up—he danced indefatigably, and complained of the heat. The linked sweetness of the quadrille was indeed long drawn out; but, bad as this was, worse remained behind. The dance ended, and he introduced a friend—as if such a man had any business with a friend!

Mr. Marechal had written a small volume of poems, and conceived he had a character to support—somewhat needless to support what so few knew he had assumed. During the first part of the quadrille, he was absent—during the last, eloquent. He asked Emily if she did not dote upon Byron, and idolise Italy: he candidly confessed that he only existed by moonlight. "Of course, you understand that by existence I mean the awakening of the higher faculties of the soul." He remarked, that dancing was a remnant of ancient barbarism—talked a little of the time wasted in such unintellectual pursuits—dwelt on the heartlessness of society—and finished with a practical proof of his assertion, by handing Emily to a seat between too old ladies, whose nodding plumes soon closed over her like a hearse.

They say parties are so very delightful: I have my doubts—and doubts, like facts, are stubborn things. I put the chaperones out of the question—we will suppose the few sacrificed for the good of the many—and we know martyrdom has its pride and pleasure—and pass on to the young, for whose enjoyment these parties are ostensibly given. The age where the mere delight of dancing with a grown-up person suffices unto itself, is soon past. The ball assumes its nominative case, and requires an object; and flirtation—the adopted child of *ennui*—relieves the more serious business of matrimonial speculation. The worst of this pretty sort of half-and-half indolent excitement is, that it unidealises the heart—to a woman especially. And love is either annihilated by the deadly weight of calculation, or evaporates in the light fumes of vanity. A few years of feverish hopes, a few more of envious fears, and the complexion is faded, and the game over. *How much of* endeavour and of disappointment, of rivalry and *mortification*, have been crowded into a few brief years!

The difference between a woman's career and a man's is this; if a man has not had all the success in life his "young ambition dreamed," he has usually carved out some sort of path; if, for example, he is not, as he intended, lord chancellor, he has probably a very pretty practice on the circuit, and has a respectable share in the hangings and transportations. It is the reverse with women. She who aimed at a coronet may sometimes end with a curate; but she is equally likely to end, like Christabelle, in nothing—that social nonentity, an old maid.

Among the higher classes, the Lady Mary or Lady Sophia of the family become as very heir-looms at the country-seat as the heavy arm-chairs worked by their great-aunts, only not half so picturesque. In the middle class of life, they keep their brother's house till he marries; then they quarrel with his wife, whose influence, in that class at least, amounts to absolute monarchy; then they reside in a small private family, where they enact the part of Iris at Thetis' wedding—find out that it is very dull, and wander from boarding-house to boarding-house, carrying the events of one to the inventions of another, till they are about as much dreaded and disliked as the visits of the tax-gatherer; in short, they are a sort of moral excise.

I knew an old lady—the very *beau idéal* of black satin and blonde, whose dignity was self-respect, and whose courtesy was one half kindness—who used to say on any slight instance of carelessness or extravagance on the part of her grand-daughters, "You don't consider what it requires to make a woman fit to be married." One feels rather inclined to reverse her phrase, and say, "You don't consider what it requires to make a woman fit to be an old maid."

Feeling is very much in the way of philosophy; and Emily was much more employed in thinking how completely the large plumes and larger sleeves of her neighbours concealed her, than in speculations on the dancers. To add to her misfortunes, Mr. Marechal occupied the small vista hitherto allowed to terminate in her profile, with an attitude. Sitting opposite a pier-glass has its disadvantages; however, when things come to the worst, they mend.

"Mr. Marechal," said one of the ladies, "will you fetch my cloak—I feel it cold."

"*I was just going,*" replied the languid lyrist, "to make

you the very same request; for I suffer greatly fro draught of your feathers."

To be rude is as good as being clever. The pleas repeating Mr. Marechal's reply quite consoled the lad fetching her own cloak; and she moved off, to Emily's satisfaction, which satisfaction had, however, to stand th of another very dull half hour. Long before any less inte glance could have discovered his entrance, her eye rest Lorraine. "O how superior he looks to every one else! her first thought. The next moment cheek and eye brigh with pleasure—for he crossed the room, engaged her f next dance, and took his place by her side.

Alas! we give our own colouring to the actions of o Edward acted upon a mere kindly impulse. He saw Arundel sitting by herself, and looking with a wea worthy of a watch-tower. There was as much pity a ference in his choice: but the one is a much more flat reason to assign than the other. Can we wonder that at teen Emily drew the pleasanter conclusion? With spiri smiles equally bright, she took the wreath that night fro hair. Too excited for sleep, with all that glad restles which, if not happiness, is as like it as any thing we kn that very night she sat down and wrote a long letter t uncle. Its tone was not quite so philosophical as it had about the heartless insipidity of a London season.

CHAPTER XXI.

We should be grateful to that fairy queen,
Sweet Fancy; she who makes dreams tangible,
And gives the outer world wherein we live
Light from the inner one, where feelings dwell,
And poetry, and colours beautiful,
Shedding a charm upon our daily life,
And keeping yet some childhood in the heart.

"I WAS quite alarmed yesterday while dining with Mr. land, to find him, Miss Arundel, so great an admirer of I entreat," said Lorraine, "that you will not destroy m *idéal of* sixty and singlehood."

"*Vain fears!*" replied Emily, laughing. "A lov

give up his mistress, but not a philosopher his system. It would be bad taste in him to marry again; and such an argument would with him be decisive. Good taste is his religion, his morality, his standard, and his test. I remember Mr. Delawarr was telling a story of a most shocking murder that a man had committed — beating his wife's brains out with a hammer. 'Bad taste,' said Mr. Morland; 'very bad taste!' At first I thought he alluded to the murder; but I afterwards found it was the mode in which the murder was committed."

Edward Lorraine. — "Allowing for a little feminine exaggeration, you are not far wrong. Mr. Morland carries his principle to its extent; but in his hands it is an excellent rule of action. To avoid the ridiculous, and pursue the beautiful, would be equally his rule for the statesman and the upholsterer. Consistency of action, attention to results, and also to present benefit on the one side, and harmony of colour and graceful effect on the other, he urges arise from the same principle under different circumstances — viz. good taste! His house and his conduct, his dress and his language, are equally perfect. He lives a short distance out of London. 'I must have,' I have often heard him say, 'quiet;' so I avoid living in a street — I look upon my fine old trees — my growth of summer flowers, links between myself and nature. I grow too worldly, and I freshen my imagination with my roses. I grow disputatious and discontented among volumes of feverish study, vain aspirings, and useless information; I open one of my windows, and in so doing shake a shower of blossoms from the clematis. I step out into the sunshine, and feel rejoiced to think there is a bright side still in the world. I live near town, for I am yet unwilling the age should leave me far behind it. I have old friends with whom I talk of the past, and young ones with whom I talk of the present. In youth one only grows romantic in solitude; but in old age one grows selfish. I have no interests to jar against those of others; society, therefore, calls forth my more kindly feelings. I have a noble fortune; and, what is more, I know the value of it, both as it regards myself and others. I have an excellent library of my own, and a subscription to a *circulating* one — an admirable cook — and a *cellar where the sunshine* of many a summer is treasured. I

have much experience, and a little philosophy. I own the vanity of many a former anxious pursuit; but am equally ready to own I did not see the vanity of it at the time. I am now well content to be spectator of the world's great stage with kindness — my still remaining link with its present actors.' Confess, Miss Arundel, this is all in very good taste."

Miss Arundel. — "I trust you are not hoping for an argument in expecting me to deny it; and I must add, I have seen few persons in London whom I liked so much, perhaps because his kind manner puts me so much in mind of my uncle."

"But I have interrupted you. What were the leaves you were so carefully turning?" and Edward took up a number of Martin's Illustrations of Milton.

"I never," said Emily, "have my idea of a palace realised but in these pictures — the halls of porphyry through which Prince Ahmed was led to the throne of his fairy queen — or those of a thousand pillars of black marble, where the young king sat an enchanted statue."

Edward Lorraine. — "I should like to be the czar, if it were only to give some millions of my barbarians employment in erecting a palace after Martin's design. It would be for their benefit. The monarch must be noble as his dwelling; and my ideas would be exalted as my roof, and my actions imitate the beauty and regularity of my pillars."

Miss Arundel. — "Do not you think his landscapes have the same magnificent spirit of poetry in them as his architecture? Look at these trees, each one a temple — these rocks yet warm with the lightning flash, which has just rent a fearful chasm. I know not why, but I never see a stream of his painting but I recall those lines of Coleridge's:

> 'Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
> Down to a sunless sea.'

If he had lived in the days of the caliphs, Zobeide would have chosen him to paint the palace of pictures she wagered with Haroun Alraschid."

Edward Lorraine. — "What an illustrator he would be of the Arabian Nights! His pencil would be like the wand of *their own* genii; the lamp itself could not call up a more *gorgeous hall* than he would. Think of those magnificen

windows, of which even a king had not gems enough in his treasury to finish only one; or what would he not image of the enchanted garden itself, where the grapes were rubies, the flowers of pearl, and the mysterious shrine where burnt the mystic lamp. I would assemble them in a picture-gallery, where once a year I would ask my friends to a banquet, sacred to the memory of M. de Caillaud."

Miss Arundel. — "And drink his health in Shiraz wine."

Edward Lorraine. — "I would do as he has done — mix it with some of his native champagne. I think the extent of our obligations to that most perfect of translators has never been felt. Compare his with the versions that have since come —

> 'Sad dreams, as when the spirit of youth
> Returns again in sleep, and leads us back
> In mournful mockery o'er the shining track'

of the enchanted world of genii, sultans, and princesses. The reason is, they give us the literal story, and foolishly pique themselves on the accuracy of their translation, and their knowledge of Arabic. Caillaud, on the contrary, did as Shakespeare did, who, out of the stupid novels of Cynthio, extracted a Romeo and Juliet. He modelled his raw *matériel*, and told the story with his own especial grace, in addition to what is a national gift to his countrymen, *l'art de conter*. By the by, I think it among the great honours to French literature, that one of its most original branches, fairy tales, is peculiarly its own. I believe the Children in the Wood, Whittington and his Cat, and Little Red Ridinghood, are those only, of all our popular tales, which have an English origin. Now, the first rather belongs to our simple and beautiful ballad school; the next, a Utilitarian might have written as a good encouraging lesson of poverty rising into wealth — a tale in the very spirit of *la nation boutiquière;* and as for Little Red Ridinghood, the terror, the only feeling it is calculated to produce, is beneath the capacity of any critic past five years of age.

"But look at the imagination, the vivacity, of the others: we read them in childhood for the poetry of their wonders, and in more advanced life for their wit; for they are the Horaces of fairy land. The French have the very perfection of *short stories in their* literature — little touches like the

flight of a shining arrow. I remember one that began: 'T was once a king and queen, very silly people, but who each other as much as if they had been wiser, perhaps n Then, again, speaking of some fairy portent: 'They not at all understand it — therefore took it for granted i something very terrible or very fine;' or, again, 'The q was for ever in an ill humour, but had the best heart i world.' We English have no word that translates th *persiflage;* and for this reason, a nation only wants word the things it knows — and of this we have no understan An exquisite distinction I once heard made between wi humour, appears to me admirably to apply to that of French and English — that humour differs from wit in l more nearly allied with pathos. Thus it is with us isla — we can be merry, but not lively; and mirth bring own reaction. Lord Byron wrote quite as an Englis when he said

'Laughter
Leaves us so doubly saddened shortly after.'"

Emily Arundel. — "How well I remember sitting un favourite old chestnut tree, with a huge folio of tales with pictures — kings and queens, always with their cr on their heads — and fairies, with large hoops, and win their shoulders!"

Edward Lorraine. — "Talking of wings — with magnificent plumes does Martin invest his angels, as if ti by every ray of sunshine they caught in their descent t earth; and their size, too, gives such an idea of power!'

Emily Arundel. — "But to go back to supposing subject his pictures. What do you say to the midnight fête i gardens of Scherzyrabade, when the caliph visited his be ful favourite? Think of the hundred black slaves, with torches of scented wax — the guards with their gorg turbans and glittering scimitars — the lighted galleries o palace — the gardens with their thousand lamps — the s ling fountains — and the lake, one gigantic mirror of whole festival."

Edward Lorraine. — "As only inferior to my own sub every one has his favourite hero; and mine, the only ge man Rome ever possessed, is Lucullus. I have a very *respectful* feeling towards your great men who piqued t

selves on wearing an old cloak, and who resorted to peeling turnips as an elegant employment for their leisure hours. Lucullus conquered; and, after energy and exertion, sought refinement and repose. He cultivated his thoughts instead of his radishes; and he studied that union of luxury and philosophy, which is the excellence of refinement. My picture is 'Lucullus at supper.'"

Emily Arundel. — "Nay, I cannot admit the superiority of your subject."

Edward Lorraine. — "Because you have not considered it. I suppose him at supper that night when he gave that superb reply, dictated in the noblest spirit of self-appreciation, 'Lucullus sups with Lucullus to-night!' Conqueror of Asia! victor of Mithridates! you were worthy of your glory! First, imagine a noble hall, of that fine blue which the walls of Portici yet preserve, supported by Corinthian pillars of the purest Parian marble; scatter round a few pieces of exquisite sculpture — a Venus, of beauty as ideal as its dream — a nymph, only less lovely — an Apollo, the personification of the genius which first imagined, and then bodied forth his likeness — a few busts, each one a history of the immortal mind — and in the distance a huge portal unfolds, whence are issuing slaves, in all the gorgeous variety of Eastern costume, approaching a table bright with purple grapes — the ruby cherries, his own present of peace to Italy — flasks of wine, like imprisoned sunbeams, whether touched with the golden light of noon, or the crimson hues of sunset — goblets of crystal, vases of gold and silver, or the finely-formed Etruscan; and above, a silver lamp, like an earthly moon. There are two windows — in the one a violet-coloured curtain, waved back by the wind, just discovers a group of Ionian girls; their black hair wreathed with flowers, and holding lutes, whose sweet chorus is making musical the air of a strange land with the songs of their own. The other window has the rich Italian evening only shut out by the luxuriant branches of a myrtle; and beyond is a grove of cypress, a small and a winding river —

> 'A fairy thing,
> Which the eye watches in its wandering.'

Seated on the triclinium in the midst is a middle-aged man, with *a high and noble brow*; the fine aquiline nose, so patri-

cian, as if their eagle had set his own seal on his warlike race; an expression of almost melancholy sweetness in his mouth, but of decision in the large meditative blue eye: on one side a written scroll, bearing the name of Plato, has just dropped from his hand; and on the other a beautiful youth kneels to announce to him, 'that Lucullus sups with Lucullus to-night.' Mr. Morland has a vacant niche in his breakfast-room: I really must call his attention to this."

"You could never do so better than to-day," said that identical gentleman, entering the little drawing-room where they were seated.

"I have just been persuading Delawarr to leave politics, parchments, places, and plans, for my acacias, now in full bloom, and some of my most aromatic Burgundy. Lady Alicia, like a good wife, has consented to accompany him; and I am come to insist on you young people following the example of your elders; and, moreover, I have a little girl of mine with whom I wish Miss Arundel to be delighted. You are to set off at once, *toilette de matin:* you know ladies never dress but for each other; and that pretty green silk will be just in keeping with my shrubbery. Now, I only allow you five minutes to place your bonnet just the least in the world on the left side. You must trust to genius, not to study, to-day." And, in spite of the thousand-and-one delays that always intervene before a party of pleasure sets off, ten minutes had not elapsed before the whole party were on the road.

It had been settled that Lorraine was to drive Emily in his phaeton. It is true the sun was full in her eyes, the wind high, and the dust, which is just mud in high spirits, flew round them in clouds; but Emily found her ride delightful. Is it not Wordsworth, who, in his quality of philosopher and poet says,

> "It is the heart does magnify this life,
> Making a truth and beauty of its own?"

About the beauty we entirely agree with him — touching the truth, we are not quite so certain: but poets often mistake, and philosophers still oftener. Emily's own feelings coloured all with themselves. Generally speaking, she rather wanted animation: what are called high spirits are quite as much habitual as constitutional. Living with people much older than herself — an aunt never much put out of her way by any

thing — and an uncle, whose stately courtesy of the old school was tinctured by a native timidity which age itself never entirely conquers — she had not been accustomed to give way to those impulses of a moment's gaiety which break forth in gay laugh and bounding step. Or is there a prophetic spirit in the human mind, which makes those of the keenest feelings often appear cold; an intuitive, though unowned fear, repressing sensations of such deep and intense power? They cannot feel only a little; and they shrink, though with an unconscious dread, from feeling too much.

But to-day Emily's gaiety took its tone from the bright sunshine. Both herself and Edward in that gay mood which makes its own enjoyment, and enjoys every thing: they were soon on the beautiful common leading to Roehampton, where villas, which seem, like Beatrice's idea of King Pedro for a husband, made only for holydays — the luxuriant meadows, varying, as the passing clouds turn them, from bright glittering to the richest and darkest green — here shrubberies, whose flowering shrubs overhung the road, scenting the air with a moment's fragrance as they passed — then, again, the close-cut hawthorn hedge, like a green knoll, from which some unshorn branch occasionally rose, covered with a few late blossoms of May.

A turn in the road brought them to the group of fine old elms which overshadowed Mr. Morland's gate. Out they sprung from the carriage — gaily laughing at the idea of welcoming the master to his own house — and Edward acted as guide through the serpentine walk that led to the library The boughs met overhead — every step brought down a shower of coloured and fragrant leaves — till they stopped on the lawn. Genoa's princely merchants never freighted vessel with velvet of softer texture or richer green. Suddenly a sweet voice, singing, like a bird, for the pleasure of singing, came from the room; and, putting back a branch covered with a thousand of the little crimson Ayrshire roses, they stepped through the window, and saw a girl, apparently about thirteen, engaged, with all the earnestness with which childhood follows its pursuits, in placing flowers in divers vases. It was evident no small share of taste and industry was bestowed on the task; their entrance, however, interrupted the progress of some scarlet geranium towards some myrtle — the

child started — and her first intention of a rapid flight was evidently only checked by natural politeness — or, rather, that inherent kindness, out of which cultivation afterwards extracts the most graceful courtesy. Shyness is too much a mere impulse in very early youth to be lasting; and reserve was lost in the dismay of the intelligence that her father was returning before she had finished the decoration of his room, with which she meant to surprise him. Nothing like a little trouble for the beginning of acquaintance — assistance was readily offered, and as readily accepted — and all the vases were in their places, and Helen not a little delighted with her new friends, when the rest of the party made their appearance.

Dinner had been ordered at once; and luncheon (that cruel destruction of our best feelings, as the Ettrick Shepherd calls it,) having been omitted, there was sufficient hunger to do justice to a banquet the most refined in its perfection. Not that hunger does a cook justice. "I do not like people that are hungry," says Ude; "hungry people eat any thing: I would have my dishes create of themselves an appetite; I do not wish them to be wanted till they are tasted, and then to eat is a compliment."

But it was on the dessert Mr. Morland piqued himself. It was served in the room Helen had been so anxious to ornament. The delicate colour of the fruit — the fragrant spirit of the Burgundy — the icy coolness of the claret — were not destroyed by an atmosphere already heavy with soup and fish, and heated by two courses of culinary triumph: no! the air, pure and clear, was only imbued with the sweetness of the strawberry, or the breath of the roses from the window — while the garden beyond reminded you how fresh was the fruit which heaped the silver baskets.

It is true enough for a proverb, that the pleasantest parties are those of which the least can be told. To make a recital entertaining, there must be a little touch of the ridiculous — a few sparkles of satire — the excellence of a sarcasm lies, like a cimeter, in its keenness; — and they enjoyed themselves too much to be witty — "*la sauce vaut le poisson*;" and hence it is that, even when good-natured people do say a clever thing, it rarely tells — and all to-day were in a good humour.

Perhaps that which had the most delighted the visitors

their host's daughter — for Helen was one of the very sweetest creatures that ever blushed or smiled: there was a refinement in her simplicity — an infection in her gaiety — a something touching in her affectionate manners, that drew their fascination all from the same source — they were all so perfectly natural. She appeared much younger than she was — for Helen was in reality fifteen; but both the aunt with whom she resided, and her father, were old-fashioned enough to wish her childhood to be as long as possible. The mind may be cultivated, the manners formed, and the girl have acquired the polish of the woman; but how much of buoyant spirits must have been quelled — how much of enjoyment lost in the acquisition!

Childhood is not often a happy season — it is too much forced and controlled, and nature too much exiled from the fairest spot in all her domain; but it can be a glad and guileless time —and Helen's had been a very happy childhood.

But the dark or bright day finds its end in night, and again the phaeton retraced the morning's road. Every tree and field were now silvered with the soft moonlight — there was a repose around which even the voice seemed too rudely to break. They were both silent — but did Emily find the evening's silence less delightful or less dangerous?

"How infinitely,' said Lorraine at last, "I prefer a night like this — a sky broken by a thousand clouds — to one entirely cloudless! The clear sky is too forcible a contrast to ourselves — it is too bright, too calm for sympathy with our troubled state — I almost dislike the perfect repose in which I can have no part — while the shadows that to-night gather round the moon seem to have a fellow feeling with our checkered existence."

Emily made no answer — a sudden weight had fallen on her spirits — her eyes were full of unbidden tears — a voice seemed to arise within her, and to say, "To-night — even to-night — you stand on the threshold of your fate: happiness is only turning one last and lonely look before it leaves you for ever."

People talk — and wisely, too — of the folly of presentiments; but let the thoughts speak their secret, will they assert their disbelief? Our nature has many mysteries — the moral and physical world are strangely allied; the weight on the air presages the hurricane — the darkness on the heaven the tempest — why may *not destiny have its* signs, and the heart its portents,

and the nameless sadness that oppresses the spirits forbode the coming sorrow? But Emily only thought of hers as a weakness—she strove to shake it off. The lamps now grew brilliant—the houses gathered into streets—while imagination, as usual, took flight before realities—and they arrived at home, gaily discussing the chances of to-morrow's ball. Once in her own room, fatigue and sentiment were terribly at variance—and sleep is a true pleasure, if one had not to get up in the morning. Do not tell me of the happiness of life, when every day begins with a struggle and a sacrifice. To get up in the morning, both in the enjoyment it resigns and the resolution it requires, is an act of heroism.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Come like shadows, so depart."—*Macbeth.*
"How shall I yield you fit entertainment?"—COLERIDGE.
"A hemisphere of stars."—BYRON, *or the Morning Post.*
"These written troubles of the brain."—*Macbeth.*

It had been settled, that the next evening, on their way to Mrs. Dorrick's, they should look in for an hour at the Athenæum, it being one of those Wednesdays when gentlemen invite ladies, to shew how admirably they can do without them, on the same principle that a well-supplied, though beleaguered city courts the presence of spies, and displays its strength and resources till surrounding enemies are fain to raise the siege from very hopelessness of success. Clubs are just a modification of monasteries—places of refuge from female attentions; and, as in former days, the finest architecture, the best situation, the most elaborate *cuisine*, the most refined cellar, are devoted to their use. The principal modern improvements are th omission of fasting and penance, and the substitution of magazines for missals.

"Whoso enters here leaves hope behind,"

should be the Wednesdays' motto. The deep crimson of the *walls* is alone enough to annihilate a thousand of the rose-*coloured* visions which haunted last night's quadrille. All a

young lady should pray for, is a severe lingering fit of illness, to impress upon her debating lover a just feminine valuation; —fevers and agues are the best stepping-stones to the hymeneal altar.

Well: our party entered, walked and looked round, — and expressed their admiration or their censure, the former greatly preponderating; for the ladies feel they are only there on sufferance, which makes politeness a necessity. From the place they turned to the people; and when criticism is in a crowd, it is of a motley kind, and certainly not "too discreet;" for what but something ridiculous can be said about those we do not know, — and this lady with her weak wan face, and its multitude of heavy ringlets, like the Dead Sea between two weeping willows, — that gentleman with the wilful whiskers encroaching like the sands over the yellow desert of his cheek, — or that youth with the shining black head, as polished as his boots, audibly proclaiming Warren's best,— soon exhausted the stock of similes, if not of sneers; besides, the attention was attracted to individuals.

"Who is that?" said Emily, as a gentleman, with one of the most sparkling and keen glances in the world — which she was quite pretty enough to attract for a moment — passed by.

"One of our first poets," replied Lorraine. "I must tell you a very happy compliment paid him the other day by one who was speaking of his powers of sentiment and sarcasm: 'When one reads your lyrics, the exclamation is *amour!* (ah, Moore!): but after your satires, it is *Timour* (T. Moore) the Tartar.' As for himself, he is the Venus thrown in society; his conversation carries you along with the ease and grace of skaiting; he tells a story as if M. Caillaud had left him his mantle, or as if in him were realised the classic tale of the bees that settled round the mouth of Sophocles, leaving their honey behind them. In listening to him I perfectly understand the feeling which made Napoleon interrupt some unhappy elongator of narrative with '*Allons! Denon, contez nous cela.*' He is our English Denon."

"Look at that serious-seeming personage, who walks from one end of the room as if he meant to commit suicide at the other."

"That is one *of our patrician diseurs*, or rather *faiseurs*, of *bons mots*, — *one who* says good things, not as if he had any

pleasure or vanity in saying them, but rather, in the very spirit of our nation, as if he had a stock on hand he was desirous to dispose of to the best advantage. Many of his ideas are very original: talking of the picturesque the other day, he said, — 'So common is it, indeed, that every body travels to talk about it; when I travel, my carriage shall only have a skylight.' He has an odd habit, or rather affectation, of muttering to himself what he intends afterwards to say; for example, 'Woman, — yes, very pretty, — but too much colour; I must ask who she is.' 'Wine, — I see there a man I must ask to take wine with me — great bore;' and then follows, 'Shall I have the honour, pleasure,' or whatever form the great question of wine may take. Lord E., who knew his habit, resolved one day to set up an opposition muttering, and forthwith commenced, 'Wine, — yes, wine; I see there a man I would not take wine with if he asked me.' But do you see that gentleman seated by the fire-place? — he is one who has excited your most enthusiastic admiration."

Emily turned, and saw a face that riveted her whole attention: melancholy and intellectual, it was of the noblest order, and the expression seemed to impart something of its own thoughtfulness to the beholder. The shape of the head, the outline of the face, had more the power and decision of the Roman, than the flowing softness of the Greek; in a bust it would have been almost stern, but for the benevolence of the mouth. It was as if two natures contended together, — the one, proud, spiritual, severe, the expression of the head, — the other, sad, tender, and sensitive, the expression of the heart. There was melancholy, as if the imagination dwelt upon the feelings, deepening their tenderness, and refining their sorrow, and yet intellectual withal, as if the thought and the feeling sprang up together: perhaps the most striking effect was their change from their natural look of abstraction to that of observation, — the one was the glance of the poet, the other of the falcon. He is one of our most distinguished authors, in whose novels it is difficult to say whether philosophy, wit, or poetry, most abound — the appreciation of whose excellence has been as prompt as it has been just; yet never was one less likely to find enjoyment in the course of *literary success*, — a course in which the meanness of the obstacles, the baseness of the opponents, the petty means of even

the most entire triumph, must revolt the conqueror at his own victory; truly do they say, fame is for the dead.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

From childhood we hear some few great names to which mind has given an immortality: they are called the benefactors of their kind — their words are familiar to our lips — our early thoughts take their tone, our first mental pleasures are derived, from their pages — we admire, and then we imitate — we think how glorious it is to let the spirit thus go forth, winning a throne in men's hearts, sending our thoughts, like the ships of Tyre laden with rich merchandise, over the ocean of human opinion, and bringing back a still richer cargo of praise and goodwill. Thus was it with the great men of old, and so shall it be with us. We forget that Time, the Sanctifier, has been with them; that no present interests jar against theirs; and that around them is the calm and the solemnity of the grave; and we forget the ordeal through which they have passed to the temple. But look at any existing literary life — and we will speak only of the most successful — and who shall say that the loftiest head is not covered with dust and ashes? The first work is eminently successful, and the Eros of success has ever its Anteros of envy. Every unfortunate candidate thinks that the more fortunate stand between him and the sunshine of public favour. Then, how many are there who know no path to notoriety so easy as that which by attacking the already appreciated makes their very reputation a means, as well as a motive, for its injury. Then comes the struggle: this one is to be conciliated, the other intimidated; flattery becomes matter of exchange, and vanity self-defence; praise grows worthless in proportion as we know whence and wherefore it is given, and censure more bitter from the utter meanness of the censor. Again, the personal tone taken is revolting to a degree, the absurd and the malicious are blended, and some kind friend is always at hand to repeat. What must this be to all, and still more to one whose refined and reserved habits are so utterly at variance with the personality, the curiosity, the base party spirit of literature? Well, while recalling the vain hope, the unworthy attack, the departed glory, may Memory exclaim with *the Peri*, —

> "Poor race of man, said the pitying Spirit,
> Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
> Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit,
> But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

None of this, however, passed through Emily's min who have no part in the conflict see with the ims they behold the crimson banner, hear the stately tru think not of the dust of the march, or the agony of t and Emily gazed on the individual before her with th exaltation and enthusiasm which is literature's best t

But her attention was now attracted to the lady his arm. Ah! poets and painters have truth for th tion of their dreams, — she, at least, looked the inca her husband's genius. Her style of beauty was such have suited the days of chivalry — made for wors than love — one whose affection was a triumph even a gift. Her mouth, which was like chiseled coral, h smiles, and most of scorn; and its speech had as sarcasm as of sweetness. Her step, her height — sweep of a neck which was like the swan's for snow — were such as make the artificial distinctions of so the inherent aristocracy of nature; you felt she meant to breathe aught but "the air of palaces" — thought of calling her pretty.

Who is it that says the character of a woman is d the cast of her features? All sweeping assertions neous. In this instance, the style of manner was o the style of the features. At the first glance, the in likened her to those beautiful queens who follow triumph they disdained of the Roman conqueror — whom society was a pageant, in which she must tak scorn her part; but this impression passed with the of the lute upon her lips — her sweet and song-l Her exquisite laugh, like the sound of a shell which, the night wind, is filled with the morning sunshine into music — the fascination of such feminine kin wit so airy, yet so keen, whose acid was not that o dissolving all the pearls of gentler feelings, but th champagne, whose pearls dance on the surface and blending sweetness — Ah! one moment's pause — nounced poetry, of which, sweet lady, you were t *embodied spirit.* I know flattery is impertinent, an

vain — yet I cannot pass the shrine of my early faith, and not at least fling a flower on it in passing: I never yet beheld being so lovely — and I never shall again; I never witnessed feelings so generous, so unspotted by the world; and my words seem unworthy, and imperfect, when I say of her heart, as some early Spanish poet said of his mistress's face —

> "That it has looked in Paradise, and caught
> Its early beauty."

"Look," said Lorraine — "do you wish to see the very vainest man in England?"

"A bold assertion," added Mr. Morland, "but a true one; for yonder gentleman is morally, mentally, personally, and politically vain."

Emily turned towards him — there was nothing conspicuous about him but the buttons of his coat; many and bright were they, with some hieroglyphic sign impressed upon them.

"One of our first poets, he has

> 'Narrowed his mind,
> And to *parties* given up what was meant for mankind.'

And I take parties in their most varied sense — from the small flatteries of the evening party to the coarser acclamation of the club where he takes the chair — from the literary party, who make him an idol, to the political, who make him their tool."

"I have been lately," said Mr. Morland, "hearing the detail of his sitting for his picture: first, he was sketched in a Vandyke dress — then in a Spanish costume — he had some thoughts of a turban — when a friend observed, that, for the credit of the age he had immortalised, he ought to be apparelled after its fashion. He tried on forty-seven waistcoats, and at last decided on a cloak. One day the artist's attention was attracted by a little china jar which he held in his hand; the poet was more than usually restless; at last, after an earnest gaze on the sketch, and then on the mirror, he said, 'My dear young friend, intense study has done the work of years, and many a midnight vigil has paled the fresh colours of youth. You are painting for posterity.

> 'One would not, sure, look shocking when one's dead' —

and, uncovering the little pot of rouge, he arranged his complexion to his liking."

"At all events, that gentleman's self-estimate is a pleasant one who believes that every man looks up to, and that every woman is in love with him."

"I excuse, however, a great deal in him —

> 'If to his lot some female errors fall,
> Read but his odes, and you 'll forget them all.'"

There was something singularly picturesque in the next person that passed — tall, dark, with that flashing and hawk-like glance which generally accompanies a mouth whose expression was that of sarcasm, but whose satire, though bitter enough, seemed rather to spring from the love of amusement than from malice.

"That is Lord ——, the author of two of our very popular novels, of which the last is my especial favourite. 'Yes and No' is a lively etching of modern society — fine in the outline, and animated in colouring; the characters may or may not be portraits, but they are realities. Nothing is more difficult than to paint from nature — nothing so pleasant when achieved. To sketch real life requires a most peculiar talent, and that Lord —— possesses."

"I met with a paragraph in some journal the other day, which made a crime of his taking an active part in literature instead of politics — writing, instead of talking; — as if there were not speakers enow in the House to debate till doomsday. And as to the practical utility, may I be permitted to venture my opinion, that moral is at least as useful as political satire?"

"Who is yonder gentleman?" asked Emily, attracted by that air of anticipative consciousness which says, "all eyes are upon me, or ought to be."

"The writer of some poems we were studying in one of the Annuals," replied Lorraine. "You remember the one which appears with its author's name in capitals at the beginning, and ends with stating its claim to one merit at any rate —

> 'Some praise, at least — one act of sense may claim —
> He wrote these verses, but concealed his name:'

— the name, nevertheless, being the first thing we saw."

"Ah," said Mr. Morland, "I have quite a little history to give you — a romance of fashionable life — by which I mean *the romance* of effect, not feeling. Colonel Clarendon commenced his search after reputation by a journey in the East

and astonished all Paris (the city he selected for his *début* in celebrity) by eloquent details of the delights of dwelling in goatskin tents, and galloping through the desert. *Les merveilleuses* were somewhat startled at the taste which pronounced sheep's milk and dates the perfection of luxury, but every fair head in the *Chassée de Saint Antin* was completely turned. To a gentleman of this habit of mind, *une grande passion* was indispensable, and he laid his heart and homage at the fairy-like feet of Madame de St. Leu.

"But your very vain lover is a little fatiguing for every-day wear, and the lady permitted herself a slight preference in favour of the Baron von Schmanherstoff, an Hungarian nobleman, whose furred pelisse, and silver spurs had produced quite a sensation. Indignant at what he termed her treachery, the Hungarian went to his friend and told him all. Colonel Clarendon rushed to the presence of his faithless mistress, and overwhelmed himself with despair and her with reproaches. 'Are you a man,' said the lady, with an air between injured innocence and conscious dignity, 'that you tell me of this outrage before you have avenged it? — unless you are the basest coward that ever trifled with the feelings, or insulted the honour of a woman, the affront you have offered me will be washed out in Baron von Schmanherstoff's blood. If you are a gentleman, I leave my cause in your hands.' The Colonel bowed, left the room, and sent his challenge. Next morning they met in the *Bois de Boulevards:* the friends embraced, and then fought.

"But what gave such effect to this duel were the uncommon weapons used by the combatants—broadswords. Colonel Clarendon slightly wounded the Baron, who fell — people did say, according to agreement. He threw himself by the body of his Pylades — called himself his murderer — vowed never again to see the perfidious woman who had caused the quarrel — did not tear his hair, for he rather piqued himself on his curls, but he dishevelled them. He had the Baron carried to his lodgings, and never for a fortnight left his room.

"When '*les deux amis*' appeared in public together, all Paris rang with their romantic attachment, and the Colonel found that his friendship made him as much the fashion as his travels. The renown reached even to the northern country where his father's seat is situated. Nothing for a week —

news lasts longer in the country than it does in town — was talked of but Colonel Clarendon's duel, and his devotion to his friend. I, who was then staying there, heard at least fifty versions of his despair. But I must finish my history, as there is a young poet whose writings I heard you admiring yesterday — the tall slight one — what I rather think you would call interesting-looking."

"Mr. Lillian," observed Mr. Morland, "is one of the most brilliant supporters of paradox I ever met. His conversation only requires to be a little more in earnest to be perfectly delightful. His views are original, his illustrations most happy, and an epigrammatic style sets off his speech — as novel writers say of some dress in which the heroine appears — to 'the best advantage.' But — and, do you know I think it rather a good feeling in humanity — that is to say, in myself — we like and require truth — always supposing and allowing that the said truth interferes neither with our interests nor our inclinations."

"I agree with you, that an opinion increases in interest, as well as weight, by its supporter appearing to mean what he says. But few brilliant talkers are sufficiently aware of the advantage of seeming in earnest."

"He struck me as an instance of the usual effect produced by society — with its Janus face of success and disappointment, of flattery and of falsehood — on a young and clever man. He sets out with believing too much — he ends with believing too little. Human nature was at first an imagination, and afterwards a theory — both equally false. Ridicule may be the test of truth, but it is not its result."

"Nevertheless, sarcasm is the royal road to the bar. Is there any thing now-a-days to which a man may not sneer his way? But, for Pity, and Miss Arundel's sake, let us return to his poetry. It is that rare thing 'a happy marriage,' between *persiflage* and sentiment. He tells an ancient legend to perfection. It is a minstrel in masquerade — the romance of the olden time couched with modern taste — and his wit keen with present allusions. But, really, it is scarcely worth while to be witty, when we remember how stupid people are. One would often think that a joke was as hard to be taken as an *affront*. The elder brother of this very gentleman had been *spending* some days at a house in the country: on the morr

of departure a lady asked him, 'Pray, are you the clever Mr. Lillian?' 'I never answer flattering questions,' was his reply — or, perhaps, the reply of his brother, the 'clever Mr. Lillian,' for him, for he himself told me the story."

"Who is that youth to the left, in an attitude?"

"One who always reminds me of the French actor's reply to the manager, who asked what parts he was fit for — '*Mais tous.*' Such is Mr. Vincent's self-estimate. They say happiness is only the finer word for self-satisfaction — if so, Mr. Vincent is a happy man. He has embodied a general system of depreciatives, out of which he extracts most 'strange contents.' I never yet heard him allow merit to man, woman or child; he speaks only in the subjunctive mood, governed by an if or a but. Talk to him of a witty person, and he finds out at once,

> 'That flippancy to wit is near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'

If serious, he asks —

> 'Shall grave and formal pass for wise,
> When men the solemn owl despise?'

Nay, one day, when, half out of want of something to say, half out of politeness, and — if you will let me divide his motives, as the school-boy, in his translation of Cæsar, did ancient Gaul, which, he said, was quartered into three halves — half out of really thinking it, I praised the beauty of a little girl playing in the room, Mr. Vincent immediately drew so gloomy a picture of the casualties to which beauty is subject, that I am not sure whether he did not talk both mother and child into the small-pox."

At this moment our little group made an involuntary pause, to listen to the conversation of a lady close beside them.

"My story will illustrate my positive assertion. As a child, she was just the Mr. Nobody of the family — that is, the one who does all the mischief done in the house — at least, bears all the blame of it, which is much the same in its consequences. One day, a friend took her to task, as it is called. 'Now, do you not see what a wicked little girl you are? Why do you not pray to God every morning to make you a better child?' 'And so I do,' sobbed the poor little thing, 'but he only makes me *worserer* and *worserer*.'"

At this moment the speaker turned round, and shew face so beautiful, that had poetry never existed before, it have been invented in describing such loveliness. The hair was bound with classical simplicity round a small finely-shaped head; the face was something between Gr and Spanish — the intellect of the one, the passion o other; the exquisite features were like those of a statue, statue like that which Pygmalion called by love into life; brow was magnificent — fit for Madame de Stael, had mind looked its power and its grace.

"That is our English Corinne," said Mr. Morlan "one to whom genius and beauty are birthrights. Po prose, wit, pathos, are the gifted slaves of her lamp. were reading one of her exquisite volumes this morning."

"I was," said Edward, "and dreaming of the author; now I only say to her what Wordsworth said of Yarrow.

> 'And thou, who didst appear so fair
> To young imagination,
> Didst rival, in the sight of day,
> Her delicate creation.'"

A throng of small "noticeables" now passed by — who have written two songs, and live upon their credit — who once said, or, peradventure, repeated a clever thing, have made it last. But it was later than our party ha tended to remain — or, whatever of attraction the crowd n yet retain was to them of no avail.

As they were leaving the room, Lady Mandeville ent She glanced round, and said to Lorraine — "Conside gentlemen, you had only yourselves to study, it must be o you have shewn no indiscreet carelessness to your own co and convenience."

"We want something," said Lorraine, "to console u your absence."

"Nay, nay — it is to shew us how well you can do wi us," replied Lady Mandeville. "I daily expect, in times of reform and retrenchment, that a bill will be bro into the House for the suppression of the female sex, expensive and useless superfluity."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." — BYRON.

Now, though we do not believe much of the ancient *belle alliance* between Cupid and the Graces yet remains—though we do not believe that the milliner accelerates the match, and that the colour of a *capote* may be the colour of our fate, or the turn of a curl the turn of our fortune; having a theory of our own, that such things come by chance, and go by destiny; yet we can perfectly understand a young lady's drapery being influenced by her feelings, and that Hope may cast her *couleur de rose* over the mirror — that study of the fair conqueror. Emily lingered and lingered for a longer time at the glass than either Mrs. Radcliffe or Mrs. Hannah More would have approved of,—one for the sake of romance, the other for that of morality.

It is still a disputed point among authors, whether it be best or not to describe their heroine: I must own I lean to the descriptive myself; I like to have the lady placed bodily before me — I like to know whether the eyes with whose tears I am to sympathise are of the true blue of patriotism, or of the deep black of poetry. I can call up the image more distinctly, when I know if her cheek is like

"The lady lily, paler than the moon;"

or like

"The red rose, fragrant with the breath of June."

Judging of others by myself, and quoting the Spectator for my authority, let me, as some old author says, "paint my ladie with words."

Parted in the middle into two rich braids, the dark hair divided so as to do full justice to the oval of the face, and caught on its auburn wave the first shade of the crape hat, whose yellow was delicate as the earliest primrose — that faint soft yellow, so trying, yet so becoming; a colour to be avoided equally by the bright and the sallow, making the bright seem coarse, and the sallow sickly —but exquisite on that clear pale skin where the rose visits, but dwells not, and the blush passes with the feelings it betrays.

Not one in a thousand knows how to put on a bonnet: they set it on one side like a disagreeable recollection; or bolt upright, as if they wanted to realise Shakespeare's worst of puns, —"and she, like France, was at war with her hair (heir)." No such very great degree of genius can be displayed in the rest of the toilet. The dress has been chosen — it fits you *à ravir* — it has simply to be put on with mathematical accuracy: but the bonnet is the triumph of taste,— you must exert your intellect, —your destiny is in your own hands.

Emily was successful: brought a little forward on the face, its shade was the coquetry of timidity; and the dark eyes were more piquant from the slight difficulty of meeting them. Her dress was the deepest Parma violet, — so beautiful a colour in itself, — so picturesque in its associations, — the crimson of war and the purple of royalty blended in one: it opened at the throat, whose whiteness was, if possible, softened by that most aërial of inventions, a blonde ruff; finish the costume with gloves, whose tint was of the same delicate hue as the hat; put the feet into slippers fit for Cinderella, if she had worn black satin instead of glass,— and you have an exact idea of the figure which two glasses were now reflecting. An open window gave cause for a shiver — and that was excuse for the boa, too graceful for even June to banish. With a secret consciousness that she was dressed in the very colour which Lorraine had, a week before, said was his favorite, she ran down to the drawing-room, and, approaching a stand of flowers, paused for a moment on the choice of scarlet geraniums, heliotropes, lilies, &c. when Edward came from the other room.

"Nay, Miss Arundel, the blossoms before you are too sophisticated,—their life has been for a whole morning artificial: unwilling to delegate the choice, I drove this morning to Colville's, —allow me to offer you my selection;" and he gave her two of the freshest of moss-rosebuds, — those very loveliest of infant flowers.

Lorraine might have been struck with the deepness of her blush,— he only noticed the beauty of it.

"Do you know," said he, laughingly, "if you blush your thanks so prettily, I must apply to you the compliment paid the Italian poet,

'Tutti sei pensieri sono de' rose.'"

Lady Alicia now came in, and, while waiting for Mr. De-

arr, they could not do less than admire each other. People often very generous in giving what is of no value: is it this principle that one lady is usually so profuse in her ad-ation of the dress of another? Truly, that afternoon they ht to have enjoyed themselves: it was a bright, becoming ,—one of those fairy gifts with which summer now and n surprises us. Their progress had all the exhilaration of idity: four horses with

"Bit of foam, and hoof of speed;"

l a carriage, light as if meant more for air than earth, com-e the opposite pleasures of indolence and motion. Nothing ld be gayer than the scene through which they passed: it l only one fault—they were used to it.

Soon the sound of music, and an atmosphere heavy with the ur of the most aromatic plants, announced their arrival at ly Walsingham's villa, where Ambition was giving a *fête* Pleasure, as Fashion's prime minister.

Lady Walsingham was rich—even in London; she had k, but she had not always had it. Her first husband was orror, but he had money; her second was a fool, but he l a title; and thus possessed of riches and rank, she only ated fashion. The *ré-union* to-day was political as that of Field of the Cloth of Gold; splendour was at once to con-ate and to dazzle; not an orange-tree but had a purpose,— an acacia but was charged, not only with its flowers, but vith Ulysses' fate." Notoriety is born of novelty; and ex on and imagination were alike exhausted to give character he *fête*. Grecian temples were surrounded by hawthorn lges,—Turkish tents stood in the shade of the oaks,— l one Chinese pagoda was dexterously entwined with honey-kle; there were conservatories filled with the rarest plants, l avenues with ladies walking about as if in a picture; ices e served in the grotto; and servants in the Oriental costume ided almond-cakes.

On the turf-sweep before the house—her head heavy with thers, her ears with diamonds, and her heart with anxiety stood the hostess. Every nation has it characteristic—and Englishwoman's is standing, distributing her smiles, as if, some one has observed, she had bought them, like her rouge, olesale.

"'This do I for your applause, O Athenians!" Thus did the conqueror of the world apostrophise the inhabitants of a city, who, if they took any thought about his drowning, would rather have preferred it. And thus did that hope of to-morrow —which, why it should be glory in one case, and folly in another, I never could properly understand — support the Countess.

"Very pretty indeed," ejaculated Mr. St. John; "quite in character,— just like a scene in a play!"

"Take me away," lisped the pretty and *mignonne* Mrs. De Grey, "lest I grow like what I do look upon,— I feel the reflection of her ladyship's full pink upon my own face!"

"All of luxury except its refinement," was the encomium of Lord Alfred Vernon.

"*C'est que Madame a été, comme Cicerone, consulter l'oracle, qui lui a dit de suivre la nature, et elle l'a suivie, son naturel,*" whispered the young Comte de Merivale, who brought to England little besides a contempt for it.

Emily, however, had not this morning one critical qualification; no discontent for a commencement — no jarring interest for a continuation; she looked on her roses, and their perfume seemed to have a power like the white ones of Almaschar, to charm away all suffering; she was leaning on Lorraine's arm — and who shall deny the intense happiness of the mere presence of one we love? — not those who have felt it.

"So," said Mr. St. John, "after canvassing enough for two counties — a correspondence worthy of the days of Richardson — our Countess has prevailed on Lady Lauriston to allow the beauty to grace her *fête*."

"What!" exclaimed Edward; "Lady Adelaide here?"

"Yes; in the very next walk, — I have just paid my homage."

"Old friends of mine, — shall we go and speak?" — and Lorraine turned towards the next walk with an earnestness which made Emily bow, not speak, her assent.

They soon reached the trellice-work of roses beneath whose arch Adelaide and her brother were standing. A face of the most surpassing beauty lighted into smiles as Lorraine approached, — a few inquiries were made, — they moved on together, — the walk became narrower, — and in five minutes more, Emily found herself transferred to Lord Merton's care,

and Lady Adelaide and Lorraine following. She had not even the satisfaction of watching her companions. Engrossed in their own conversation, they lingered behind,—a gay laugh at first gave sign of their presence, but that soon subsided to a low whisper, which implies such interest in discourse:—

"Speak low, if you speak love."

Once she turned back;—Edward's eyes were fixed with most eloquent earnestness on the exquisite face of his companion,—the rich colour of excitement had banished his usual paleness. Emily felt it almost a relief to look towards Adelaide; but the expression was not

"The soft betraying air
That women loved and flatter'd love to wear:"

there was consciousness, but it was that of beauty—and brilliancy, but it was that of triumph.

In the mean time, Emily was *progressing* most rapidly in Lord Merton's favour. He had not always been the eldest son—a steeple chase had put one brother out of the way, and a duel another. He was shy from habit, and talkative from nature: the last quality made him wish for a listener, and the first to be obliged to one. Talking uninterruptedly was a luxury he had not yet enjoyed enough for indifference. Abroad he had hitherto been one of those juveniles to whom no calculation forbids contradiction and no interest necessitates attention. At home, his mother never ceased talking, neither did his sisters; and silence in a woman had become to him her perfection. For above an hour, with a feeling of most enviable content, he had been detailing to Emily how his beautiful chestnut mare, Zephyr, had caught, suffered from, and been cured of her last cold. At first he expected to be interrupted—then looked to see if she yawned—but neither of these conversational contingencies occurring, and Emily giving a proper quantity of acquiescing bows, he yielded himself up to the full enjoyment of so delightful a companion.

In one part of the grounds were stationed some jugglers—these suggested a full account of how, when he was at college, he had taken some lessons of one, till he was nearly as expert in catching the balls as his master. The Prague minstrels, stationed in a young plantation of firs, gave another occasion of discourse, *how he had* once attempted the French horn

himself, but found his lungs too delicate—how his mothe been afraid of a consumption. Many a passer-by the Miss Arundel was listening to some subject of most tou interest; his Lordship was only detailing the benefit he de one wet day from his caoutchouc cloak. The truth is, Merton was, simply, naturally and intensely selfish; he himself "the ocean of his thoughts;" he never considere comfort of other people, because he never looked at it a tinct from his own; and the most romantic devotion, the self-denying love, would have seemed, if he were the obj it, as quite in the common course of things.

This is a common character, which age alone deve into deformity. Youth, like charity, covers a multitu sins; but Heaven help the wife, children, servants, an other pieces of domestic property, when such a man is and has the gout!

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good — and Walsingham was made happy by the sincerity and wa with which Lord Merton assured her he was delighted her entertainment, and especially charmed with the jug and minstrels.

Emily now pleaded fatigue, and seeing Lady Alicia s on a most rural-looking bench, with an awning of blue she took a place beside her: but Lord Merton was too pleased with his companion to part; and, somewhat un moniously appropriating a shawl which hung near, spre it, lest the grass should be damp, he seated himself at feet — a plan which succeeded beyond his expectation he thus secured two listeners. Emily assumed an air of tion, but her thoughts were far away. She looked o flowers which Lorraine had given her a few hours sin they were drooping already; and was this the day from she had expected so much pleasure? What a stupid th *fête* was! What a waste of time and expense! So muc taste too! Lucky is it for a hostess her verdict does n pend on young ladies, unless she could call a parliam love, and arrange all its little affairs in her own favour. yet all this was not so much discontent as disguise. does not shrink from love's first avowal? and how mu when that avowal is to be made in secret, in silence, a *vain?* Her temples beat with that acute pain which every sound a torture; her sight was as composed

thoughts; and she breathed with difficulty; to speak almost choked her. She thought not of weeping; yet a world of tears was now at her heart.

"Oh, join us!" said Lady Mandeville, as a flourish of trumpets announced that the refreshment-room was thrown open.

Adelaide and Lorraine came up at the same moment; Lord Merton sprang from his seat with all the agility of expectation; and in a few moments they were seated at one of the tables, in a tent whose scarlet and gold were worthy of Tippoo Saib, and whose size emulated that given by the fairy to her princely lover. How mistaken is the phrase, "every delicacy of the season" — they mean out of season. Grapes are ripe at the same time as strawberries, and peaches come in with the crocuses. A breakfast *à la fourchette* is the "chartered libertine" of gastronomy — one eats ice, another soup, and a *pâté à la financier* rivals its neighbour pine-apple.

"What with their tents, turbans, coffee, and fountains, all signs *du meilleur goût*, I think the Turks a most refined people," said Lady Mandeville. "If it ever be my sorrowful destiny to enact the Ephesian, I shall set off for Constantinople — try the effect of *mes beaux yeux* on the Sublime Porte, and make a futurity of cachemeres and rose-water."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lorraine, "the Turks know how to manage you ladies —

'There rolls the sea, and yonder yawns the sack.'"

"Is that your idea of gallantry?" said Mr. Delawarr.

"It is its excess, I grant," interrupted Lorraine; "but I must say, I think the Turk invests his homage to woman with that mystery, that solitude, that setting apart from life's daily and common use, which constitutes so much of poetry. His beautiful Circassian or Georgian mistress is a thing too sacred for common eyes. I quite enter into the feeling which shuns a profane eye resting on the face we love. What a charm must be in the veil our hand only is privileged to raise! His wealth, his taste, are lavished on his haram. He makes the shrine worthy of the idol. Her delicate step falls on the velvet carpet — her sweet mouth inhales an atmosphere of perfume — the chain of pearls, the fragrant attar, the crimson ruby, are heaped on the fair favourite, who wears them only

for him. Liberality is an imposing term for indifferei We regard the treasure we value; and I should expect jealousy to be taken as a proof of my devotion."

"Then," said Lady Mandeville, "you intend making l with a bunch of keys in one hand, and a dagger in the othe

"Alas! I live in an age when Bedlam is considered a fit temple of romance. I must content myself with an abst admiration of Turkish seclusion."

"Romance! All nonsense!" said Lord Merton, reach across Emily for another slice of pine.

"On the contrary," replied Lorraine, "I think roma can never take a very high tone but in times of great civil tion. Romance is more matter of feeling than of passi and if violent passions belong to a barbarous, strong feeli belong to a civilised state. Exemption from great bodily ertion is favourable to habits of thought. The refinemen our tastes, of course, is communicated to our sentiments; we exaggerate, subtilise, and spiritualise — the three chief gredients of romance."

"I believe," said Lady Mandeville, "that we abuse the we live in, on the same principle that we take liberties w our friends. The poor present time, how it is calumniat degenerate, immoral, irreligious, are its best epithets; and talk of the good old time till we really believe it existed."

"Even," observed Mr. Delawarr, "as we eulogise the pe and innocence of a country life; for the peace of the par apply to the rector on the tithe day — for its innocence, to justice of the peace."

"But do you not think," asked Lorraine, "that these i excellencies have their origin in our nature's better part? first step either to goodness or happiness is to believe in t existence."

"We shall lose the fireworks if we sit talking here," Lord Merton.

Even Lady Alicia was startled out of her passiveness this announcement; and the whole party hurried towards piece of water, by whose side the exhibition was to take pl Lord Merton still kept his place at Emily's side, and narr to her divers of his juvenile feats with gunpowder; and he one, as we have said, to whom not talking was listening.

It was a magnificent display of the most magnificent of

ments: the rocket swept through the air like a spirit, and the skies seemed to realise the old saying, and rained gold and silver; while the water below spread like an immense mirror, till above and below gleamed with light. But Emily's eyes wandered from the scene before her; and every fugitive glance only brought back fresh conviction of Edward's interest in the beautiful face whose smiles were exclusively enough given to himself, to have made one far less perfect very fascinating.

Adelaide was too quick-sighted not to perceive that Miss Arundel, when she first saw her talking to Lorraine, wore a very different air from Miss Arundel listening to Merton; and a rival was the *sauce Robert*, which would have made her not eat, but flirt with her grandfather.

However, there is always one solace to misery, as there is one drawback to pleasure, — they must all have an end, and so had Lady Walsingham's *fête*. The carriage drove off, but the place opposite Emily was vacant; Lorraine had accepted a seat in Lord Merton's cabriolet. Miss Arundel was not the only listener, for which her brother was that day indebted to Adelaide.

CHAPTER XXIV.

> "It is a fearful thing
> To love as I love thee; to feel the world,
> The beautiful, the bright, joy-giving world,
> A blank without thee. * * *
> He is the star, round which my thoughts revolve
> Like satellites. My father! can it be,
> That thine, the unceasing love of many years,
> Doth not so fill my heart as this strange guest?"
>
> *The Ancestress.*

WHAT an odd thing experience is! — now turning over so rapidly the book of life, now writing so much on a single leaf. We hear of the head turning grey in a single night, — the same change passes over the heart. Affection is the tyrant of a woman, and only bids her to the banquet to suspend a cutting sword over her head, which a word, a look may call down to inflict the wound that strikes to the death, or heals, but with a scar. Could we fling back the veil which nature and society alike draw over her feelings, how much of sorrow — *unsuspected because* unexpressed — would be found! — how

many a young and beating heart would show diappointmer graven on the inmost core! — what a history of vain hope: gentle endeavours, anxieties, and mortifications, laid bare There is one phrase continually occurring in conversation, - "O, a woman never marries the man to whom she was fir attached." How often — how lightly is this said! — ho little thought given to the world of suffering it involves Checked by circumstance — abandoned from necessity, tl early attachment may depart with the early enthusiasm whic youth brings, but leaves not; still the dream was sweet, an its waking bitter. But Emily was not one to whom suc vision could be

> "Sweet, not lasting,
> The perfume and suppliance of a moment."

Nature had given her the keenest sensibility; and the solitu in which much of her life had hitherto been passed had le free scope for the imagination to spiritualise and exalt. Livir entirely with her uncle and aunt, she had insensibly caugl the quiet manners of these, much advanced in life, — the youn are great imitators. Unaccustomed to witness strong burs of feeling, she never thought of giving outwardly way to h own; thus, hers, unrelieved and unexhausted by displa grew stronger from concealment. She had mixed little wit those of her own age, — hence she was reserved; and the cor fidante and the confession weaken love, by mixing up with somewhat of vanity, and taking from its mystery. Emily idea of love was of the most romantic and exalted kin Whether borrowed from the Duchess of Cleves, and the oth old novels with which the library abound, where love is species of idolatry; or from the pages of modern poetry, whe all that is spiritual and beautiful is thrown around its nature — all made love to her a species of religion.

She had arrived in London with no very accurate notion what she had to expect; but it was to be something very d lightful. Accustomed to be made much of — aware of h own pretensions, she had come prepared for entertainment an homage; but she had found neither; — and though ric pretty, and high-born, she was at nineteen very near beir philosophical, and pronouncing the pleasures of the world *be vanity and* vexation of spirit.

Lorraine's arrival had changed all this. At a glance

saw how weary a time the young friend of his sister must be passing; and mere good nature only would have prompted his attention to the stranger — to say nothing of that stranger being an elegant and interesting girl.

Emily now had a partner, who decided the fact of her fairy-like dancing — whose authority was sufficient for admiration — whose attention settled the worthiness of the object on which it was bestowed: she owed him much more than himself. Again, the mornings passed away so pleasantly, when there was some one to whom she could talk about last night; and it was much more agreeable to sing to Edward than to herself. He loved music; he liked the grace, the wit of female society: he was very handsome; and there was nothing improbable in supposing he had a heart to lose, and, moreover, he might lose it. Not that Emily had given one thought to such chance,—Love is the least calculating of all dreamers,—she had been very happy, and such shrink intuitively from asking why. Mortification had forced the conviction upon her; and who ever saw the one they love devoted to another, and found not the fatal truth written on their heart,—and for ever? Many and bitter were the tears Emily shed that night over two withered roses: she wept for vain hopes, for regret, but for shame more than all. Shame is the worst pang of unrequited affection. Heavens! to be forced to ask ourselves what right we had to love.

One of our most celebrated authors (a lady, by the question,) once asked, how is it that women in the utmost depths of grief never forget to curl their hair?—Vanity was the cause assigned; but I say, shame. We shrink from shewing outward sign of sorrow, if that sorrow be in aught connected with the feelings; and the reason of this must be sought in some theory of innate ideas not yet discovered.

Emily the next morning appeared with the usual grape-like curls, and her cheek no paler than fatigue might authorise.

"'Ah, the day of my destiny's over,'"

said Lorraine; "and, a fair exchange being no robbery, I quote the next line a little varied,

'The star of my fate is on high.'

Listen to the importance of yesterday:—'Yesterday Lady Walsingham's splendid villa was thrown open to the fashionable

world, which crowded to enjoy all that taste could inve
or luxury supply, — breakfast was laid for two hundr
There lies the spell; pines and champagne who can resist,
even though through the medium of Lady Walsingha
How tired, how fat her poor ladyship looked! like M
Blanc, she was covered with the crimson of evening."

"Nay, now, Edward," said Mr. Delawarr, "you w
there yourself."

"Yes; and am I not just acting up to our great so
principle — go first, and grumble afterwards? Besides,
fête was given not to pleasure, but to pretension — and p
tension is a sort of general election, depending on univer
suffrage, and subject to canvassing and criticism. Born
milkmaid, meant for a farmer's wife, why are Lady Walsi
ham's nature and fate at variance? Those red arms sho
have been celebrated for their skill in bacon, and her chee
noted the country round. How comfortable she would h
looked in her crimson shawl — how respectable in her flowe
print! What can she have to do with French kid? — l
gloves are her martyrs. That countenance shining throu
blonde — those elephantine ears, whose girandole of diamo
is the size of a chandelier in half the drawing-rooms of gent
residences for small families or a single gentleman — wl
part can she have in the airy empire of caprice, the Parthi
arrow-guarded world of fashion? Why does not she live
the country, roast whole oxen on her wedding-day, keep o
house at an election, shake her acquaintance heartily by
hand, and drive in a coach-and-four with outriders ev
Sunday to church? Her idea of taste (the ocean whe
Fashion springs) is like the pupil's idea of Helen, to wh
Apelles said, 'Not being able to make her beautiful, you h
made her splendid.'"

"Strange," said Mr. Delawarr, "the influence of opinic
We know people to be fools — individually we should disd
their judgment; yet, taken in a mass, no sacrifice seems
great to secure their suffrage. The desire of notoriety,
the love of fame, differ but little; yet one is the meanest,
other the noblest feeling in our nature: the one looks to
present, and is a mixture of the selfish and the common-pl
— the other dwells upon the future, and is the generous
the exalted."

"Lady Walsingham's is a very beautiful place," observed Emily, from the mere desire of saying something. It is curious, that when we feel in ourselves the most inclined to silence, we almost always fancy it is absolutely necessary we should talk.

"It is indeed," replied Lorraine; "I know no places that so realise my ideas of luxury as these villas — so near our crowded, hot, dusty, noisy metropolis; yet so green, so cool, so quiet, and so filled with flowers. I dislike Richmond itself exceedingly; just a place to visit on Sunday — with its hill covered with people, evidently labouring, not against its height, but their own good dinner. The curse of the steam-boat is upon the lovely river; but some of the villas, imbedded in their own old trees — surrounded by turf the fairy queen might tread — girdled with every variety of flowery shrub — I do not quite say I could spend the whole day there, but I could have a luxurious breakfast — one ought to indulge in natural tastes of a morning. Alas! with what regret do I see the brick-dust generation in which we live, so prolific in squares, crescents, places, rows, streets, — tall, stiff houses, with red curtains and white blinds! If this city system of colonisation goes on, our children will advertise a green tree, like an elephant, as 'this most wonderful production of nature;' and the meaning of green grass will only be to be found in the dictionary."

"What a valuable art will landscape painting be in those days! A view from nature will, both for beauty and rarity, be the *chef d'œuvre* of an artist."

"I must own, landscapes are not my favourite style of art: it is the feeling, more than the seeing, of the country in which I delight; the warm, soft air — the many musical noises — the wandering through the lights and shadows of the thick trees, rather than looking on any given point of view."

"I do agree with you — I hate a fine prospect by profession — one that you are expected to admire, and say fine things about; but in landscapes I like and dislike what I do in Wordsworth's poetry: I admire its mountain range of distant hill and troubled sky — or the lonely spot of inland shade, linked with human thought and human interest; but I detest its small pieces of rurality, its sheep and its cows. In painting, as in poetry, I like to be somewhat carried out of my every-

day existence. For example, I give my utmost praise — or, I should rather say, my homage — to the Ode on Immortality, Tintern Abbey, &c.; but my taste revolts from Goody Blake and Harry Gill. Now, Hofland's pictures are great favourites of mine: there is not only the lovely scene — the moon reflected in her softest mirror, the wave — but something or other that calls up the poetry of memory in the gazer; the battlements of some old castle, whose only banner is now of ivy — or a fallen temple, whose divinity has departed, but whose beauty remains, and whose 'fine electric chain' is one of a thousand associations."

"While on the subject of pictures, I heard the other day — we cannot vouch, as the newspapers say, for the truth of the report — that Lady Walsingham has had her picture and her husband's taken in a style at once allegorical and domestic. His lordship is holding a cage of doves, to which she is throwing roses: I understand her ladyship particularly requested the cage might be richly gilt."

"As it is the great principle of political economy to tax luxuries, why are not reports taxed? Are they not the chief luxuries of society? Of all my senses, I thank Heaven that of hearing is limited; the dative case is very well — hearing what is said *to* me; but preserve me from the ablative case — hearing what is said *about* me!"

"Would Lady Walsingham enjoy hearing to-day what is said of her *fête* yesterday?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Emily, "how unkind, how unjust this is!"

"You remember the old proverb, 'a fair exchange is no robbery,' or the anecdote of Piron, who said that the only speeches necessary on admission to the French Academy were for the received to say, '*Grand merci, messieurs;*' and for the receivers to reply, '*Il n'y a pas de quoi.*' Most hosts and guests might exchange these courtesies; and the '*Grand merci*' of vanity might be answered by the '*Il n'y a pas de quoi*' of ostentation. We speak ill of our neighbours, not from ill-nature, but idleness; satire is only the cayenne of conversation: people have so few subjects for talking about in common with their friends but their friends; and it is utterly impossible to dress them as Fontenelle did his asparagus, *toute en huile.*"

"One reason why Mr. Heathcote, who dines here to-day, is called so entertaining is, that, like the conquerors of old, he gives no quarter."

"I regret my absence," said Lorraine; "but I have promised to go and congratulate Lady Lauriston on her leaving the oaks of her park for the acacias of her villa. Still I lament Mr. Heathcote: he knows all the world, and has an anecdote for and an epigram upon every body. He kills with diamond arrows: his voice is so low, his smile so bland, his whole manner so gentle, that you are barely aware of the concentrated acid and bitter of his speech. I call him cream of tartar. I am sure you will be so much amused."

Emily felt no such certainty; she felt as if she could never be amused again. She wandered into the drawing-room alone; she tried her harp — it was out of tune; her new songs — they were not pretty; she took up a new novel — it was so dull! She went into the front room — it was too sunny; into the back — it was too dark. The sound of Lorraine's cabriolet attracted her to the window; the fear of being seen kept her away. At length it drove off; she held her breath to listen to its latest sound: another nearer carriage drowned the roll of the distant wheels, and she felt as if even this small pleasure were denied. Strange, how any strong feeling refers all things to itself! — we exalt by dint of exaggeration. Not a creature was in the spacious and beautiful rooms: she almost started to see some four or five whole length reflections of herself: the solitude made them painful; and, catching up a book, she threw herself into an arm-chair, which, at least, had the advantage of being far from any glass.

There is a certain satisfaction in the appearance of employment, and Emily opened her book; but she could not read — her thoughts were far away. Mortification had added divers prose notes to the poetry of the last few weeks. Her first impulse was to deny her feelings even to herself — her second to laugh bitterly at such vain deceit. Then she recalled words, looks, whose softness had misled; — alas! a slight investigation served to shew how much their colouring had been given by herself; and, as a last resource, she began to magnify the merit of Edward Lorraine.

Our being attached to a hero almost makes a heroine; and excellence *is an excellent* excuse for admiration. Yes, he

was worthy of devotion, such as the heart pays, and once only, the idol it has itself set up; but it was to be deep, silent, a unsuspected. And Adelaide — she would love her! How kir how true, were the next moment's wishes for their happines

What a pity it is that our most pure and most beauti feelings should spring from false impressions! What genero self-sacrifice — what a world of gentle affection, were n called forth in Emily by a moment's phantasy, whose life c pended on that frailest of frail things — a coquette's vanity

How untrue, to say youth is the happiest season of o life! it is filled with vexations, for almost all its ideas a false ones; they must be set right, and often how harshl Its hopes are actual beliefs: how often must they be taug doubt by disappointment! And then its keen feelings, layi themselves so bare to the beak of the vulture experienc Youth is a season that has no repose.

They spent the next fortnight at Richmond — and a ve miserable fortnight it was; for Lady Lauriston's villa was Twickenham, and whether on the river or the road, the a rangement was always the same — Adelaide was the care Lorraine. Emily soon found her fancy for cultivating t friendship of her fair rival was a fancy indeed. Lady Adelai had been brought up in a proper sense of the danger of co fidence: young friends, as her mother used to observe, a either useless or mischievous; and Adelaide duly consider her young friends as non-entities or rivals.

If, however, the sister was as cold as politeness, the broth was being animated very rapidly into something like warmt Now an only son, it was his duty to marry: moreover, thought a married man more comfortable than a single on many little liberties were taken with a single, never taken wi a married man: it was purchasing an exemption from you ladies at once. Finally, he thought Emily was in love w him: she always took his arm in walking, and they were s to sit by each other at dinner. He forgot Emily had choice. Pre-occupied and absent, Lord Merton never came i Emily's head; excepting their intervisiting, both families w living rather retired, so there was no third person to say "A what a conquest you have made!" This phrase, which *often opens* the eyes to what does not exist, gave here no *timation of* actual mischief.

Yet our four lovers were all on the brink of discord. Lorraine was beginning to think his divinity not quite so divine—delays are dangerous—and neither his vanity nor his sentiment was satisfied at the little progress he had made. Adelaide was tiring of flirtation, which had only held so long a reign from the death of a relation having forced them into most unwilling retirement. It was very tiresome of aunts to die, if they were to be considered relations.

The second season thus broken up, Lady Lauriston was daily impressing on her beauty's mind the necessity of a "further-looking hope" and an establishment. Emily was sad, weary, and seemed ill: all said late hours were too much for her—a good sign, thought her calculating lover, in a wife; and every morning, between the paragraphs of the Morning Herald, Lord Merton weighed the advantages and disadvantages of wedded life.

Miss Arundel had never been properly brought out as an heiress; and amazing animation was added to the attachment, when, one evening, Lady Lauriston detailed to her dear Alfred much excellent advice, and the information that Emily was her uncle's adopted child, and, as such, certain of a noble fortune, to say nothing of hopes, from her aunt, whose property her indefatigable ladyship had ascertained was at her own disposal.

The next morning, her for once very obedient son rode back with Lorraine. Want of something else to say, and a very shady lane, disposed him to confidence; and he forthwith began a panegyric on himself, and on the good fortune of Miss Arundel, stating, he was now on his road to offer himself and his debts to her acceptance. Lorraine was surprised. I have heard it said, that no man ever believes a woman can fall in love with his friend: I would add, she certainly falls marvellously in his opinion if she does—and Edward's first thoughts were of Lord Merton's divers imperfections. Never had he seemed more selfish or more silly: "but, to be sure, the fool has a title;" and he amused himself with recalling all the usual commonplaces on the vanity and ambition of woman, while Merton poured into his ear the whole stream of his self-satisfaction.

They arrived; one said he should prolong his ride for an hour or two—the other went into the drawing-room. Emily was seated in a window; but there was room for two, and her unsuspected lover took his place. Mechanically she shut the

book, assumed an attitude of attention, and prepared a few yeses. Lord Merton began by mentioning the good qualities he required in a wife, and thence took occasion to apply them all to Emily; but his introduction had been so long, that she, who knew no earthly reason why she should be interested in the various excellences of the future Lady Merton, allowed her thoughts to wander, and was only roused from her reverie by her hand being taken—a little rapture being deemed necessary at her consent—so her silence had been interpreted—and kissed with as much devotedness as Merton could shew any one but himself. Surprised and angry, she rose from her seat, and exclaimed, "I really do not understand"—a sentence Lord Morton did not give her time to finish; for, ascribing her retreat to embarrassment, he was most desirous of sustaining her under the weight of obligation, lest her gratitude should be quite fatiguing. Slowly the conviction broke upon him that she had not heard what he had been saying.

"Am I to understand, madam, that you have not listened to what I was mentioning?"

Now really sorry and confused, Emily pleaded headach,—said she could not account for her absence of mind,—made a thousand excuses,—entreated him to mention what he had been saying again, a glimmering idea having crossed her mind of a charity fair, about which he had been affecting much interest; and referring his thanks to his supposing she had promised her assistance, and with floating visions of guitars, butterflies, and boots made into pincushions, now prepared to listen in good earnest.

With the concentrated anger of fourteen patriots at a list of sinecures in which they have no part, or a dozen professors who find they cannot get pupils—nor fees without, Lord Merton steadied his voice, almost inarticulate from rage, sufficiently to answer,——

"Yes, Miss Arundel, I will repeat; but, remember, repetition is not renewal. I offered you the title of Lady Merton,—I am sorry for you,—good morning;" and Lord Merton left the room, thoroughly convinced of Emily's vain regrets, and with quite an elation of spirits from thinking his dignity had been properly supported, and the offender punished by *his not* repeating the offer.

Emily sat in the window, sometimes pondering on objects

without, and then on those within, when Lorraine's entrance interrupted a very profound meditation on the strange contrarieties of love affairs in this world.

"Has Merton been here this morning?"

Emily's blush seemed sufficient answer; and Lorraine began a laughing succession of questions, congratulations, &c.

Now this was really too bad, — for him to suppose she could think of another, and to take her acceptance as a matter of course, — and such another, too, as Lord Merton! mortification lent a helping hand to vexation.

Lorraine was Merton's friend. Pray, was it that which gave such pleasant piquancy to Emily's bitter and contemptuous denial of all wish for Merton's hand or heart? Certainly he had not remembered till then, what a pity that such a sweet creature should be so utterly thrown away. The human heart is like Pandora's box — only it is hatred, not hope, that lies curled up at the bottom. It is well we are little in the habit of analysing our common and passing sensations, — we should be horror-struck at our own quantity of hate.

The next day brought a letter from Mr. Arundel, — for the first time he urged his niece's return.

"I miss," said the letter, "your light step, and your dear smile, more and more every hour. You have many days of life before you, — I but a few. I can spare you no longer, dearest Emily. You are not happy, — none of your letters breathe the buoyant spirit of your age. The last of a house whose branches have dropt off one by one, — whose records are filled with those who died in their youth, — child of a brother in whom I once cherished all the active hopes I never indulged for myself, judge how precious you are in my sight. I must have you in my own care again, — I must have my child home."

Long and bitterly did Emily weep over this letter, — she started with horror from herself. Was it possible that she could feel the faintest wish for delay? She recalled the many happy hours she had passed among the old trees, or reading aloud to her uncle some book whose delight was too great to keep to herself, — she thought of favourite walks; but in the midst of all these recollections she found herself holding her breath to catch a distant sound of Lorraine's step, or a tone of his voice; and her heart sank cold and dead, when she remembered that *in a few days she* should listen for them in vain. It

was with a feeling of atonement she hurried her preparation and yet when the morning of departure came, it seem scarcely possible it could have come so soon.

No time passes so rapidly as that of painful expectancy, no hour arrives so soon as the one we dread. It was a mor ing of July rain — the dreariest of any, perhaps from co trast; we look for sunshine in summer — or because it wash away so many sweet flowers and bright leaves. Who, f example, can watch a tree covered with roses blown into fu beauty, and not regret, even to pain, the ravage of a hea shower on its branches — the growth of its year scattered a destroyed in a morning? But every rose in the garden mig have been destroyed before Emily had pitied them; — t eyes that are filled with tears look inwards. Physical miseri greatly add to the discomfort of mental ones. Madame Genlis represents one of her lovers as deploring the loss of h mistress and his feather-bed in a breath; and certainly ear rising increases the pang of separation, — the raw, damp a the headaching feel of lingering drowsiness, the cold coffe the hurry of sleepy servants; the science of human happ ness — and all is science now-a-days — is greatly in arrear, we should fix the middle of the day for farewells. Regret hopes, good wishes, &c. mingled together, — all regretted h departure. Mr. Delawarr handed her to the carriage; s leant forward, and caught Lorraine's parting bow; the ir gate swung to loudly and heavily, — like that of Dante, shut on hope.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

"Those first affections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day."

"Though nothing can bring back the hour,
We will grieve not — rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be —
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering —
In the faith that looks through death."

WORDSWORTH.

Of all passions, love is the most engrossing and the most superstitious. How often has a leaf, a star, a breath of wind, been held as an omen! It draws all things into somewhat of relation to itself: it is despotic, and jealous of all authority but its own: it bars the heart against the entrance of other feelings, and deems wandering thoughts its traitors. This empire, and even more than this, did it hold over Emily; yet for a moment its authority was lost, while old feelings and former affections came thronging in its place, as she caught the last red sunshine on the church windows, and saw the old avenue of lime trees, and the shady road, which wound through meadows where the hay was doubly sweet in the cool evening air. Familiar faces looked eagerly at the carriage as it drove rapidly by — it was soon in the avenue. Emily saw her uncle hurry down the steps — in another moment she was in his arms — a sense of security and sympathy came over her — tears, long restrained, burst forth; but the luxury of the moment's passionate weeping was interrupted by her aunt's eager and talkative welcome.

"We are so glad to see you — thought you were never coming home — tea is ready — thought you would like tea after your *journey* — *but* have something for supper, too — *you must want something* more substantial than tea."

It is curious how inseparable eating and kindness are wit some people. Mr. Arundel stopped a moment in the hall t look after the carriage, and Emily followed her aunt into th room.

"Don't you think him altered, my dear?"—Emily looke quite unconscious of her meaning—"your poor, dear uncle—sadly broken; but he would not let you be sent for. I hav had all the nursing; but he was resolved you should enjo yourself. You will find us very dull after London."

Emily sprang out of the room—her uncle stood in the hall—the light of the open door fell full upon him. Pale, emaciated speaking with evident difficulty, he looked, to use that com mon but expressive phrase, the picture of death. Her ver first thought was, I must not let him see how shocked I am.

With one strong effort, she rejoined her aunt — even Mrs Arundel was startled by her paleness. "Come, come, child," said she, forcing her to drink a glass of wine, "I can't hav you to nurse too. I dare say your uncle will soon be better he has missed you so — I couldn't go walking and readin about with him as you used to do. He will get into goo humour now. I think he fancies a great deal of his illness but you see he has been moped. Notwithstanding all I coul say, he would not hear hurrying you home."

He now came into the room, and drew his seat by Emily He talked so rejoicingly of her return, so gaily of her Londo campaign: but the cheerfulness was an effort, and the silenc into which they gradually sank was a relief to the party, ex cept Mrs. Arundel.

Affection exaggerates its own offences; and in her per petual self-reproaches for her absence, Emily never remem bered that she could not really consider herself to blame fo what she could neither foresee nor prevent; all that she dwel upon was, that she had been, as her aunt expressed it, awa and enjoying herself, while her dear, her kind uncle, had bee ill and solitary. How vividly did she picture to herself hi lonely walks, the unbroken solitude of his study! — no one t read aloud his favourite passages, or replace his scattere books! She gave a furtive glance at the chess-table — th little ivory men seemed not to have been moved since thei *last game*. She was in a fair way of persuading herself tha all his altered looks were to be ascribed to her absence.

What eager resolutions did she make of leaving him no more! How attentive she would be — how watch his every glance! She would prevail on him to walk — he must get better with all her care. How youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties! She only looked on his pale face to read recovery. She now broke silence as suddenly as she had sank into it. Convinced that he required amusement, she exerted herself to the utmost to afford it; but her spirits fell to see how completely the exertion of listening seemed to exhaust him; and when he urged her to go to bed early, on the plea that she must be tired with her journey, she perceived too plainly it was to prevent her observation of his extreme weakness.

Emily went to bed, and cried herself to sleep; but she woke early. It is like waking in a new world, the waking in the morning — any morning, after an entire change of place: it seems almost impossible we can be quite awake. Slowly she looked at the large old-fashioned bed, with its flowered curtains — she recognised the huge mantel-piece, where the four seasons were carved in wood — she knew her own dressing-table, with its mirror set in silver; a weight hung on her mind — she felt a reluctance to waken thoroughly. Suddenly she recalled last night — her uncle's evident illness flashed upon her memory — and she sprang as hastily from her pillow as if his recovery depended on her rising.

It was scarcely six o'clock, but she dressed; and, stepping softly by her uncle's door — for all in his room was profoundly quiet — she bent her steps towards the garden; and, with that natural feeling of interest towards what is our own, she turned towards the part which, marked by a hedge of the wild rose, had always been called hers. It was at some little distance: in younger days, it had been given as a reward and inducement for exercise — for Emily in winter preferred her own little niche by the fireside, or in summer a seat by her favourite window, where she had only to put out her hand and bring back a rose, to all the running and walking that ever improved constitution or complexion; and though Mr. Arundel was never able to imbue her with a very decided taste for weeding, watering, &c., still, the garden, connected as it was with his kindness and approval, became a sufficient motive for exertion; and our fair gardener bestowed a degree of pains

and industry on the culture of her flowers, for the s
shewing her uncle the care she took of what he gave he
not even an aloe on the verge of flowering — those rar
soms it takes a century to produce, but only a sum
destroy — would have obtained for its own sake.

Nothing is so ingenious in its thousand ways and m
affection. As she passed along the various paths, son
of neglect struck her forcibly — not but that all was i
order as did full credit to the gardener — but her accu
eye missed much of former taste and selection. The pr
of luxuriant creepers were twisted and clipped, with a
rity that would have done honour to any nursery g
There were more rare, and fewer beautiful flowers th
merly; and, thanks to the sunflowers and marigolds,
was the predominant colour. It was a relief to turn i
shadowy walk of the thick yews' unbroken green, which
her own portion of the shrubbery.

In a former age, this walk had been the pride of the
—each side being a row of heathen gods and goddesses.
piter with his eagle, Juno with her peacock, Time wi
sithe, had much outgrown their original proportions; s
outline remained, and to Emily these relics of sylvan st
seemed like old friends: but the air grew very fragra
another turn brought her to her own garden. There, a
she traced her uncle — not one of her favourites had be
gotten; and never had the purple and perfumed growth
heliotrope — that sanctuary of odour — been so lux
while the bed of the rich crimson clove pink was like
the spice islands, the very Manilla of the garden.

"You see, Miss Emily," said the gardener, "we d
forget you. Master always would come here; but he h
been round our garden these three weeks. Indeed, m
took no pleasure in nothing after you went. Why,
Emily, you look almost as bad as he does. Well, th
London is a sad place: nothing will thrive there."

For the first time in his life, the old gardener turne
without waiting for his accustomed gossip with the youn
tress, with whom he was very indignant for her sojo
town, — winter he could have forgiven, but a summer i
don! — every successive growth of flowers that passed by
out Emily's seeing and praising them added to the deep

her offence. A few words of compliment to his dahlias would have melted away his anger; but her silence and non-observance of a plat where the campanella had been so carefully trained in capital letters forming her name,—this was too much, and he stalked off in one of those fits of dudgeon, the dearest privilege of an old and indulged servant. However, before he reached the next walk, his anger softened into pity, and he went on muttering,—

"Poor thing—poor thing; she's thinking of her uncle. Well, well,—she won't have him long to think of, poor child. He took no pleasure in nothing after she went."

These words rang in her ears. She sat down on a little garden-seat, and wept long and bitterly. The self-reproach of a sensitive and affectionate temper is of the most refined and exaggerating nature. Unmixed grief requires and seeks solitude—its unbroken indulgence is its enjoyment; but that which is mingled with remorse, involuntarily shrinks from itself,—it wants consolation—it desires to hear some other voice extenuate its faults,—and even while disowning and denying the offered excuse, it is comforted.

It was this feeling that, as Mr. Morton's house in the distance caught Emily's eye, made her turn her steps towards it. Early as it was, she knew that its being the Sabbath would ensure his having risen; he was an old kind friend,—she would hear what he thought of her uncle's state, and return before she could be wanted for breakfast.

A winding walk through the shrubbery brought her to the little wicket which opened on the fields through which she had to pass. The first field was one of those spots which seem dedicated to peace and beauty: it had lately been mown, and the thick young grass was only broken by an occasional patch of the lilac-coloured clover. Perhaps, in times long passed, it had been part of a park, for it was as beautifully wooded as the choicest plantation, and with a regularity which was like the remains of an avenue—and older and finer beeches were not in the country; while the field itself was surrounded by a hazel hedge, the slight boughs now weighed down by light green tufts of the nuts. A narrow path skirted the side next the road, but it was little worn,—the nuts even on the lowest branches were ungathered; for, calm and beautiful as was the

place, it was haunted with one of those evil memories which cling like a curse.

Two young men were travelling this road, bound by that early friendship which is one of the strongest of human ties; the one going down to marry the sister of his friend,—the other to witness his happiness. They stopped for a night at the little inn in the town; they supped in the most exuberant spirits — that contagious mirth which to see is to share; they had their jest on the waiter and for the landlady; they pledged the landlord in the best china bowl, which they said had never held such punch before — the green parlour rang with their laughter: suddenly their voices were heard in loud debate, —then the tones were lower, but harsher; this was succeeded by entire silence. They separated for the night, each to their several rooms; but the bowl of punch was left almost untouched. Next morning their rooms were both empty, though in each was their travelling bag and portmanteau, and the purse of the darker one, containing some guineas, was left on the dressing-table. Their places had been taken in the mail which passed that morning; but they were no where to be found. At length, half scared out of his very small senses, a boy came running to the inn, with intelligence that a gentleman was lying murdered in the beech-tree field: all hurried to the spot, where they found the younger of the two stretched on the ground — a pistol, which had been discharged, in his hand. The cause of his death was soon ascertained — he had been shot directly through the heart: at a little distance they found another pistol, discharged also, and the track of steps through the long grass to the high road, where all trace was lost. In the trunk of a beech, opposite to the deceased, a bullet was found, evidently the one from his pistol. No doubt remained that a duel had been fought; and letters were found on the body, which shewed that the young men were the only sons of two distinguished families in the adjacent county. The one who was to have been married had fallen; of the survivor no tidings were ever heard, and the cause of their quarrel remained, like his fate, in impenetrable obscurity.

Enough of murder, and mystery, which always seems to double the crime it hides, was in this brief and tragic story to lay upon the beautiful but fatal field the memory of blood

The country people always avoided the place; and some chance having deposited the seeds of a crimson polyanthus, which had taken to the soil and flourished, universal was the belief that the blood had coloured the primroses; and the rich growth of the flowers served to add to the legendary horrors of one of the most lovely spots in the world.

The history attached to it could not but recur to Emily as she passed, and her heart sank within her—not with fear, but at the thought, how much of misery there was in the world; and why should she be spared amid such general allotment? Often had she imagined the wretchedness which so suddenly overwhelmed two families—the despair of that young bride; but never came they so vividly before her as now. Fear and sorrow are the sources of sympathy; the misfortunes of others come home to those who are anticipating their own. She quickened her steps to gain the next field—a green sunny slope leading directly to the vicarage, which was also covered with sunshine: a blessing rested upon it; it was close by the church—one of Norman architecture—whose square tower was entirely hidden by the luxuriant growth of ivy. The church was visible, but not the churchyard, so that the eye rested on the sign of faith and hope, without the melancholy shew of human suffering and death which surrounded it. The scene looked so cheerful!—the small white house overgrown with jessamine, more rich, however, in green than in bloom, the leaves overshadowing the flowers, the more delicate for their rarity; the garden, whose gay-coloured beds were now distinct; the quiet of the Sunday morning, only broken by the musical murmuring of the trees,—all was cheerfulness; and with one of those sudden changes outward impulses so mysteriously produce, Emily stepped lightly into the little garden. The old man was seated by the window, which opened to the ground, reading, and she was at his side before he raised his eyes.

"My dear Emily, this is kind."

"Say selfish, rather," almost sobbed his visitor, for the tone of his voice recalled her uncle, and with that came the full tide of recollection and remorse. Mr. Morton also remembered—what had been forgotten in the first pleasure of seeing his young favourite—all he had purposed of comfort. He took her hand, and kindly led her into the breakfast-

room; he opened the Bible, and pointed to one passage—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" Emily read the passage like a death-warrant, and burst into passionate reproaches for having left her uncle.

Mr. Morton had been overruled, not convinced, by the tenderness which had kept her in ignorance, to be expiated by such bitter after-suffering. He knew Emily, and he felt it would have been more real kindness to have recalled her—it mattered not from what: any thing of pleasure sacrificed would have been a consolation. He did not attempt to give her false hopes—he said little of the ignorance which had kept her away—but he dwelt on what she had still to do—the affectionate care which her uncle was yet able to enjoy and appreciate. "You must not suffer Mr. Arundel to be much by himself: that sunny terrace was just made for an invalid, and your arm will often tempt him to a walk. My sweet Emily, restraint on your own feelings is the best proof of love to your uncle."

Few more words passed, and Emily turned homewards. Hope is the prophet of youth—young eyes will always look forwards. Mr. Morton had spoken of exercise and attention—they might work miracles: the bright, beautiful summer—surely its influence must be genial! She looked with so much reliance on the thousand indications of existence around her—the murmur of the distant village—all its varying sounds, its voices, its steps—all blent into that one low musical echo which is, nevertheless, such certain sign of human neighbourhood. Every bough had its bird—every blossom its bee—the long grass was filled with myriads of insects. Amid so much of life, how difficult to believe in death! One loss teaches us to expect another, but Emily was unfamiliar with the realities of death: there was no vacant place in the small circle of her affections—she had never yet lost a friend.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Arundel were in the breakfast-room and her aunt's shrill, dry voice was very audible. "Well there is no advising some people to their good: Mrs. Clark told me, she knew three persons cured of exactly your complaint, by taking a raw egg before breakfast."

"The remedy, my dear, was worse than the disease," said *Mr. Arundel,* turning away with an inward loathing from the

yellow liquid, which, ever since Mrs. Clarke's call, had been duly presented every morning.

"Men are so obstinate; but I shall beat it up in your tea—I can't have the egg wasted: or, there's Emily—I dare say it's very good for her."

Emily's preference of coffee, however, rendered this little plan for her good of no avail; so Mrs. Arundel, after a running fire of muttered remarks on some people's obstinacy, and other people's not knowing what was good for them, ended by eating the egg herself. Indeed, as she afterwards observed to her friend Mrs. Clarke, "she wanted strengthening quite as much as any of them." In truth, poor Mr. Arundel had suffered a complete martyrdom of remedies: ground-ivy tea, hartshorn jelly, rhubarb biscuits, &c. were only a few of the many infallibles that had nearly driven the complaisant apothecary out of his smiles, and Mr. Arundel out of his senses.

Though it was Sunday, Mrs. Arundel had always some household arrangements to make; and for the next half hour—excepting that twice every thing in the room had to be moved to look for her keys, which all the while were in her own pocket—Emily and her uncle were left to the uninterrupted enjoyment of conversation, whose expression was affection, and whose material was confidence. Ah! how pleasant it is to talk when it would be impossible to say whether speaking or listening is the greatest pleasure. Still, Mr. Arundel saw, and saw with regret, that Emily returned not home the same as she went. The narrative of the young carries its hearer along by its own buoyancy—by the gladness which is contagious; but Emily's recital was in the spirit of another age—there lay a fund of bitterness at her heart, which vented itself in sarcasm; she spoke more truly, more coldly of pleasures than suited her few years—surely, it was too soon for her to speak of their vexation and vanity.

But the bustle and hurry which always preceded Mrs. Arundel's going to church—for which she was always too late—put an end to their conversation, and they hurried across the fields—her aunt only interrupting her account of how tiresome it was that Mr. Arundel would take nothing that did him any good, and of what a deal of trouble she had had with him, by incessant inquiries if Emily could hear the bell, which, near as they were to the church, no one

could avoid hearing, if it were going. Most of the congregation were seated before they arrived, and Emily had no time to look round for familiar faces, ere Mr. Morton's deep sweet voice impressed even the most thoughtless of his listeners with somewhat of his own earnest attention.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted," may be said in many senses, but in none so truly as in a religious one. It is our own weakness that makes us seek for support —it is the sadness of earth that makes us look up to heaven. Fervently and confidingly did Emily pray that day; and who shall say that such prayers are vain? They may not be granted; but their faith has strengthened the soul, and their hope is left behind: and if the feelings of this world did intrude on her devotion, they were purified and exalted by thoughts of the world to come.

Amid the many signs of that immortality of which our nature is so conscious, none has the certainty, the conviction, of affection: we feel that love, which is stronger and better than life, was made to outlast it. In the memory that survives the lost and the dear, we have mute evidence of a power over the grave: and religion, while it holds forth the assurance of a blessed re-union, is acknowledged and answered from our own heart. We stand beside the tomb, but we look beyond it—and sorrow is as the angel that sits at the gates of heaven.

Many kindly greetings awaited Emily in the churchyard—the more cordial, perhaps, that the givers were inferiors; for, with the exception of the apothecary's lady, who was thinking that Miss Arundel, just from London, ought not to have come to church in a large straw-bonnet; Mrs. Smith was one of those quick-eyed persons who take a pattern, or something like it, at a glance;—and the lawyer's feminine representative, an expansive and comely dame—one who looked little accustomed to act, still less to think, but with the scarlet-shawled (it was July), silk-bonneted air of one well to do in the world —and truly, as the husbands of these ladies could have witnessed, those have a thriving harvest who reap from human sickness and sin;—with these exceptions, the whole congregation belonged to the order of the respectable rather than the genteel—though that word now is so ramified in its branches as to include far more than our most speculative ancestors

ever dreamed of in their philosophy. But those now assembled decidedly belonged to what a patriot from the hustings would call "that inestimable class of individuals"—or, as Goldsmith entitles them, "their country's pride"—from which we beg leave to differ—"the peasantry."

Not that we are in the least detracting from a body of people whose honesty and industry we are most ready to acknowledge when we find them; but thinking as we do, that the watchword of the day, "amelioration," could never be better put into action than for the benefit of this very class—when we consider the want—and want is the parent of more crime than even idleness, that root of all evil, as our copy-books assure us—the ignorance, often almost brutality—the discontent, so sadly justified by toil, so unredeemed by ought of higher hope—the mornings of hard work—the weekly evenings of dispute—and the Sabbath evening of drunkenness;—truly, a country which considers such a race as "her pride," is deplorably in want of something to be proud of. Let any one who indulges in such mischievous (we say mischievous, where these reveries take the place of remedies) visions of rural felicity, spend a week in the house of any country justice. The innocence of the country is very much like its health—a sort of refuge for the destitute: the poet talks of its innocence, from not knowing where else to place it—and the physician of its health, sending thither his incurable patients, that they may at least not die under his hands.

Few now assembled but had a remembrance of some of those thousand little kindlinesses which daily occur in the common intercourse of life. How often had her intercession been asked and obtained! Not a cottage but she had been in the habit of visiting. And who does not know that notice is often more gratefully remembered than service?—the one flatters, the other only obliges us. All the children crowded round with mingled impressions of joy and fear, according as memories of gingerbread or the Catechism prevailed; for Emily had taken much delight—perhaps a little pride—in her school. Sancho Panza says, it is pleasant to govern, though only a flock of sheep. Mrs. Arundel, however, hurried home—the popularity of another requires strong nerves!—not but that she herself was kind in her own way, and charitable too; *but the difference* was this—the aunt gave and *scolded, the niece gave* and smiled.

Mr. Arundel had lain down some time. Mrs. Arundel remained in the parlour with the medical and legal ladies—she for news, they for luncheon—while Emily stole softly to her uncle's room. Though the light fell full on his face, he was asleep—a calm, beautiful, renovating sleep—and Emily sat down by the bedside. The love which bends over the sleeping is, save in its sorrow, like the love which bends over the dead—so deep, so solemn! Suddenly he opened his eyes, but without any thing of the starting return to consciousness with which people generally awake—perhaps her appearance harmonised with his dream. Without speaking, but with a look of extreme fondness, he took her hand, and still holding it, slept again.

Emily felt the clasp tighten and tighten, till the rigidity was almost painful: she had drawn the curtains, lest the sun, now come round to that side of the house, should shine too powerfully; a strange awe stole over her in the gloom; she could scarcely, in its present position, discern her uncle's face, and she feared to move. The grasp grew tighter, but the hand that held hers colder; his breathing had all along been low, but now it was inaudible. Gently she bent her face over his; unintentionally—for she dreaded to awaken him—her lips touched his; there was no breath to be either heard or felt, and the mouth was like ice. With a sudden, a desperate effort, she freed her hand, from which her uncle's instantly dropped on the bedside, with a noise, slight indeed, but, to her ears, like thunder; she flung open the curtains—again the light came full into the room—and looked on a face which both those who have not, and those who have before seen, alike know to be the face of death.

CHAPTER II.

"And the presence of death was in the house, and the shadows of the grave rested upon it."

"You had far better, Emily, go to bed, and take a little hot wine and water — the nurse can sit up. What," in a lower tone, "is she here for?"

"I cannot — indeed I cannot," was the answer.

"Well, you always were obstinate;" and Mrs. Arundel took her own advice, viz. the hot wine and water, and the going to bed, leaving Emily to that sad and solemn watch the living keep by the dead.

A week had now elapsed; and let even the most indifferent — those linked to the dead by no ties of love or kindred — say what such a week is. The darkened windows — the empty rooms, whose very furniture looks unfamiliar in the dim, excluded light — the stealthy steps, the whispering voices — faces with a strange, because necessary, gravity—and, whether it be those bowed down with real affliction, or those whose only feeling can be the general awe of death, all differing from their ordinary selves. And, with one of life's most usual, yet most painful contrasts — while the persons are so much changed, yet the things remain the same. The favourite chair, never to be filled again by its late occupier — the vacant place at table — a picture, perhaps now with more of life than its original — the thousand trifles that recall some taste or habit — and all these things so much more deeply felt when no long illness has already thrown events out of their usual circle, already broken in upon all old accustomed ways. When he who is now departed was amongst us but yesterday — when there has been, as it were, but a step from the fireside to the deathbed — a surprise and a shock add to the sorrow which takes us so unawares. And then the common events that fill up the day in domestic life—the provision for the living made in the presence of the dead; in one room a dinner, in the other a coffin — that strange mixture of ordinary occurrence and unusual situation. And yet 'tis well: — make that week the gloomiest we can — exclude the glad daylight — silence the human voice and step — yet how soon, amid the after-hurry and selfishness of life, will that brief space of mourning be forgotten! There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief — there is little cause to fear we should feel too much.

It was nearly one o'clock when Emily began her solitary watch; and as the last sound died along the passage, her heart died within her too. Who shall account for the cold, creeping sensation that, in the depth of the night, steals over us? Who is there that has not felt that vague, but strong terror, which induces us — to use a childish, but expressive phrase — to hide our head under the bedclothes, as if there

was some appearance which to look for was to see? — when we ourselves could give no definite cause for our fear, which our reason at the very moment tells us is folly, and tells us so in vain.

Even grief gave way before this sensation in Emily. She had said to herself that she would pray by the dead — take a long, last gaze on features so dear; and now she was riveted to her chair by a creeping terror, perhaps worse for having no ostensible cause. The arm-chair where she sat seemed a protection; what did, what could she dread in moving from it? She knew not, but she did dread. Her sight seemed to fail her as she looked round the vast dim room: the old painted ceiling appeared a mass of moving and hideous faces — the huge faded red curtains had, as it were, some unnatural motion, as if some appalling shape were behind — and the coffin — the unclosed coffin — left unclosed at her earnest prayer — her limbs refused to bear her towards it, and her three hours' vigil passed in mute terror rather than affliction. Suddenly a shadow fell before her — and not if life had depended on its suppression, could Emily have checked the scream that rose to her lips: it was only the nurse, who, her own sleep over, was to share the few hours that yet remained. The relief of a human face — the sound of a human voice — Emily felt absolutely grateful for the old woman's company. It was oppressively hot, and the nurse, drawing back the heavy curtains, opened one of the windows. Though the shutters still remained closed, a gleam of daylight came warm and crimson through each chink and crevice — "and it has been light some time," thought Emily; and shame and regret, at having wasted in fear and folly hours so sacred, so precious, smote upon her inmost heart. Seated in an arm-chair, with her back to the light, her companion was soon again sleeping; and Emily, kneeling beside the coffin, looked for the last time on her uncle.

Deep as may be the regret, though the lost be the dearest, nay, the only tie that binds to earth, never did the most passionate grief give way to its emotion in the presence of the dead. Awe is stronger than sorrow: there is a calm, which, though we do not share, we dare not disturb: the chill of the *grave is* around them and us. — I have heard of the beauty of *the dead:* it existed in none that I have seen. The un-

natural blue tinge which predominates in the skin and lips; the eyes closed, but so evidently not in sleep — in rigidity, not repose; the set features, stern almost to reproof; the contraction, the drawn shrunk look about the nose and mouth; the ghastly thin hands, — Life, the animator, the beautifier— the marvel is not, how thou couldst depart, but how ever thou couldst animate this strange and fearful tenement. Is there one who has not at some time or other bent down — with that terrible mingling of affection and loathing impulse, each equally natural, each equally beyond our control — bent down to kiss the face of the dead? and who can ever forget the indefinable horror of that touch? — the coldness of snow, the hardness of marble felt in the depth of winter, are nothing to the chill which runs through the veins from the cold hard cheek, which yields no more to our touch: icy and immovable, it seems to repulse the caress in which it no longer has part.

Emily strove to pray; but her thoughts wandered in spite of every effort. Prayers for the dead we know are in vain; and prayers for ourselves seem so selfish. The first period is one of such mental confusion — fear, awe, grief, blending and confounding each other; we are, as it were, stunned by a great blow. Prayers and tears come afterwards.

She was roused from her reverie by words whose sense she comprehended not, but mechanically she obeyed the nurse, who led her into the adjoining room. It was her uncle's dressing closet, and his clothes were all scattered about. There is no wretchedness like the sight of these ordinary and common objects — that these frail, worthless garments should thus outlast their wearer! But the noise in the next room became distinct — heavy steps, suppressed but unfamiliar — a clink as of workman's tools — and then the harsh grating sounds: they were screwing down the coffin. She threw herself on her knees; she buried her head in the cushions of the chair in vain; her sense of hearing was acute to agony; every blow struck upon her heart; but the stillness that followed was even worse. She rushed into the next room: it was empty — the coffin was gone! The sound of wheels, unnoticed till now, echoed from the paved court-yard — the windows only looked towards the garden; but the voices of strangers, from whose very thought she shrank, prevented her stirring. Slowly one coach after *another drove off*; she held her breath to catch the

last sound of the wheels. All in a few minutes was silen like that of the grave to which they were journeying.

Emily suddenly remembered that one of the windows co manded a turn in the road. She opened it just in time to the last black coach wind slowly through the boughs, so gre so sunny: that, too, past — and Emily sunk back, as if conviction had but just reached her, that her uncle was ind dead!

CHAPTER III.

"He seem'd
To common lookers-on like one who dream'd
Of idleness in groves Elysian. Ah, well-a-day!
Why should our young Endymion pine away?"
KEATS.

"The fateful day pass'd by; and then there came
Another and another."—MARCIAN COLONNA.

"Do you know this Lord Etheringhame, of whom I he such romantic histories?" said Adelaide Merton to h brother.

"Not I. There's devilish good shooting in his wood but they say he won't let a creature come near his grounds he can't bear to see any body.

"How very interesting!"

"A great fool."

"It is a noble place."

"He is not married, Adelaide."

"Do you know," said the lady, reining her horse closer her brother's, with whom, *faute de mieux*, she was ridin "I have taken a strange whim into my head? Now, Alfre do let us contrive an introduction to this most unsociat gentleman. I am dying of *ennui* at my uncle's, and it wou be quite an adventure."

"You are mighty clever — always were, in managing yo own matters—not so stupid as you think me. What do y want with Lord Etheringhame?"

"Want with him! Nothing but the pleasure of doi *what* nobody else could — gaining admittance into this i *hospitable* castle."

"Fine shooting," again muttered Lord Merton; "and if I knew Lord Etheringhame, he might ask me to shoot over his grounds."

Campbell talks of the magic of a name — yes, if the name be partridges.

"Well, Adelaide; but how do you mean to contrive it?"

"The very elements conspire for me," replied Adelaide, pointing to two or three raindrops on her habit. "We are now in the only permitted road of the Park; but young people are very thoughtless. These fine old trees, a good point of view, tempt us to diverge — we take this road," turning her horse into one closely shaded by beech: "this, after a few more turns, brings us to a kind of pavilion. By that time — I do like showery weather — yonder black cloud will oblige us with its contents. You insist on my taking shelter in the pavilion: there we find Lord Etheringhame. We are distressed beyond measure at the intrusion — so surprised at finding him there. Talk of my delicate health: your romantic gentlemen have a great idea of delicacy. Leave the rest to me."

"Be sure you turn the conversation on shooting."

But the rain, which now began to fall in good earnest, somewhat hurried their proceedings. A smart gallop brought them to the pavilion. A gallop always puts people in a good humour; and Merton helped his sister to dismount more amiably than she expected.

They entered; and, sure enough, there was Lord Etheringhame. The intelligence of that purveyor of ringlets and reports, her maid, was true, that here he usually spent his mornings. Apologies, and assurances that apologies were needless — exclamations at the weather, filled up the first ten minutes.

The surprise was something of a shock; but people may be frightened into their wits as well as out of them; and the necessity for exertion usually brings with it the power — and really Lord Etheringhame succeeded wonderfully well. Conversation became quite animated; the beauty of the scenery led to painting; painting to poetry. It was singular how well they agreed. It was very true Adelaide had read little more than the title-page of the works they talked about; but where a person is predetermined to acquiesce comparative

criticism is particularly easy. Perhaps his constitutional timidity had done more towards banishing Etheringhame from society than his melancholy; perhaps that shame attendant on change of opinion, however justifiable, (we hate to contradict ourselves, it is so rude,) also supported the claims of a seclusion which had long been somewhat wearisome: but here time had not been given him for thick-coming fancies—and he found himself talking, nay, laughing, with a very lovely creature, and secretly asking himself, where was the embarrassment of it?

But neither showers nor any other means of human felicity, ever last. The clouds broke away, and the sun shone most provokingly in at the windows—a fact instantly stated by Lord Merton, who was getting very tired of a conversation which as yet had not turned on his sort of game.

Adelaide was too scientific to prolong her stay: she had made her impression, and never had she looked more lovely. The slight, finely turned shape was seen to advantage in the close habit; its dark colour was in good contrast to a cheek flushed into the purest and most brilliant crimson by exercise; while her bright hair, relaxed by the rain, hung down in that half-curled state, perhaps its most becoming. A lingering hope of the covies gave unusal animation to her brother's manner, when he hoped their acquaintance was only begun: here Adelaide interposed:

"Mamma would be so delighted to offer her thanks. I am such a spoiled child, that every thing is of consequence. You do not know what an important thing a cold of mine is. But really we are such quiet people, I am afraid to ask you where there is so little inducement, unless"—and here she laughed one of those sweet frank laughs of childish reliance—"unless you come to see ourselves."

What could a gentleman say but yes—"such quiet people," "only ourselves?" Why, a refusal would be downright rude: nothing like putting a person under an obligation of doing what they wish. Our recluse said, "He must do himself the honour of inquiring if Lady Adelaide had taken cold."

Off they rode, and left a blank behind. Etheringhame took up a book, and thought how much pleasanter it was to *talk than to read*. He walked out—looked at his watch—*wondered it* was not later—wished dinner were ready; in

ıort, was in that most uncomfortable situation — of a young ntleman who has nothing to do: went to bed, and spent a stless night.

"Very well managed," said Adelaide, as they rode that orning away from the pavilion.

"I am sure," rejoined Merton, "I would not have gone in ıt for your promise about the shooting. Not a word did ıu say, though: — you won't find it so easy to take me in ain."

"Wait a little, my good brother, and when those manors e at my feet, you shall shoot over them till you have killed rtridges enow for a pyramid."

A single "humph" — much the same sort of reply as the rine made to the lady in love with him — was the fraternal ıswer; and they proceeded homewards.

With all the pleasant consciousness of meritorious endeavour ıd successful pursuit, did Adelaide hasten to her mother's essing-room, which only that very morning had been the ene of most ungracious recrimination, — the daughter comaining bitterly of a summer of life's most important, *i. e.* ost marriageable time, being wasted in a neighbourhood hose only resemblance to heaven was, that there was neither arrying nor giving in marriage, — there was not so much as widower in the county. Certainly, her uncle Mr. Stanmore's sidence, where they were upon a visit, had but a poor perective for a young lady with speculation in her eyes. The other, in return, eloquent on the folly of flirtation, and the volvement of debt — said Edward Lorraine might have been cured — and the parties had separated in sullen silence.

Lady Lauriston was therefore proportionably surprised to e the young lady re-enter, all smiles, eagerness, and apoloes. Her adventures were soon recounted — plans formed — ıd assistance promised. Lord Etheringhame's noble descent ıd nobler fortune rose in vivid perspective.

The next morning Lady Adelaide was surprised by her visitor her harp. The open window and the figure were quite a cture — and Algernon had an eye for the picturesque. The ıuntess, however, only allowed time for effect, and entered. ınversation was soon pleasantly and easily begun. Nothing e feminine facilities for discourse; and with little talent d *less information,* — but with a tact, which, commenced

by interest and sharpened by use, stood in lieu of both,—Lady Lauriston was a woman with whom it would be as wearisome to talk as it would be to perambulate long a straight gravel walk and neatly arranged flowers; but the first approach was easy—nay, even inviting. Lady Adelaide was what the French term *spirituelle*—one of those epithets which, like their *bijouterie* and *souvenirs*, are so neatly turned. Both saw at a glance that the common topics of the day would have reduced Algernon to silence;—he could take no part where he was so profoundly ignorant. Each, therefore, aided the other in guiding the dialogue to general subjects of taste, blent with a little tone of sentiment.

Imperceptibly the morning slipped away. Mr. Stanmore came in. Lady Lauriston confessed the early hours they kept. Dinner was just ready, and Lord Etheringhame staid; and after, when the gentlemen were left to their wine *tête-à-tête*—for Merton was from home—the uncle unconsciously forwarded all their plans. A plain, good man, whose kindness was the only obstacle to his shrewdness, and who, if sometimes wrong in his judgment, was only so from leaning to the favourable side, Mr. Stanmore was rejoiced to see his neighbour, though but for a day, leave a seclusion which very much militated against the ideas of one whose utility was of the most active description. A man of less warmth of heart might have been too indifferent—one of more refinement too delicate—to touch on Lord Etheringhame's habits. A kindly intention is often the best eloquence; and whether the prosperity of an argument, like that of a jest, lies in the ear of him who hears, certainly Mr. Stanmore had not his arguments so frequently followed by conviction. But the repose of our recluse had lately been broken in upon by divers and vexatious complaints. Grievances to be redressed, leases to be renewed, and a few plain facts of the mismanagement and even misconduct of those around him, stated by an eye-witness, brought forcibly forward the evil of his indolent solitude. Hitherto he had consoled himself by that most mischievous of axioms—It hurts no one but myself. He was now obliged to acknowledge that it injured others also;—and when Mr. Stanmore proposed a ride round a part of the estate now in sad and wasteful disorder, it met with ready acquiescence from his guest.

The evening passed delightfully. Adelaide soon found that

talking of his brother was a great source of pride and pleasure to Algernon, in whom she forthwith expressed great interest, but of the most subdued and quiet kind. The avowal that a gentleman is a young man whom every one must admire, never implies any very peculiar admiration on the part of the speaker; still, the acquaintance was a bond of union between them. The character that Adelaide was now supporting was one of unbroken spirits and natural vivacity, with an under-tone of deep feeling which as yet had never been called forth. The liveliness was on the principle of contrast — the feeling on that of sympathy. For a love affair, a mixture of the two is perfect. Love is at once the best temptation for a hermit, and the best cure for a misanthrope.

All the evening he thought her most fascinating; but when, on his departure, both Mr. Stanmore and Lady Lauriston pressed the renewal of his visit, she looked towards him with a sweet, sudden glance of hope — and then dropped her eyes with such an exquisite mixture of eagerness and embarrassment, he felt she was quite irresistible. Vanity is love's visier, and often more powerful than his master.

Lord Etheringhame rode home slowly and musingly. A thousand delicious sensations quickened the beating of his pulses; — a beautiful face floated before him — a delicate voice sounded, fairy-like, in his ear; all of imagination which had lain dormant sprang up again — like colours in a painting brought from some dusty corner into a clear, bright light.

We talk of the folly of dreams — the waking and the vain — we should rather envy their happiness: — analyse their materials — foresee their end — and what remains? Vanity and vexation of spirit.

Much it would have added to Lord Etheringhame's enjoyment, could he have known that his feelings were being calculated upon by a beautiful coquette and a match-making mother; that it was his castle that was more matter of conquest than himself; and that his family diamonds were his fair mistress's only idea of domestic felicity!

Oh, Life! — the wearisome, the vexatious — whose pleasures are either placed beyond our reach, or within it when we no longer desire them — when youth toils for the riches, age may possess but *not enjoy*; — where we trust to friendship, *one light word may* destroy; or to love, that dies even

of itself;—where we talk of glory, philosophical, literary, military, political—die, or, what is much more, live for it—and this coveted possession dwells in the consent of men of whom no two agree about it. First, let us take it in its philosophical point of view: the philosopher turns from his food by day, his sleep by night, to leave a theory of truth to the world, which the next age discovers to be a falsehood. Ptolemy perhaps bestowed as much thought on, and had as much pride in his solar system as Galileo.—Then in its literary, and truly this example is particularly encouraging: the poet feeds the fever in his veins—works himself up to the belief of imaginary sorrows, till they are even as his own—writes, polishes, publishes—appeals first to a generous and discriminating public, then discovers that posterity is much more generous, and discriminating also—and bequeaths his works to its judgment. Of the hundred volumes entitled "The British Poets," are there one dozen names "familiar as household words" (that true glory of the poet) among them?—Come we next to the military: the conqueror Alexander, in the danger and hurry of a night attack, when the flash of the sword and the glitter of the spear were the chief lights of the dark wave, dashed fearlessly on, encouraging himself with the thought, "This do I for your applause, oh Athenians!" It would be very pleasant to the warrior, could he hear the Athenians of our age call him a madman and a butcher!—The politician—oh, Job! the devil should have made you prime minister—set the Tories to impeach your religion, the Whigs your patriotism—placed a couple of Sunday newspapers before you—he certainly would have succeeded in making you curse and swear too; and then posterity—it will just be a mooted point for future historians, whether you were the saviour, the betrayer, or the tyrant of your country, those being the three choice epitaphs kept for the especial use of patriots in power.

Or—to descend to the ordinary ranks and routine of life—we furnish a house, that our friends may cry out on our extravagance or bad taste;—we give dinners, that our guests may hereafter find fault with our cook or our cellar;—we give parties, that three parts of the company may rail at their *stupidity;*—we dress, that our acquaintance may revenge *themselves* on our silks, by finding fault with our appearance;

— we marry; if well, it was interest — if badly, it was insanity; — we die, and even that is our own fault; if we had but done so and so, or gone to Dr. such a one, the accident would not have happened. A man accepts a bill for his friend, who pays it — the obligation is held trifling. "What's in a name?" He fails — you have to pay it, and every one cries out against your folly. Oh, Life! what enables us to surmount your obstacles — to endure your disappointments — to believe your promises — but your illusions?

There is a pretty German story of a blind man, who, even under such a misfortune, was happy — happy in a wife whom he passionately loved: her voice was sweet and low, and he gave her credit for that beauty which (he had been a painter) was the object of his idolatry. A physician came, and, curing the disease, restored the husband to light, which he chiefly valued, as it would enable him to gaze on the lovely features of his wife. He looks, and sees a face hideous in ugliness! He is restored to sight, but his happiness is over. Is not this our own history? Our cruel physician is Experience.

Lord Etheringhame, however, was enjoying himself. No illusions are so perfect as those of love — none, therefore, so pleasant. Like most imaginative people, Algernon was very susceptible to beauty. Perhaps it is with that attribute they so profusely endow their creations, and it comes to them with the charm of familiarity. And also, like most indolent people, he easily yielded to any impression: his character may be summed up by saying, he would have made an exquisite woman.

In the course of a few weeks the surprise excited in his household was raised to its height; for the housekeeper had orders to prepare a luncheon for a party coming to see the castle. The day arrived, and with it Lady Lauriston and her daughter. Enough had been heard of its history, to know that the study would be rather awkward as a show-room in company; but a *tête-a-tête* is so confidential. With a little of mamma's assistance, Adelaide contrived to separate from the others, enter the room alone, and Lord Etheringhame was obliged to follow. "Constancy till death" is a common motto on glass seals — very proper substance for such an inscription; and before the picture of his late love, Algernon offered *his vows to the new*. Sympathy and confidence open

the heart wonderfully; and Adelaide left that room the future Countess of Etheringhame.

Lady Lauriston was astonished and affected, after the most approved fashion. Mr. Stanmore was really surprised; and having some idea that it was a man's duty to marry, (he had had two wives himself,) was very ready with his rejoicings and congratulations, which Lady Lauriston diverted most ingeniously from the lover, whose nerves she still considered in a most delicate state.

One disagreeable part of the business remained for Algernon, which was to write to his brother. Change of opinion is like waltzing — very much the fashion, and very proper; but the English have so many ridiculous prejudices, that they really do both as if they were doing something very wrong.

It is to be doubted whether Lord Etheringhame, after destroying some dozen sheets of paper, and pens the produce of a whole flock of geese, would not almost sooner have renounced his beautiful bride, than have had his letter to write — only that the former alternative was now the greater trouble of the two.

"After all," said the unwilling writer, "I am only doing what Edward himself advised. I wish I had not been quite so positive when he was last here."

All who hate letter-writing, particularly on disagreeable subjects, can sympathise with Lord Etheringhame. It is very pleasant to follow one's inclinations; but, unfortunately, we cannot follow them all. They are like the teeth sown by Cadmus; they spring up, get in each other's way, and fight.

The letter was at length written and despatched; — then, as usual, came the after-thoughts of a thousand things left unsaid, or that might have been said so much better. Algernon started up; — man and horse were hurried after the epistle; — but time, tide, and post, wait for no one; — it was off by the mail.

Well, an obstinate temper is very disagreeable, particularly in a wife; a passionate one very shocking in a child; but, for one's own particular comfort, Heaven help the possessor of an irresolute one! Its day of hesitation — its night of repentance — the mischief it does — the miseries it feels! — its proprietor may well exclaim, "Nobody can tell what I suffer but *myself!*"

CHAPTER IV.

"Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn, with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases; and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves."
"You can go no whither, but you tread upon a dead man's bones."
JEREMY TAYLOR.

In all the slowness of sorrow, in all the weariness of monotony, had the last few months worn away: Emily recovered from regretting her uncle only to find how much she missed him. It is a wretched thing to pass one's life among those utterly incapable of appreciating us; upon whom our sense or our sentiment, our wit or our affection, are equally thrown away: people who make some unreal and distorted picture of us — say it is our likeness, and act accordingly.

After the first grief, or rather fright, of Mr. Arundel's death, and when broad hems and deep crape-falls had been sufficiently discussed to have induced an uninitiated person to believe that people really died to oblige others to wear bombasin, Mrs. Arundel went back to her ordinary avocations — small savings and domestic inspections. To her the putting out of an extra candle, or detecting an unfortunate housemaid letting a sweetheart into the kitchen, were positive enjoyments. Intended by nature for a housekeeper, it was her misfortune, not her fault, that she was the mistress. She was one of those who, having no internal, are entirely thrown upon external resources: they must be amused and employed by the eye or the ear, and that in a small way. She never read — news was her only idea of conversation. As she often observed, "she had no notion of talking about what neither concerned herself nor her neighbours." Without being vulgar in her manners — that, early and accustomed habits forbade — she was vulgar in her mind. She had always some small, mean motive to ascribe to every action, and invariably judged the worst and took the most unfavourable view of whatever debateable subject came before her. Like most silly people, she was selfish; and the constant fear of being over-reached, sometimes gave a degree of shrewdness to her apprehensions. Your weak animals are almost always cunning; and when any event, however improbable, *justified suspicions*, perhaps quite unjustifiable in the

onset, then great was her small triumph — that ovation of th little mind: to borrow again one of her own favourite expre sions, "Well, well, I don't set up for being so over cleve I 'm none of your bookish people: but, thank Heaven, I ha plenty of common sense" — as if common sense were occ sioned by the mere absence of higher qualities!

The secret of Mrs. Arundel's character was, that she w a very vain woman, and had never had her vanity gratifie As an only child, she had enjoyed every indulgence b flattery. Her father and mother had been, after the fashi of their day, rather literary: the lady piqued herself up writing such clever letters; and the gentleman had mai tained a correspondence with the Gentleman's Magazin touching the reign to which two brass candlesticks in t parish church belonged; which important and interesting di cussion arrived at every thing but a conclusion.

Her deficiency in, and disinclination to, all kinds of litera pursuits—the utter impossibility of making the young id shoot in any direction at all, occasioned such accomplish parents to undervalue, if possible, Mrs. Arundel's understan ing. In short, as her mother justly observed, in a ve clever letter to Mrs. Denbigh, her corresponding friend, "s was just fit to be married." And married she was, thanks the affinities of landed property!

To prettiness—even with her most becoming cap, or h most indulgent mirror, she could make no pretension. H ambition had hitherto been confined to being the best wives,—so she scolded the servants—opened no book but h book of receipts—made soup without meat—decocted co slips, parsneps, currants, and gooseberries, which, if not go wine, were very tolerable vinegar—bought bargains, for whi no possible use could afterwards be found—worried her hu band with petty economy, and yet contrived to combine this with a very handsome share of personal expense; and to her accounts, they would have puzzled the calculating b himself.

While Mr. Arundel lived, the innate respectability of l character communicated itself in a degree to hers. Natura of quiet and retired habits, the seclusion of his library, *first a refuge*, soon became a necessity. At home he had *society*; his wife's conversation was made up of small co

plaints, or smaller gossip; his health was too delicate, his tastes too refined, for the run of county sports and county dinners—he was therefore thrown much upon his own resources, and his books became, what Cicero emphatically calls them, his friends and companions. But though they employed, they did not absorb; and he early saw the propriety of a check on many domestic theories, equally destructive of credit and comfort; and little manœuvres to avoid his disapprobation, or conceal from his knowledge, were the grand employment of his lady's most abstruse faculties; so that if Emily missed his society, Mrs. Arundel still more missed his authority.

The delightful feeling of opposition—obstinacy is the heroism of little minds—was past; she had, however, found a great resource in the society of a Mrs. Clarke. That perfect knowledge of our neighbours—which, in spite of the selfishness ascribed to human nature, is always so much more interesting than our own—only to be obtained by personal inspection, from which Mrs. Arundel was, in her present early stage of widowhood, debarred, was supplied by this invaluable friend, with all the poetry of memory.

Pleasant was the sound of Mrs. Clarke's clogs deposited in the hall—a whole host of circumstantial details, inferences, and deductions, waited thereupon; or when the Doctor could be induced to stir out of an evening by the overpowering temptation of "my dear, poor Mrs. Arundel is all alone: it would be but kind if we stepped in to see how she is."

"All alone, indeed! Hasn't she got her niece?"

"Ah! that puts me in mind that Miss Emily was saying you owed her her revenge at chess."

"Did you tell cook to put by the leg of the turkey, to be deviled for my supper?"

"Talking of supper, poor Mrs. Arundel would keep a pheasant, sent yesterday, for our supper to-night. I can assure you she quite relied on our coming; and, to tell you the truth, I did not refuse. I am always glad when you go to the Hall—that old Port wine of poor dear Mr. Arundel's is quite a medicine to you."

"Well, as you say, poor thing! she is very lonely—I don't care if we do go; though Miss Emily is not much company, except to play chess."

Evening after evening was thus passed away—poor Emily tied to the chess-board with an adversary who seemed to look upon her as a machine to move the pieces, with which he could be cross when beaten; while the two ladies discussed such circumstantial evidence as the day had collected, and communicated their various fancies founded on the said facts. Can it be wondered at that Emily's thoughts would wander from scenes like these? Thoughts rarely wander without an object; and that object once found, they fix there with all the intensity which any thing of sentiment acquires in solitude or idleness.

Absence is a trial whose result is often fatal to love; but there are two sorts of absence. I would not advise a lover to stake his fortune or his feelings on the faith of the mistress whose absence is one of flattery, amusement, and that variety of objects so destructive to the predominance of one—at least not to trust an incipient attachment to such an ordeal; but he may safely trust absence which is passed in loneliness, where the heart, thrown upon itself, finds its resource in that most imaginative faculty—memory. The merits of that lover must be small indeed, whom a few lonely walks, the mind filled with those dreaming thoughts which haunt the favourite path in the shrubbery, or under the old trees of the avenue; a few evenings passed singing those songs he once heard; or during a chain of those romantic plans which occupy the thoughts while the fingers are busy with lacework or satin-stitch needlework—why, a love dream has no greater assistant;—again I say, a lover must have few merits indeed, whom a few such mornings and evenings do not raise into a standard of perfection; and till, from thinking how happy one might be with him, it seems next to an impossibility to be happy without him.

Every girl has a natural fancy for enacting the heroine—and, generally speaking, a very harmless fancy it is, after all. Certainly, the image of Lorraine was very often present to Emily. Occupation she had none but what she made for herself—objects of affection, none; and her uncle's death gave a shade of sadness to her sentiments, the best calculated for making them indelible; while the worst of her present *mode of life*—especially to one so imaginative, and whose *feelings*, though so timid, were so keen—was, that it passed

in indolent melancholy, too likely to become habitual. One consequence of her recent loss was, that any return of gay spirits seemed—as it ever seems at first to grief—sacrilege to the memory of the dead; whereas the remembrance of Lorraine was so unallied to hope, that the sadness of her love was meet companion for the sorrow of her affection.

A long melancholy winter passed away, and Emily looked quite pale, and thin enough to justify her aunt's frequent and pleasant predictions, that she was either in a consumption or in love; both which were duly ascribed to her London visit. Mrs. Arundel recommended warm milk from the cow; and Mrs. Clarke turned in her mind the advantages of another lover.

Mrs. Arundel's lacteal plan came to nothing. Emily was "as obstinate as her poor dear uncle," and could never be persuaded or coaxed to rise on a raw cold morning — not for all the benefits of the milky way. Mrs. Clarke's sentimental system had its consequences.

It was one of those bright soft mornings,

"Like angel visits, few and far between,"

when spring and sunshine take February by surprise — when one faint tinge of green is seen on the southern side of the hedge — when every little garden has its few golden crocuses, and the shrubbery is overrun with thousands of snow-drops — the fair slight flower which so looks its name — that Emily was passing through the little wood, whose old trees and huge branches in winter gave warmth, as in summer they gave shade. The clear blue sky peering through the boughs — the sunshine reflected from the silvery stems of the birch — an occasional green old laurel, whose size was the only mark of its age — the warm air, — all seemed to bid a cheerful farewell to winter; and Emily loitered on her homeward path, lost in visionary creations, which perhaps took an unconscious brightness from the glad influences of sun and air — when her reverie was broken in upon by a strange step and voice. "The pleasure I feel at seeing Miss Arundel again will perhaps prove my excuse for thus trespassing on her solitary meditations." A primrose kid glove put aside the branches, a breath of perfume *aux milles fleurs* came upon the air, and a very good-looking cavalier stepped forward; though, what with pre-*occupation, surprise,* and actual forgetfulness, it was some

minutes before she recalled the identity of the stranger with that of Mr. Boyne Sillery.

Now this recognition was any thing but pleasant. In the first place, he had broken in upon the pleasures of hope — his interruption had destroyed a most fair and fairy castle; secondly, he was connected with any thing but the pleasures of memory. The conversation at Howell and James's rose to her mind — the knowledge of which, however, was not sufficiently flattering for her to display it; a civil answer was therefore necessary, though, it must be owned, the civility was chilling enough.

Mr. Boyne Sillery was, however, not to be deterred — though his companion was not inclined to talk, he was. He enlarged on the beauty of the country, ventured to hint that his fair companion looked somewhat paler than in London, apropos to which he recounted some deaths, marriages, and fashions, which had taken place since her departure; when, suddenly, Emily thanked him for his escort, muttered something about her aunt's not being at home, and disappeared through the little gate of the shrubbery.

With what eyes of shame does a young lady look back to a flirtation of which she was heartily tired! That evening she lingered somewhat longer than usual in her own apartment, despite of divers summonings down stairs, when, what was her surprise, on entering the room, to see her aunt, Mrs. Clarke, and Mr. Boyne Sillery, seated, in apparently high good-humour, round the tea-table. Mrs. Clarke immediately bustled up, and left room for Emily between herself and the gentleman, whom she introduced as her brother; and, taking it for granted that the young people must make themselves agreeable to each other, forthwith directed her conversation entirely to Mrs. Arundel.

The young people, however, were not quite so agreeable as one of the party, at least, could have wished. Emily's coldness was neither to be animated by news nor softened by flattery: since Mrs. Danvers's ball, her taste had been sufficiently cultivated to see through the pretensions of affectation: moreover, she was past the season of innocent entire belief; and the thought would cross her mind, that the heiress of *Arundel Hall* was a more important person in Mr. Boyne *Sillery's eyes* than Lady Alicia's pretty protégée.

The evening passed heavily, and Emily extinguished her candle that night in the conviction that an equal extinguisher had been put on Mr. Boyne Sillery's hopes, and, she could not help adding, his sister's too, from whose fertile brain she conceived that the plan of capture, or, at least, the information of the heiress, had emanated. She was not far wrong there.

Mrs. Clarke was one whose whole life had been a practical illustration of the doctrines of utility. The eldest daughter of a large family, with neither fortune, nor face meant to be one, Miss Sillery could not, at thirty, recollect a single opportunity which she had ever had of escaping the care of her mother's keys and her younger sisters. She had been saving and sensible to no purpose—in vain had the maternal side of the house eulogised her prudence, or the paternal her cookery—the house she was to manage with such perfection was not yet hers. However, as some Arabic poet says,

"The driest desert has its spring;"

or, as our own language less elegantly expresses it,

"Luck knocks once at every man's door;"

and the knock at Miss Sillery's door, and the spring in her desert, came in the shape of the Rev. Dr. Clarke; of whom little can be said, except that he was a lucky clergyman with two livings, who had the appetite of a glutton with the daintiness of a *gourmet*, and who had once, in a fit of delight at a haunch of venison done to a turn, narrowly escaped marrying the cook, when he fortunately remembered it would spoil her for her situation.

Distantly related to the Silleries, he paused there for a night on a journey—he hated sleeping at inns, the beds were so often damp; and they received him with that glad respect which poor relations pay to their rich ones. At dinner he was very much struck with the gravy to the wild ducks; a college pudding forced from him an inquiry: both were made by Miss Sillery. Some potted larks next morning completed the business: he finished the jar, and made her an offer, which was received with all the thankfulness due to unexpected benefits.

Henry VIII. rewarded the compounder of a pudding which pleased his *palate by the gift* of a monastery; Dr. Clarke did

more—he gave himself. To say the truth, the marriage had turned out as well as marriages commonly do: she was fortunate in having a house to manage, and he in having a wife to scold; and certainly their dinners were as near perfect felicity as earthly enjoyments usually are.

Now it so happened that Francis was Mrs. Clarke's favourite: whether from having seen the least of him, or from the great difference between them—two common causes of liking—or because she felt some sort of vanity in her near relationship to so very fine a gentleman, are points too curious to be decided by any but a metaphysician. However, having his interest at heart, and some idea that his fortune must and ought to be made by marriage, she had sent the invitation and intelligence which led to Emily's meeting so interesting a companion in her morning's walk.

To be sure, the *tête-à-tête* to which Mrs. Clarke's good management had that evening consigned them had been rather a silent one; still, as it never entered the elder lady's head that such a nice young man could fail to be a very Cæsar of the affections—to come, see, and conquer—she only remarked, as they walked home, "a poor stupid thing—but never mind, Frank, she'll make the better wife;" and forthwith she commenced enumerating a series of divers alterations and reformations (now-a-days, we believe, the one word is synonymous with the other), which were to take place when her brother was master of Arundel Hall.

There never was woman yet who had not some outlet for disinterested affection. Mrs. Clarke was as worldly in a small way as a country lady could be, and possessed as much selfishness as ever moral essay ascribed to a fashionable one; and yet her desire for her brother's success was as entirely dictated by sincere and uncalculating attachment to him as ever was that of heroine of romance who prays for her lover's happiness with her rival.

Mr. Boyne Sillery did not interrupt her: a plan, in which, as Byron says,

> "The images of things
> Were dimly struggling into light,"

now floated before him, but in which it was something too premature to expect her co-operation—indeed, her absolute *opinion* was to be feared.

The next day a severe cold confined her to the house, with which piece of information he was duly despatched to the Hall: apparently, he found his visit pleasant, for he only reappeared at dinner-time, and then not till the Doctor had finished his first slice of mutton. The Doctor never waited—the warmth of a joint, like the warmth of a poet's first idea, was too precious to be lost. This system of never waiting was equally good for his constitution and his temper; so that Mr. Sillery's late entrance only produced pity, and a recommendation for a hot plate, as the gravy was getting quite cold.

He was sent again the next day, to ask Mrs. and Miss Arundel to dinner. But Emily's excuse could not be gainsayed — she had that morning received news of the death of Lady Alicia Delawarr. At all times this would have been a shock—but now, how forcibly did it recall her uncle! Two deaths in a few short months! — the grave became familiar only to seem more terrible.

Lady Alicia's summons was awfully sudden. She had returned from the opera, seemingly in perfect health: as she crossed the hall, Mr. Delawarr was entering his library; he stopped a moment, and fastened on her beautiful arm an exquisite cameo. To Delawarr his wife was a species of idol, on which he delighted to lavish offerings: perhaps her calm, placid temper suited best with his feverish and ambitious life; what to another would have been insipidity was to him repose. As usual, on entering the drawing-room she sank into an arm-chair, when, missing her shawl, which she had dropped while holding out her hand for the bracelet, she desired her maid to fetch it, as she was cold. On the attendant's return, which was delayed by some trifling accident, she was surprised to see that her lady's head had fallen on one side, and one hand had dropped nearly to the ground, her weight supported only by the arm of the chair: she hurried forward, and the first look on the face was enough—it was deadly pale, and the features set, as if by some sudden contraction.

Assistance was soon procured — but in vain; and Mr. Delawarr, who had himself been the first to enter, and had carried her to the sofa in her dressing-room, heard the physician pronounce that to be death, where there had been no thought of even danger. There she lay—so quiet, and looking so beautiful—*for, to a face* whose outline was perfect as a statue,

the repose of utter stillness rather added to than diminished its beauty — the rich hair ornamented with gold flowers — the diamond necklace, catching the various colours of the room, and casting them on the neck — the slender fingers, so cold, so stiff, but glistening with gems — the crimson dress, whose contrast now seemed so unnatural to the skin, which had the cold whiteness of marble; and, as if every mockery of life were to be assembled round the dead, a large glass opposite reflected her whole face and figure — while a canary, to which she had lately taken a fancy, awakened by the light and noise, filled the room with his loud and cheerful song. The bird effected what no entreaties could effect: Mr. Delawarr started from the ground, where he was kneeling beside the body, as if insensible to the presence of every one, and hurried to his library. He locked the door, and no one that night ventured to disturb him.

To say that Emily felt very passionate grief would be untrue; but her heart was softened by her own recent loss, though her regret was scarcely powerful enough to prevent the thought, that with Lady Alicia was lost the only link between herself and Lorraine. But the hopelessness of her attachment gave it a species of elevation; and love, driven from one place of refuge to another, only made an altar of the last.

There was something odd that day about Mrs. Arundel which very much puzzled Mrs. Clarke — surely her friend had put on a little rouge; and hair, on whose curl evident pains had been bestowed, took off much of the precision of the widow's cap; moreover, there was a flutter in her manner — a little girlish laugh — less interest than usual was taken in the news of the village — no allusion was made to poor dear Mr. Arundel — and there was that fidgety mysterious air which seems to say, there is a secret longing to be told. There were two reasons why it was not told — first, Mrs. Arundel was not quite sure whether she really had a secret to tell; and, secondly, what with hoarseness, headach, and water-gruel, Mrs. Clarke was not in the best possible condition for cross questioning.

Well, a fortnight passed by, during which that lady did not *see Mrs.* Arundel, when her principles received a shock by *the astounding* news that Miss Barr, the glass of fashion, the

milliner of the adjacent town, had sent to the Hall two caps —not widow's caps, but, as the young person, who called on her way home, said, "such light tasty things;" and a servant who had been there with a message brought back word that one of these "light tasty things" was actually on Mrs. Arundel's head.

Now, Mrs. Clarke was one of those to whom caps and crape were the very morality of mourning—she was not the only one, by the by, with whom propriety stands for principle,—and this deviation of her friend at first excited surprise, then softened into sorrow, and finally roused into anger —which anger, under the name of opinion, she forthwith set out to vent on the offender, after having bestowed a portion of it on her husband, who encountering her, cold, cloak, and all, had raised her indignation by not being so much astonished as herself, and calmly replying,

"Well, my dear, this said cap—I dare-say she is setting it at your brother."

If there be two things in the world—to use a common domestic expression—enough to provoke a saint, it is, first to have your husband not enter into your feelings—(your feelings sound so much better than your temper)—and, in the second place, laughing at them. Now, Dr. Clarke's not regarding a widow's conduct in leaving off her cap as absolutely immoral, was not very tenable ground, for men are not supposed to know much about such matters; but this allusion to Boyne was a very respectable outlet for resentment.

"Her brother, indeed, to marry such an old woman! She was very much deceived if there were not younger ones who would be glad to get him; and really she did not think Dr. Clarke was at all justified in speaking so lightly of Mrs. Arundel—she could not bear such ill-natured insinuations."

Amid a shower of similar sentences, the Doctor escaped, and his lady proceeded on her way.

People in general little know how much they are indebted to those matrimonial discussions. Many a storm has fallen softly on the offender's head, from a part having been previously expended on a husband or wife,—it is so convenient to have somebody at hand to be angry with;—and whether it was the quarrel with her husband, or the walk, that did Mrs. Clarke good, she certainly arrived at the Hall in a

better humour than could have been expected. She was
at the door by Emily, whose slight confusion at encounte
her was immediately interpreted mysteriously and favoural
and when the young lady evidently hesitated as she said,
have left my aunt and Mr. Sillery in the breakfast-roo
Mrs. Clarke was very near congratulating her future sis
who, however, disappeared too rapidly.

She found Mrs. Arundel in a lace cap, and a dress—bl
it is true, but black silk! Had she bade farewell to
senses, decency, and bombasin together? All those deli
inquiries were, however, postponed by the presence of
brother; but, as we say poetically, "her thoughts were
great for utterance;" conversation languished; and but
discussing the merits of some black-currant jam, which
been sent for, as Mrs. Clarke seemed hoarse, it would h
sunk into silence.

The visit was short and embarrassed; and she was scar
out of the house, before severe animadversions were pou
forth, on Mrs. Arundel's most improper dress, to Mr. Bc
Sillery, her companion home.

"Why, you see, my dear sister, it is quite unnecessary
a lady to lament one husband who is meditating tal
another."

"Stuff!—you are just as silly as the doctor: I should
to see who would put such nonsense into her head."

"I am glad you would like to see the individual—for,
dear Elizabeth, he is now walking with you."

"Why, you have never been so silly as to advise he
marry?"

"Indeed I have most strongly advised it."

"Good Lord! don't you know that her fortune is a
her own disposal, and would certainly go to Miss Emil
her death?"

"I do not see any reason why I should be so carefu
Miss Emily's interests: I freely confess I prefer my own.

"Don't you see they are all one? Mrs. Arundel's p
perty will be a very pretty windfall when you have l
married a few years—not but that Emily has a hands
fortune—still, I don't see any necessity for being so di
terested: and pray, who has the foolish woman taken
her head?"

"Her choice will, I flatter myself, at least please you, as I myself am the fortunate man."

"I do beg you will not be so provoking—I am not in a humour for a joke."

"Joke, my dear sister?—marriage is a very serious piece of business."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to marry Mrs. Arundel?"

"Indeed I do. Now, to speak plainly—as I ought to do to a woman of sense like yourself—I am in debt over head and ears. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Miss Arundel has some silly fancy of her own: I remember she and Lord Merton flirted desperately. Besides, to tell you the truth, in town I rather slighted her: women are d——d unforgiving. I like the aunt quite as well as I do the niece; her fortune is at her own disposal, and your brother may as well benefit by it as another—I shall make her an excellent husband."

Surprise is the only power that works miracles now-a-days; it fairly silenced Mrs. Clarke for full five minutes. Vexation at what she thought her brother's throwing himself away—mortification beforehand at her husband—for Dr. Clarke had a love for ponderous and orthodox jokes, whose edge had worn off by long use—anger at Emily, whom she considered the cause of all this—wonder at Mrs. Arundel—together with a gradual awakening to the pecuniary advantages of the match—all crossed and jostled her mind at once. At last she gasped out—"Are you sure Mrs. Arundel will have you?"

"I suppose so. I made her an offer this morning, which she accepted."

True enough: for the last fortnight he had been a constant visitor at the Hall; and Emily, who naturally supposed she was the object of his attraction, gave his visits only one thought, and that was, how to avoid them. Lady Alicia's death had, even more than usual, thrown her among her own reflections: once or twice, to be sure, her maid had said, "Lord, miss, you see if your aunt does not run away with your beau!"

A young man, in the country, is always disposed of, whether with or *without* his consent; and Emily considered it *quite in the common* course of things that Mr. Sillery should

be set down to her account; and as for the remark about he aunt, she held it to be an impertinence which it would b wrong to encourage by even listening to such an absurdity.

One morning, however, entering the breakfast-room rathe suddenly, to her surprise she saw her aunt and Mr. Siller seated, her hand in his, while he was speaking with gres earnestness. Retreat she could not, without being perceive —and she stood one moment in all the embarrassment of inde cision; when Mr. Sillery, who had seen her enter, rose—and before she could speak, led her forward, and with the utmos coolness entreated her to plead for him. "Yes, dear Mis Arundel, join your persuasions with mine—implore our kin friend to make me the happiest of men."

This was really too good; and Emily hurried from th room. At the door she encountered Mrs. Clarke; and th late conversation proved that the gentleman needed no elo quence but his own.

The next meeting between Emily and her aunt was awkwar enough. Emily could not but feel how little respect had bee shown to her uncle's memory. Of course, she saw throug and despised Mr. Sillery's mercenary motives; but equall saw that remonstrance would be vain. Mrs. Arundel, lik most people who have done a silly thing, was rather ashame to confess it, and yet glad to have it come out — we judge c others by ourselves — and had screwed her courage up fo taunts and reproaches; and when Emily indulged in neithe but only quietly and distantly alluded to the subject, she fel rather grateful to her than otherwise.

At the vicarage—for Dr. Clarke's parish lay close enough t be always disputing with its neighbour about boundaries an paupers — at the vicarage the disclosure was made. Afte dinner, the Doctor was in high good humour at what h called his penetration — joked Mr. Boyne Sillery — was, o at least did his best to be, witty about widows — and reall did remember a prodigious number of jests, respectable a least for their antiquity. Mrs. Clarke comforted herself b the moral reflection of, "Money is every thing in this worl and giving vent to her spleen by an occasional sneer; Mr. Sillery bore it all with a tolerably good grace, and n tated how soon he should be able to manage a separation.

In a few days the news was whispered through th

Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret. One made one remark, and another made another;—some said, "how shameful!"—others, "how silly!"—but the sum total of all their remarks seemed to be the old proverb, "No fool like an old one!"

CHAPTER V.

"Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see, too sure,
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on."
BYRON.

We shall find her such an acquisition to our circle.
Common Country Expression.

It is said, when things come to the worst, they mend. General assertions, like general truths, are not always applicable to individual cases; and though Fortune's wheel is generally on the turn, sometimes when it gets into the mud, it sticks there. However, the present case is confirmatory of the good old rule; for Emily's situation was on the point of being greatly altered, by one of those slight circumstances which are the small hinges on which the ponderous gates of futurity turn.

The entrance to Fonthill—that truly cloud-capt palace, so fantastic and so transitory—was by two stupendous doors, which seemed to defy the strength of giants. A black dwarf came, and opened them at a touch: the mighty doors revolved on some small spring. These portals are the seemingly insuperable difficulties and obstacles of life, and the dwarf is the small and insignificant circumstance which enables us to pass through them.

A severe shower in the park, which wetted Frank Mandeville to the skin, gave him cold, and in a few weeks reduced the beautiful and delicate child to a skeleton. Half the doctors in London were summoned; Lady Mandeville never stirred from his bedside; when one of them said, "The child is being petted to death;—let him try his native air, run about, and don't let him eat till he is hungry."

His advice was followed. Norville Abbey, uninhabited since the first year of her marriage, was ordered to be prepared. Windows were opened, fires lighted, rooms dusted, the avenues cleared, the shrubbery weeded, with all the celerity of the rich and the wilful. Ah! money is the true Aladdin's lamp; and I have often thought the Bank of England is the mysterious roc's egg, whose movements are forbidden to mortal eye.

The village and the bells were alike set in motion; — the butcher and the baker talked of the patriotism of noblemen who resided on their estates, and went up to solicit orders; — Mrs. Clarke wondered whether her ladyship would visit in the country; — Mrs. Arundel simpered, and hinted "she daresayed some time hence they would be delightful neighbours;" — Emily said that Lady Mandeville, whom she had seen in London, was a very lovely woman, and thought no more about her — except, one day, when she heard a carriage drive into the court, to be out of the way — and once, when she caught sight of a strange shawl, to turn into another path; for she had gradually sunk into that sickly and depressed state of spirits which dreads change, and nervously shrinks from the sight of a stranger; — when, one morning, her path was fairly beset by two fairy-like children, and Lady Mandeville stepping forward, said, laughingly, "My prisoner, by all the articles of war; I shall not let you go without ransom." Escape was now impossible. They took the remainder of the walk together; and, her first embarrassment past, Emily was surprised, when they reached the little shrubbery-gate, to find the morning had passed so quickly.

The next day brought her the following note from Lady Mandeville: —

"In begging you, my dear Miss Arundel, to come to-day and dine with Lord Mandeville and myself, I only hold out, as your inducement, that a good action is its own reward. Hospitality is the virtue of the country; — do give me an opportunity of practising it. To be the third in a matrimonial *tête-à-tête* is, I confess, rather an alarming prospect; but we promise not to quarrel, and to make a great deal of yourself.

"So do oblige yours truly,

"Ellen Mandeville."

Lady Mandeville, even in London, where only to remember my body is an effort, had always liked Emily; and in the country, which her ladyship thought might be healthy, but that was all that could be said for it — such a companion would be inestimable; and, to do her justice, she had other and kinder motives. A week's residence had given her sufficient knowledge of the statistics of the county to pity Emily's situation very sincerely. She foresaw all the disagreeables of her foolish aunt's still more foolish marriage, to one especially who was so friendless and whose beauty and fortune seemed to be so singularly without their usual advantages.

Lady Mandeville was, like most affectionate tempers, hasty in her attachments. The person to whom she could be kind was always the person she liked, and was, moreover, the most perfect person possible. Perhaps there was a little authority in her affection — certainly it was a very creative faculty; and long before Emily came, her new friend had sketched out for her a most promising futurity — a brilliant marriage, &c. &c. &c.; nay, had communicated a portion to her husband, who, as usual, smiled, and said, "Very well, my dear; we shall see."

Whatever the future might be, the present was most delightful. It had been so long since Emily had spoken to any one capable of even comprehending a single idea, much less of entering into a single feeling, that conversation was like a new sense of existence.

How irksome, how wearying, to be doomed always to the society of those who are like people speaking different languages! It resembles travelling through the East, with a few phrases of *lingua franca* — just enough for the ordinary purposes of life — enow of words to communicate a want, but not to communicate a thought! Then, again, though it be sweet to sit in the dim twilight, singing the melancholy song whose words are the expression of our inmost soul, till we could weep as the echo of our own music, still it is also very pleasant to have our singing sometimes listened to. At all events, it was much more agreeable to hear Lord Mandeville say, "We must have that song again — it is one of my great favourites," than Mrs. *Arundel's* constant exclamation, "Well, I am so *sick of that piano!*"

One day led to another, till Emily passed the greate
her time at the Abbey. Her spirits regained some
their naturally buoyant tone, and she no longer belie
every body was sent into the world to be miserable.
Lorraine was forgotten. Often did she think, "Of w
is it to be loved or admired?—he knows nothing of i
often, after some gay prediction of Lady Mandeville'
sensation she was to produce next season, she would
the loneliness of her own chamber, over one remei
which distance, absence, and hopelessness seemed
render more dear.

"Is it possible," she often asked herself, "that I
same person who, last spring, fancied a visit to Lon
summit of earthly enjoyment? I remember how
beat while reading Mr. Delawarr's letter: what did
for? what did I expect?—no one positive object.
little it took then to give me pleasure!—how many
then took pleasure in, that are now, some indifferen
absolutely distasteful! I no longer read with the enjo
did: instead of identifying myself with the creatio
writer, I pause over particular passages—I apply the
they depict to my own feelings; and turn from thei
and gayer pages—they mock me with too strong a
I do not feel so kind as I did. I wonder how others
gratified with things that seem to me positively disa
I ought to like people more than I do. Alas! I look
to next year and London with disgust. I would
world to remain quiet and unmolested—to make my
like a silent shadow—and to think my own thoughts.
for nothing—I expect nothing."

Emily had yet to learn, that indifference is but a
the illusions of youth: there is a period in our life b
know that enjoyment is a necessity—that, if the swe
pleasure palls, the desire for it fades too—that empl
deepen into duties—and that, while we smile, ay, a
too, over the many vain dreams we have coloured,
many vain hopes we have cherished—a period of r
whose lassitude we have all felt:—this influence was n
Emily. She was young for such a feeling—and you
the knowledge more bitter.

"*I do not* think," said a welcome though unexpe-

tor, in the shape of Mr. Morland, "that Miss Arundel's roses are so blooming in the country as they were in town. Pray, young lady, what have you done with your allegiance to the house of Lancaster?"

"What!" exclaimed Lady Mandeville, "Mr. Morland among the rural philosophers, who talk of health as if it grew upon the hawthorns?"

"My dear Ellen," said her husband, who had his full share of love for the divers species of slaughtering,

"Whether in earth, in sea, in air,"

that make up the rustic code of gentlemanlike tastes, "I do wonder what you see in London to like."

"Every thing. I love perfumes: will you tell me the fragrant shower from my crystal flask of *bouquet de roi* is not equal to your rose, from which I inhale some half-dozen insects, and retain some dozen thorns? I love music: is not the delicate flute-like voice of Sontag equal at least to the rooks which scream by day, and the owls which hoot by night? Is not Howel and James's shop filled with all that human art can invent, or human taste display — *bijouterie* touched with present sentiment, or radiant with future triumph? Or your milliner's, where vanity is awakened but to be gratified, and every feminine feeling is called into action? Are not those objects of more interest than a field with three trees and a cow? And then for society — heaven defend me from localities, your highways and byways of conversation; where a squire, with a cast-iron and crimson countenance, details the covey of fourteen, out of which he killed five; or his lady, with the cotton velvet gown — her dinner-dress ever since she married — recounts the trouble she has with her servants, or remarks that it is a great shame — indeed, a sign of the ruin to which every thing is hastening — that all the farmers' daughters come to church in silk gowns; a thing which the Queen will not allow in the housemaids of Windsor Castle. Then the drives, where you see no carriage but your own — the walks, where you leave on every hedge a fragment of your dress. Deeply do I sympathise with the French Countess, who (doomed to the society of three maiden aunts, two uncles — one of the farming, the other of the shooting species — and a horde of *undistinguishable* cousins) said, when advised to

fish for her amusement, or knit for her employment, I have no taste for innocent pleasures.' "

"I do think," returned Mr. Morland, "that the c owes much of its merit to being unknown. The phil speaks of its happiness, the poet of its beauties, on tl reverse principle to Pope's: they should alter this lir say,

They best can paint them who have known them least.'

Still, the country is very pleasant sometimes. I do ı at all discontented just now," glancing first round the fast-table, and then to the scene without, which wa lovely enough to fix the glance that it caught.

Spring and Morning are ladies that owe half their to their portrait-painters. What are they in truth? mixture of snow that covers the fair earth, or thaws th it into mud — keen east winds, with their attendant coughs and colds — sunshine, which just looks enoug the window to put out the fire, and then leaves you the want of both. As for the other, what is it but grass, and an atmosphere of fog — to enjoy which, you rising makes you sick and tired the rest of the day? are the harsh and sallow realities of the red-lipped and cheeked divinities of the picture.

After all, the loveliness of Spring and Morning is lil of youth — the beauty of promise; beauty, perhaps, th precious to the soul. Campbell exquisitely says,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view:"

and let the heart be thankful from its inmost depths i imaginative and self-existent faculty which first lends er ment to the distance.

Spring, however, now and then gives us a beautiful to show, if she does make a promise, she has a stock (shine on hand wherewith to keep it. Such a day wa shining on Norville Abbey. The gray mist, which i such indescribable beauty to an English landscape, wa illuminated with the morning light, and hung round t rets a bright transparent mass of vapour, which you to expect would every moment clear away, like those wl *the valley* of St. John, opened and gave to view the enc

castle. They never did clear away — still it was something to have expected.

One side of the building was completely covered with ivy: it was like a gigantic bower; and the numerous windows where the branches had been pruned, seemed like vistas cut in the luxuriant foliage. The rest of the walls were stained and gray, carved with all varieties of ornament; flowers cut in the stone, the cross at every angle, the winged heads representing the cherubim — niches, where male and female saints stood in divers attitudes of prayer — and arched lattices, whose small glittering panes seemed too thankful for a sunbeam not to reflect it to the utmost. The imagination must have been cold, and the memory vacant indeed, which gazed unexcited on the venerable pile.

Religion was never more picturesque than in the ancient monastery. History, poetry, romance, have alike made it the shrine for their creations. The colour thrown over its remembrances is like the rich and purple hues the stained glass of the painted window flings on the monuments beneath.

The situation, too, was one of great natural beauty. At the back was a smooth turf, unbroken save by two gigantic cedars, stately as their native Lebanon, and shadowy as the winters they had braved. This sloped down to a large lake, where the image of the abbey lay as in a mirror—every turret, every arch, dim, softened, but distinct: beyond were fields covered with the luxuriant and rich-looking green of the young corn — for the park had not been preserved — till the varied outlines of undulating hedge, groups of old elms, distant meadows, and the verdant hills, were lost in the blue sky.

The view from the breakfast-room was of an utterly different and confined character. The thick growth of the fine old trees, and the unclipped shrubs, shut out all but the small portion of shrubbery, which was like one bright and blooming spot in a wilderness. The windows opened upon a broad terrace, against whose stone balustrade a few pots of early flowers were placed—not very rare, for the hothouse had been neglected; still there were some rose-trees, putting forth buds at least, some myrtles, some deep purple hyacinths. The steps led down into the garden, whose beds were rich in white and crimson daisies, *hepaticas*, and violets, whose breath per-

fumed the whole place. The turf was of that rich dar emerald which promises softness fit for the chariot of the fair queen; and, spreading his magnificent plumage in the sun shine, which brought out a thousand new colours, a peacoc stood gazing round, either for admiration, or with an Alexan der Selkirk-looking feeling, which said, "I am monarch o all I survey."

"I must say," observed Lord Mandeville, opening th window till the room seemed filled with fragrance and sun shine, "a street sacred to Macadam's dynasty of mud, an the blinds, brick, and smoke of our opposite neighbours, ar not quite equal to a scene like this."

> "On to the combat, say your worst;
> And foul fall him who flinches first!"

replied Lady Mandeville. "The exception proves the rule but there is such an argument in your favour, that for once will give up the dispute—but mind, it is not to be considere a precedent."

So saying, she stepped upon the terrace to meet a beautifi boy, who came, glowing and out of breath, to ask for brea for the peacock. In sober seriousness, there is more poetr than truth in the sweet poem of Allan Cunningham — th Town and Country Child: witness the cheerful voices of th rosy faces to be met with in the smallest street and close alley in London; but if an artist had wished for a model f the children so beautifully painted by the poet, Frank Mar deville — two months ago pale and languid, and now Fran Mandeville bright-eyed and cheerful — might fairly have s for both likenesses.

CHAPTER VI.

> "The schoolmaster is abroad."— BROUGHAM.
>
> "Now, be sure you learn your lesson, you tiresome child."
> *Juvenile Library.*

"THANK goodness, I am not a child," said Lady Mandevill *turning* over a collection of those juvenile tomes, which a *to make* the rising generation so much wiser than their gran

fathers or grandmothers—catechisms of conchology, geology, mathematical questions for infants, geography, astronomy; "the child may be 'father to the man;' but the said father must have had some trouble with his offspring."

"I often wonder," replied Lord Mandeville, "how I ever learnt to read; and to this day I sympathise with the child in the song, who says,

'The rule of three doth puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad.'"

"I cannot but think," rejoined Mr. Morland, "our present mode of education has too much of the forcing system in it. The forward child grows into the dogmatic youth, and it takes ten years of disappointment and mortification to undo the work of twenty. Nothing leads to such a false idea of self-importance as display. I dislike those railroads to information, because the labour of acquiring knowledge is even more valuable than the knowledge acquired. It is a great misfortune to children to be made of too much consequence."

"It seems to me," observed Lady Mandeville, "that we over-educate the memory, while the temper and the feelings are neglected, forgetting that the future will be governed much more by the affections than by the understanding. I would, both for his own happiness and that of those connected with him, a thousand times rather see Frank affectionate and generous, than like a little dictionary at my side for memory and correctness."

"Never tell me," said Lord Mandeville, "but that a child must be the better for reading anecdotes of generosity, kindliness, and self-devotion. It would give me more pleasure to have Frank's enthusiasm excited by such acts, than to hear him name every Roman emperor from Augustus to Constantine."

"I feel convinced that one of Miss Edgeworth's stories for children is worth all the questions and answers that ever made history easy, or geography light."

"Do you remember," said Emily, "a little story called the Rival Crusoes? I cannot describe the effect it took on Frank as I was reading it to him: but, if I may venture a remark among you higher authorities, it seems to me it gave him a *more touching lesson* against overbearing temper, and of

affectionate forgiveness, than all the advice in the world could have done."

"Her aunt," said Mr. Morland, "has the care of my Helen. My only injunctions were—educate her as little, and keep her a child as long as possible."

"And she is one of the sweetest girls I ever saw, because one of the most natural—loving birds, flowers, and fairy tales with a taste at once so simple and so refined; and, to make my confession, I do not like her the less for being a most lovely creature."

"I wonder," exclaimed Emily, "whether she still wears her hair in those beautiful natural ringlets?—they always put me in mind of that exquisite simile applied to Ellen Glanville, 'her curls seemed as if they had taken the sunbeams prisoners.'* When I last saw her she was very eloquent in praise of a certain tortoise-shell comb. Turning up the hair is the great step to womanhood in a girl's life."

"What admirable theories of education," observed Lord Mandeville, "one might erect; only who would ever have the patience to execute them? Our only consolation is, that, do what we will, circumstances will do still more."

"Yet those circumstances may, and ought to be modified: but a truce to our present discussion—for here come the letters."

O for some German philosopher, with the perseverance of the African travellers, who seem to make a point of conscience to die on their travels, not, though, till the said travels are properly interred in quartos—with their perseverance, and the imagination of a poet to examine into the doctrine of sympathies! And to begin with letters, in what consists the mysterious attraction no one will deny they possess? Why, when we neither expect, hope, nor even wish for one, and yet when they are brought, who does not feel disappointed to find there are none for them? and why, when opening the epistle would set the question at rest, do we persevere in looking at the direction, the seal, the shape, as if from them alone we could guess the contents? What a love of mystery and of vague expectance there is in the human heart!

In the mean time, Emily sat picking to pieces a rosebud, from the first deep crimson leaf to the delicate pink inside. Oh! that organ of destructiveness! She had gathered it only

* Pelham.

ı hour ago—a single solitary flower, where the shrubbery ıd run into too luxuriant a vegetation for much bloom—the ry Una of roses among the green leaves,

"Making a sunshine in the shady place;"

d now she was destroying it.

Suddenly Lord Mandeville, who had been lost in the columns the Times, exclaimed, "Why, the Lauristons' villa at wickenham is for sale. What can have induced them to part th it?"

"The Morning Post explains the mystery. Do let me read u the announcement of Lady Adelaide Merton's marriage."

A flush passed over Emily's face, bright as the red leaves e had been scattering round, and then left her cheek even ıiter than the hand on which it leant.

"I am surprised—I really thought it was to have been a ıtch between her and Mr. Lorraine: but, lo and behold! she s married his elder brother, Lord Etheringhame. But this ırriage of her last daughter accounts for the sale of the villa. ɔ one knew better than Lady Lauriston the advantage of a ıtance from town, to which a young cavalier could drive wn in an hour—dine *en famille*—spend an evening with the amusement but none of the restraint of a London party; d then the windows opened upon the lawn, and a warm ening often tempted a young couple to step out—and then ɔonlight, and that beautiful acacia walk, were terribly sen- ıental. That pretty garden has witnessed more than one er; but

'Othello's occupation's gone.'

hat will Lady Lauriston do without a daughter to marry? e really must advertise for one."

"I should have been very sorry had Lorraine married Lady lelaide Merton," said Mr. Morland; "yet I always felt his miration was

'The perfume and suppliance of a minute.'

: is too imaginative not to be attracted by beauty; but he ; a depth of feeling, a poetry of thought—no mere coquette uld ever satisfy."

"I do *not know* any one who better realises my idea of a

preux chevalier than Mr. Lorraine," replied Lady Mandeville. "He is so very handsome, to begin with; and there is a romantic tone about him, which, to its original merits of fine taste and elevated feelings, adds also that of being very uncommon."

"I never yet knew a woman who did not admire him," said Mr. Morland; "and I ascribe it greatly to a certain earnestness and energy in his character. You all universally like the qualities in which you yourselves are deficient: the more you indulge in that not exactly deceit, which, in its best sense, belongs to your sex, the more you appreciate and distinguish that which is true in the character of man. Moreover, Edward has a devotion of manner, which, every female takes as a compliment to herself; and a spirit of romantic enterprise, enough to turn your heads and hearts, like the love-charms of the Irish story-tellers."

"Why!" exclaimed Lord Mandeville, "you must have seen a great deal of him. How, Miss Arundel, did you ever withstand his fascinations?"

Most probably Emily did not hear this question; for she was in the act of opening the window, to walk on the terrace. Lady Mandeville alone caught sight of her face, coloured with the brightest carnation. What betraying things blushes are! Like sealing wax in the juvenile riddle, a blush "burns to keep a secret."

She turned into the most shadowy walk—one whose thick laurels shut out all but the green winding path below. She wished for no companion to break in upon her thoughts. We use the phrase, "too confused for happiness;" but I doubt whether that confusion be not our nearest approach to it in this life.

Involuntarily her light step quickened; and the buoyant pace with which she reached the end of the walk was in unison with the rapid flight fancy was taking over the future. Hope like an angel, had arisen in her heart; and every flower of the summer sprang up beneath its feet. Youth is the French count, who takes the Yorick of Sterne for that of Shakspeare: it combines better than it calculates—its wishes are prophecies of their own fulfilment.

To meet Lorraine again, with all the advantages she really possessed, and with Lady Mandeville to set those advantages

in a proper light—to have him not insensible to them—to be enabled to show the perfect disinterestedness of her attachment, from his brother's marriage—all these happy conclusions were, in her mind, the work of a moment. We build our castles on the golden sand;—the material is too rich to be durable.

From that day a visible change passed over Emily. She played with the children as usual; but now it was as if she entered herself into the enjoyment she gave them. Still, she was sometimes abstracted and thoughtful; but now, instead of a look of weariness and dejection, she started from her fit of absence with a beautiful flush of confusion and pleasure; and the subject of the next spring, from which she had hitherto shrunk, was now entered into with all the eagerness of anticipation.

"How much Miss Arundel is improved!" said Lord Mandeville. "I do not know whether our coming here has done Frank or herself most good."

Lady Mandeville only smiled.

CHAPTER VII.

Marriage and hanging go by destiny.—*Old Proverb.*

Every street in London was Macadamizing—every shop was selling bargains;—the pale pink, blue, and primrose ribands were making one effort for final sale, before the purples and crimsons of winter set in. Women in black gowns, and drab-coloured shawls hung upon their shoulders as if they were pegs in a passage—men in coats something between a great-coat and a frock—strings of hackney-coaches which moved not—stages which drove along with an empty, rattling sound—and carts laden with huge stones, now filled Piccadilly. All the windows, that is to say all of any pretensions, had their shutters closed, excepting here and there an open parlour one, where the old woman left in care of the house sat for her amusement.

Every thing bespoke the season of one of those migratory disorders, which, at certain periods, depopulate London. Still, one mansion, which the time ought to have unpeopled, was evidently inhabited; and in one of its rooms—small, but

luxurious enough for a sultana in the Arabian Nights, or a young gentleman of the present day—were seated two persons in earnest conversation.

After a time, one of them—it was Mr. Delawarr—rose and left the room, saying, "I own the truth of your remarks—it makes good the observation that a bystander sees more of the game than those who are playing;—and now let me remind you of the assistance you can render me! that will be a more powerful motive than all I could urge of your own ambition and advancement."

Lorraine rose, and paced the room in an excited and anxious mood: he felt conscious of his own great powers, and of the many advantages he possessed for bringing them into action. But pleasures are always most delightful when we look back upon, or forward to them: and he felt an indolent reluctance to turn from the voice of the charmer—charm she never so wisely—and assume those enduring habits of industry and energy which are as much required as even talent in an Englishman's public career. He only wanted the influence of a more powerful motive than the theoretic conviction of the excellence of such exertion; but the necessity was even now on its road.

Noon and the post arrived together; and they brought that letter which had given Lord Etheringhame such trouble in its composition, announcing his engagement with Lady Adelaide Merton. Lorraine was as completely taken by surprise as it was well possible for a gentleman to be. His brother's marriage had long ceased to enter into his calculations; but if it were possible for any human being to be without one grain of selfishness in his composition, Edward Lorraine was that being; and his first vague astonishment over, his next feeling was to rejoice over an event so certain to restore his brother's mind to a more healthy tone—to recall him to his place in society; and never was a letter more frank or affectionate in its congratulations than the one he forthwith despatched to the Earl. He could not but feel curious to know how the conquest had been managed, and perhaps thought any other match would have been as good. Still, a young man is rarely very severe on the faults of a very beautiful girl; and, moreover, it was a flattering unction to lay to his soul, that he, rather than the lady, had been the first to withdraw from their flirtation.

He then went to communicate the affair to Mr. Delawarr, whose equanimity being unsupported by affection, was much the most disturbed by the occurrence. His judgment, unbiassed by any brotherly partiality, drew no flattering conclusions for Lord Etheringhame's future, either as a brilliant or as a useful career—

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel;"

and he foresaw Lord Etheringhame would just be a puppet in the hands of his very lovely wife. These reflections he deemed it unnecessary to communicate, and finished the dialogue by exclaiming, "Well, Edward, I only wish you had married her yourself." In this wish, however, his auditor did not quite cordially join.

Lord Etheringhame had many feminine points in his character; this his very letter evinced. Part of its most important information was in the postscript, viz. that Mr. Maynard had died suddenly; his physician said by his cook—the jury by the visitation of God. The borough he had represented was now vacant: it was his lordship's, and the seat was offered to Edward, and accepted. The grief into which Lady Alicia's death plunged Mr. Delawarr, made Lorraine's presence and assistance invaluable to one who had quite enough of business to justify his saying, "He had not a moment's time to himself;"—an assertion more pleasant than we are ready to admit. No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.

March arrived, and with it the period fixed for the marriage, which had been delayed, and was now to be private, on account of the recent loss. Lady Lauriston and her daughter had spent a quiet fortnight in London: people cannot be married without a clergyman—the milliner and the jeweller are equally indispensable. They returned to Stanbury Park, whose owner made his niece a present of a set of pearls and a cookery book; and at last the day came when the ceremony was to be performed in the chapel of Etheringhame Castle.

From a delay on the road, almost impossible in these days—but rapid driving does sometimes accomplish impossibilities Edward only arrived that very morning in time to accompany his brother, who walked up and down the hall, sipping his

coffee at intervals, and having very much the air of a soldier who would retreat if he could.

Any great change is like cold water in winter—one shrinks from the first plunge; and a lover may be excused who shivers a little at the transmigration into a husband. It is a different case with the lady—she has always been brought up with the idea of being married—moreover, she must be very much taken up with her blonde—and, to conclude, a woman gains her liberty, but a man loses his.

Edward was the only one of the party sufficiently unoccupied to appreciate the propriety and the picturesque of the scene. Lord Lauriston, watching his lady in evident trepidation lest his conduct should not meet her approbation—Lord Merton, obviously tired of the forms, but subsiding into patience as he met his mother's eye—Mr. Stanbury, with a face full of congratulations and a mouth full of jokes, all equally checked by Lady Lauriston's glance—she, all dignified quiet, only touched by a most maternal sadness at parting with her daughter—and the daughter herself, nothing could be more perfect, whether in dress or demeanour.

After much hesitation, and consideration of the will yet unwritten, the property at his own disposal, Lady Lauriston consented that Adelaide should be married with her head uncovered. "No girl," said Mr. Stanbury, "in his time ever wore one of those frightful huge bonnets;" and it was finally arranged that his niece should not. A dress of the most delicate white silk, made open so as to display the collerette beneath, so favourable to the display of her exquisitely turned neck—the small ruff that encircled her slender throat, which rose white and graceful as the swan's—the beautiful hair, which descended in light ringlets like a summer shower, every drop filled with sunshine, whose profusion was restrained, not concealed, by the wreath of orange flowers;—and the blonde veil that fell to her feet.

She entered clinging timidly to her father's arm, and knelt in an attitude perfectly inimitable before the altar, while, from one of the painted windows of the little chapel, the most exquisite rose tint fell over her figure; it was as if her own rich blush had coloured the atmosphere around. Her voice, throughout the whole response, was quite inaudible—just a whisper—*fairy* music; and, after the ceremony, she leant on her *husband's* arm with an air so different from that with which she

d leant on her father's—she clung to the one, while she emed to shrink from the other—gradually, however, drawing wards him, as if for support. When the rest crowded round ith their congratulations, Edward felt greatly inclined to laugh he offered his: their eyes met, and he was convinced the bride nothered a smile too; but whether the smile was mirth or iumph, would have been a difficult question to decide.

We must not forget the bridemaids, who were selected with much judgment as the rest: young, pretty, well calculated set off the scene, but slight and brunettes, they were lmirably calculated also to set off the height and fairness of ady Adelaide.

The breakfast was as stupid as such breakfasts usually are. he bride is all timidity—the parents sorry, of course, to lose eir sweet child—and the bridegroom is a nonentity. Lady theringhame changed her dress, and looked almost lovelier ll in her travelling costume. She was now overwhelmed ith affliction. Lady Lauriston implored Algernon to watch er the happiness of the dearest of her children. Adelaide as almost borne to the carriage—her mother retired to her m room, overcome with her feelings—and Edward thought very ungrateful that the audience did not rise and clap the rformance.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares;
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."—WORDSWORTH.

MILY's time was now passing most pleasantly: she had been litary enough during winter to give society that advantage of ntrast which does so much towards teaching the full value any thing; she had just enough of annoyance from her nt to make her feel thankful that she was not more exposed it. She became attached to Lady Mandeville, with all the joyment and warmth of youthful affection—that age when *are so happy in loving* those around us. Many sources of

enjoyment were laid open; and the future seemed as promising as those futures always are which we make for ourselves.

Lady Mandeville was one of those women for the description of whom the word "fascinating" seems expressly made. She had seen a great deal of society, and she talked of it delightfully; she had that keen sense of ridicule so inseparable from perceptions at once acute and refined; and, like most of those accustomed to every species of amusement, she easily wearied of it, and hence novelty became indispensable; and from this arose much of her fondness for society, and quickness in perceiving every variety of character. A new acquaintance was like a new book—and, as in the case of the book, it must be confessed she often arrived very quickly at the end.

Emily's very reserve—the necessity there was to divine the feelings she herself rarely expressed—made her, of all others, the most secure in retaining the friendship she had inspired. There was always something to imagine about her—and imagination is as useful in keeping affection alive as the eastern monarch's fairy ring was in keeping alive his conscience. Moreover, Emily's very friendlessness gave Lady Mandeville a pleasurable feeling of protection—we like those we can oblige—and she felt as the writer of a fairy tale, while laying down plans for her future destiny.

"Pray, have you agreed to group for a picture?" said Mr. Morland, who, with Lord Mandeville, entered the room just as Emily read the last line of the Lady of the Lake: and it was a question De Hooge might have asked; for one of those breaks of sunshine, so like reality in his pictures, came from the half-opened glass door, and fell full on the large old crimson arm-chair, where Lady Mandeville was seated with a little work-table before her, at which she was threading those brilliant and diminutive beads which would make fitting chain armour for the fairy king and his knights. The rest of the apartment was filled with that soft green light where the noon excluded by Venetian blinds, or the still softer shadow of creeping plants: and here on the south side of the house, a vine had been trained, which, luxuriant and unpruned, seemed better calculated for foliage than for fruit: a green basket-stand, filled with pots of early roses, stood between the windows—and so near, that their crimson reflected on the face of the young boy who was asleep on the carpet: not

so the elder one, who sat at Emily's feet, his cheek glowing with the excitement of the narrative, and his large blue eyes almost double their usual size with eager attention.

"I have always thought," said Lord Mandeville—"and Frank seems to think with me—that no poet ever carried you so completely along with him as Sir Walter Scott: he is the poet, of all others, made to be read aloud. What is the reason I like to read Lord Byron to myself, but like Scott to be read to me?"

"Because," said Mr. Morland, "the one is the poet of reflection, the other of action. Byron's pages are like the glasses which reflect ourselves—Scott's are like those magic mirrors which give forth other and distant scenes, and other and passing shapes; but this is a sweeping remark—and both poets often interchange their characteristics. Scott will excite pensive and lingering thought—and Byron, as in the Corsair and Lara, carry us along by the mere interest of the story."

"I think," observed Emily, "in the Lay of the Last Minstrel there is one of the most exquisite touches of natural feeling I ever met with. Sir William Deloraine uncloses the tomb of Michael Scott, while the monk, his early friend, stands by; when the body is uncovered, the monk turns away his face—

> 'For he might not abide the sight to see
> Of the man he had loved so brotherly.'"*

"I remember," returned Lady Mandeville, "another instance, where a single thought has produced the effect, on me at least, of a whole poem of images: it is from Byron. The Prisoner of Chillon is speaking of the younger brother who lies buried at his side: he says,

> 'For he was beautiful as day,
> When day was beautiful to me.'"

"And, while we are remembering, let me recall another passage from Scott that has always especially delighted me," observed Lord Mandeville. "The Minstrel is relating to the captive chieftain the battle in which his clan have been worsted: he softens the defeat by ascribing it all to his absence, and sinks the flight in the exclamation,

* I find this remark previously made in the National Portrait Gallery; and I am glad to observe the opinion confirmed by such authority as the author of those biographical sketches.

'Oh, where was Roderic then?—
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.'"

"Of all questions," remarked Lady Mandeville, "I d being asked, 'which is your favourite poet?' Authors appeal to the feelings are those of whom our opinions inevitably vary most: I judge according to my mood."

"Another odious fashion of conversation is that of parison: I look upon them as if

'Their souls were each a star, and dwelt apart.'"

"Are you an admirer of Wordsworth?"

"Yes — he is the most poetical of philosophers. Str that a man can be so great a poet, and yet deficient in are poetry's two grand requisites, — imagination and pa He describes what he has seen, and beautifully, becau is impressed with the beauty before his eyes. He c nothing: I cannot recall one fine simile. He has ofte pressions of touching feeling — he is often melancholy, tender — but with more of sympathy than energy; an simplicity he often mistakes both vulgarity and silliness. never fills the atmosphere around with music, 'lapping Elysium,' like Moore: he never makes his readers fairl get their very identity, in the intense interest of the narr like Scott: he never startles us with the depth of our thoughts — he never brings to our remembrance all tha own existence has had of poetry or passion — the earne of early hope, the bitterness of after-disappointment - Byron. But he sits by the fireside or wanders throug fields, and calls from their daily affections and symp foundations whereon to erect a scheme of the widest be lence. He looks forth on the beautiful scenery amid he has dwelt, and links with it a thousand ties of the h loveliness of thought: I would say, his excellence is the sublime."

"The common people of England," observed Lord M ville, "seem to me to have less feeling, taste, or whatev please to call it, for poetry, than almost any other co Look at the common songs of the Scotch — verse 'fa as household words' — what touches of exquisite feeli *what* natural yet delicate thoughts! Look at those of the *peasantry* — what fine and original imagery is to be met

But the run of English ballads are as vulgar in expression as they are coarse or common in idea. No nation takes a higher poetical rank than our own — how, therefore, do you account for this?"

"I am not one of those," returned Mr. Morland, "who deem it necessary to give a reason for every thing; and of all hypotheses, those which account for the various workings of the imagination are to me especially unsatisfactory. That a peculiar temperament is required for poetry, no one will deny; but what produces that temperament? — scenery and circumstances certainly do not. I, for one, am content to leave the question with the longitude and the philosopher's stone.

"The poetical habits of a people do not lead to their producing great poets, else those among the Italians of the present day would be the first in the world. Their country is unrivalled in its loveliness — all their old associations are of the refined and elevated order — their taste for music is as exquisite as their taste for painting. Objects of beauty are constantly before them, for the picture or statue gallery is open to all — their churches are the noblest monuments of human power — the common wants of life are easily supplied — and then their indolent summer habits are so favourable to the train of imaginary creations. I have seen an Italian peasant, seated, perhaps, by one of the ruined fountains, half ivy, half water — or beneath an old tree, through which the moonlight was falling like rain — and he has sung some one of those divine airs whose popularity has verily floated on the wings of the wind. Gradually his voice has died away, and he has sat silent and absorbed, as if wholly given up to the quiet enjoyment of the soft summer night. Ought not that man to have been a poet?"

"The feeling for poetry is not the power, and I firmly believe its source lies not without, but within."

"Nothing struck me so much as the extreme beauty of the women. To take one instance out of many — look at the young peasants who plait the Leghorn straw: brought up from infancy to that most feminine employment, which requires the utmost delicacy of touch, their hands and arms are as white as those of the heroines of romance always are; the outline of their face is perfect — the finely formed nose, the ivory teeth, *the high, intellectual* forehead — and such eye-

brows — to say nothing of their large dark eyes, either deep purple blue, or a radiant black; and then their ha profuse, so exquisitely dressed, put up into those rich m of shade, and falling into one or two large ringlets that l nice might have envied. I have often seen one of those with her classically-turned head, bending over her work, might have served as a model for 'a nymph, a naïad, grace.'"

"Do you remember," said Lady Mandeville, "the *fête* after our arrival? Oh, Emily, it was matter for s study! Their exquisite coquetry — each peasant had lover, who was treated with that perfection of 'beau disdain' which does so much in a love affair. And their dress — the fine plaited *chemisette* close round the t — the long gold ear-rings, those indispensables of their toi — the black velvet boddice, showing the figure to such vantage, laced with gold and coloured silks — the full p coat — the apron trimmed with gay ribands; all put o neatly, and with such a fine taste for harmony of colou I always think national costumes invented for the express vantage of travellers."

"I must own," replied Mr. Morland, "the pleasur travelling seem to me quite ideal. I dislike having routine of my existence disarranged — I dislike early risin I dislike bad dinners — I dread damp beds — I like books — I like society — I respect my cook, and love arm-chair; so I will travel through Italy in a chapter — am not quite sure but these engravings are more picture than the originals."

"And I," replied Lady Mandeville, "delight in its culties: a bad dinner is a novelty, and a little danger i enjoyment for which I am thankful. There are two read of content — and mine would be, monotony."

"Blessed be that amiable arrangement of fate, which such variety of tastes! I knew a lady who made a pet dove — I knew another whose passion was for grasshop I'll tell you a story, at which I laughed at first, and a wards philosophised upon. You know the frightful *go* which so disfigure the inhabitants of the Valais; but *themselves* consider them to be personal advantages o *small* attraction. In my youth I was a little touched

those vagrant habits you have been advocating; and one day I found myself in a small mountain chapel, where a Swiss pastor was encouraging content among his congregation, by dwelling on the many levelling circumstances of humanity — the sickness or the sorrow which brought the happiness of the wealthy to a level with that of the poor. Taking it for granted I was as ignorant of his language as he was of mine, he looked upon my appearance as quite a case in point: 'Observe this young stranger — rich, free to do his own pleasure, healthy; but, to counterbalance these advantages, Providence has denied him a *goître*.' "

CHAPTER IX.

" Nobody dies but somebody's glad of it."—*Three Courses and a Dessert.*

We differ from our ancestors in many things — in none more than in cases of sentiment. Formerly, it was your susceptible school-girl, "your novel-reading miss" — now, women only grow romantic after forty. Your young beauty calculates the chances of her Grecian nose, her fine eyes, and her exquisite complexion — your young heiress dwells on the claims of her rent-roll, or the probabilities of her funded property: it is their mothers who run away — their aunts who marry handsome young men without a shilling. Well, the prudence of youth is very like selfishness, and the romance of age very like folly.

Mrs. Arundel was arrived at the romantic age; and Emily, on her return from a fortnight's stay at Norville, was somewhat surprised to hear from her own lips that her marriage with Mr. Boyne Sillery was to take place immediately. So soon! and was this all? A few months, and her uncle's memory seemed to have utterly passed away. Alas! oblivion is our moral death, and forgetfulness is the second grave which closes over the dead. In the same spirit with which a drowning man catches at a straw, Emily hoped that perhaps Mrs. Clarke might be induced to listen to arguments against such indecorous haste, and that her influence might prevail on the *impatient gentleman* and yielding lady to let the twelve

months pass — and then, thought Emily, "I shall be glad it is no worse."

This hope was not a very promising one; for she could scarcely flatter herself that her opinion would have much weight: she well knew Mrs. Clarke entertained a very mediocre estimate of her understanding; she had never asked her for a receipt, nor offered her a pattern, — those alphas and omegas with her female accomplishments. But, however deficient in these sciences of the spoon and the scissors, there was a sweetness, a gentleness about Emily which it was impossible to dislike; Mrs. Clarke, therefore, always spoke of her only pityingly. "Miss Arundel might have been made a great deal of, but she had been so badly brought up."

The morning was raw and comfortless, as if Winter, just awakened from his sleep by an east wind, had started up in that unamiable mood which is the mood of most when untimely disturbed in their slumbers; and March, which, the day before, had seemed softening into April, was again chilled into January. Emily's health and habits were equally delicate; and a wet, cold walk was to her sufficiently distasteful, without the visit at the end: however, she summoned her resolution and her cloak, and set forth. She walked up the neatest of gravel walks, edged by box, where there was not a leaf out of place, and a turf whose silken smoothness seemed unconscious of a tread; as Mrs. Clarke justly observed, "It was such a comfort to have no children to run over it." She paused on the cleanest of steps; a lad in pepper-and-salt livery opened the door; and she entered the hall and an atmosphere of most savoury soup, where she seemed likely to remain — for the boy stood debating between his right hand and his left, evidently quite undecided whether he was to show her to the drawing or dining-room. This mental debate was, however, decided by the appearance of his mistress, who had just taken a peep to see who her visitor was, — her morning costume rendering such a precaution very necessary.

"Bless me, Miss Emily, who would have thought of seeing you in the rain? Do come in. Doctor, go on with your soup, my dear — it will do you no good if you let it get cold. Do take off that wet cloak — are your feet damp? Don't mind the Doctor — he is only an old married man — and there is no fire in the drawing-room."

:h a shiver at the thought of the cold blue best room, ı in papers and brown holland, Emily took the offered ; the fire, almost glad she was wet, as it delayed her ex- ion. But time has a most feminine faculty of opposi- - always hurries if we hesitate—and the Doctor finished ıp, and went out to hear the complaint of a man who l to the justice because his wife insisted on giving him ea for breakfast. Mrs. Clarke arrived at the end of her ies for being caught such a figure—but she had been y the whole morning pickling walnuts; and Emily, ; speak she must, in a few words explained the object visit, and entreated Mrs. Clarke to use her influence in ding her aunt to delay the marriage.

)elay is all I ask—she is her own mistress—and if n reconcile to herself the prudence and propriety of such let her marry, and I am sure I hope she will be happy; ı implore her, for the sake of my uncle's memory—for rn sake, not to use such disreputable haste. If there is :ction—and there can be none—let there be some de- observed."

ısternation and surprise had kept Mrs. Clarke silent; but she burst into a series of ejaculations—"Going to be ıd, and her husband not dead seven months!—Disgrace- [thought what would come of leaving off her caps. And saw the white silk bonnet she means to be married in? ine price she has paid for it, I dare say. She never con- me; but she is very much mistaken if she thinks Dr. : will countenance such proceedings—he shall not marry ,

f you did but know how grateful I shall be if you can evail!"

.h! Miss Emily, it is all your fault. If you had but :d him yourself—I am sure I thought you would, when d him down—I had planned it all, I do assure you; ould have made such a nice couple."

ily felt any thing but inclined to thank her for this ar- nent; however, in spite of Mrs. Opie, it is not always : to say all one thinks; so she only observed, "You not blame me—it was my misfortune, not my fault."

'rue, true. Poor dear! it was too bad of your aunt to 'rancis from you, and so I shall tell her. Going to be

married, indeed, and a widow only seven months! I wonder what will become of all her nice new mourning! What shameful waste!"

Before they parted, it was settled that Mrs. Clarke should call on Mrs. Arundel, and join her persuasions to those of Emily. Mr. Boyne Sillery had, excepting one short visit, been away for the last fortnight; and during his absence, she might probably be more open to conviction.

Emily returned home, and passed perhaps one of the most wretched days of her life. Great misfortunes have at least their dignity to support them; but the many and small miseries of life, how they do gall and wear away the spirit! The contrast with the elegance and cheerfulness of Norville Abbey, and the vivacity and kindness of Lady Mandeville, compared with the coldness, the talk-at-you style of conversation in which her aunt's dislike found its narrow and acrid channel, was too much to be borne. Strange, that one whose opinion we neither respect nor admit should yet have power to wound! — not stranger, though, than that it should have power to please. One may live to be indifferent to everything but opinion. We may reject friendship which has often deceived us; renounce love, whose belief, once found false, leaves us atheists of the heart: we may turn from pleasures which have palled—from employments which have become wearisome; but the opinion of our kind, whether for good or for evil, still retains its hold; that once broken, every social and moral tie is broken too—the prisoner then may go to his solitary cell—the anchorite to his hermitage—the last link with life and society is rent in twain.

Emily was pained, more than she would have admitted, by the various signs of dress and decoration scattered around; but the worst was as yet unseen. Passing along the gallery, there was one door open — one door which she never saw without a shudder — one door which she had never entered—the one through which her uncle's coffin had been carried.

"No, no—impossible!" exclaimed she aloud. With an effort she entered the apartment, and saw that her glance through the open door was right. A great empty room, it had been so convenient for Mrs. Arundel's dresses, which were all laid out in different directions: a large glass, evidently used in trying them on, stood in the middle; and on the very bed where her uncle had died was spread out a crimson silk pelisse, and, on the pillow above, a blonde cap and flowers.

Emily's indignation was at first the uppermost, the only feeling. She hurried from the place; but her own chamber once gained, anger only gave bitterness to grief. She reproached herself for having forgotten her sorrow; every lighter thought that had crossed her mind — every hope in which she had indulged, seemed like a crime; and her aunt's unfeeling levity was forgotten in her own melancholy remembrances. All was, however, recalled by a message from Mrs. Clarke, who requested she would join her in the drawing-room.

Sick at heart, her eyes red with crying, Emily obeyed the summons, and heard the voices of both ladies considerably louder than should be permitted to any debate which is not to end in blows.

The first words she caught, on her entrance, were, "I'll tell you what, ma'am, if you will make such an old fool of yourself, Dr. Clarke shall have no hand in it; he won't marry you."

"Dr. Clarke may wait till I ask him; and I tell you, once for all, I will not be dictated to by any body;—clever as you think yourself, you shall not manage me. And pray, Miss Emily, what brings you here?"

"A wish, madam, to at least endeavour to save you from taking a step so inconsistent with the respect you owe my uncle's memory. Surely Mr. Sillery can wait till ——"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Clarke, "he can wait very well. He is not so old as to make a few months so precious."

Emily saw such an argument was not a very convincing one; and approaching Mrs. Arundel, urged, in the most conciliating tone, every consideration that was likely to either touch or soften her. "I only ask a few months of respect to the opinion of the world — to the memory of the dead. You say you find them solitary: I will not leave home again — nothing of attention on my part shall be wanting for your comfort; and if Mr. Sillery visits here, he shall meet at least with civility from me."

"And if you can take him from your silly old aunt, you have my full consent," cried Mrs. Clarke.

This was too much; and snatching her hand from Emily, Mrs. Arundel said, "Settle it all your own way;" and left the room, which shook with the door she slammed after her.

"She'll repent it, Miss Emily; never mind, she'll repent it;" and with this consolatory prediction, Mrs. Clarke also departed.

Emily saw no more of her aunt that evening. She was told Mrs. Arundel was engaged with a gentleman. Who it was, her niece could easily guess; and, mortified and harassed, she retired early to her room. Her maid's face was evidently full of news, but Emily was in no mood to listen; and the girl was dismissed, as discontented as the possessor of untold information could well be.

Early the next morning she was awakened by the noise of wheels in the court-yard. Surprise at such an unusual sound made her unclose the window a little to discover whence it proceeded; and she was just in time to see Mr. Boyne Sillery hand her aunt into a carriage, jump in himself, when it drove off with a rapidity which scarcely allowed her to observe that a large imperial was on the top, and her aunt's servant, with a huge bandbox, on the dickey.

Emily rang her bell. It was answered by the housemaid, with a great white satin bow, by way of favour, in her cap.

"What carriage was that?"

"Lord, miss! don't you know that mistress is gone to be married this morning?"

"Married! Where?"

"Lord love you, miss! we did think you were to be bridemaid, till mistress told us not to call you."

"But where is Mrs. Arundel gone?"

This the girl did not know.

Emily soon learned that Mr. Boyne Sillery's late absence was in the way of business. He had been residing at the little town of C——, and there her infatuated aunt was to be married. A lady's-maid from town, recommended by Mr. Sillery, had been her only *confidante*, as she was now her only companion.

Emily wandered up and down the house disconsolately. How large, how empty, how miserable, every thing looked! She thought of writing to Mr. Delawarr, who had been named as her guardian, to Norville Abbey; but her head swam round —she could not see the paper before her. The noise from the servants' hall was rendered more acutely painful by her headach; for her aunt, partly with a view of annoying her

niece, whom she disliked—as we always dislike those we have used ill—had left orders for a general regale. Most of the establishment were new. Mr. Arundel had pensioned off his few more ancient domestics; and his wife was not one whose service was a heritage. There was hence little to restrain their mirth or their intemperance. Loud bursts of laughter sounded through the hall. Emily rose to ring the bell, but sank down quite insensible.

Something she remembered of partial revival, of motion in a carriage, of being conveyed to bed; but it was not till after some hours of stupor that she revived sufficiently to recognise her French bed at Norville Abbey, and Lady Mandeville bending anxiously over her pillow.

Ill news travel fast; and Mrs. Arundel's marriage was like the sun in the child's riddle, for it went "round each house, and round each house, and looked in at every window." Norville Abbey was soon enlightened, like the rest; and Lady Mandeville immediately set off to rescue her young friend from "the solitude which comes when the bride is gone forth." She had been more amused with the accounts of Mrs. Arundel's wedding than Emily might have quite liked; but her favourite's illness put mirth to flight. All Lady Mandeville's kindness and affection were called forth; and Emily might have said with another invalid, "It is worth while to be ill, to be so petted and nursed."

CHAPTER X.

"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover?"
LOCKHART.

THE first great principle of our religious, moral, civil, and literary institutions, is a dinner. A church is built, a railroad opened, the accounts of a vestry inspected, a revolution occurs, a subscription is made, a death is to be celebrated, a friend to be supported—all alike by a dinner. Our heathen brethren are to be converted—we dine for their salvation; our musical, theatrical, and literary brethren are to be relieved—we dine for *their benefit: for the* some-half-dozenth time the French

patriots alter their government—we dine for the conservation of their charter; Mr. Pitt dies—his memory is preserved by fish and soup; laws govern the kingdom, and a young gentleman qualifies himself to become their minister by a course of meals in the Temple Hall; and what are cabinet councils to cabinet dinners? Where the Duke of Wellington once trusted his *aide-de-camp*, he now relies on his butler, and the decisions of his cook are as important as the movements of his army.

In social life, to owe such a one a dinner is the most imperative of obligations—gambling debts always excepted. An Englishman talks of the Magna Charta and roast-beef in a breath; his own constitution and that of his country are indissolubly united. As a great orator once observed, "The security of your laws, the sanctity of your church, the bond of society, the cement of your religious, political, and moral obligations, nay, the actual existence of your country—its vital interests depend, gentlemen, on its dinners." (I quote from memory, and may be mistaken as to the form, but I am sure I have given the spirit of the speech.)

It was to attend one of these national institutions—a dinner on the opening of a canal—that Lord Mandeville set forth, with a mouthful of patriotism and public spirit; and Lady Mandeville, and Emily, still languid with recent illness, were left *tête-à-tête*.

Night came; and the wind and rain, which beat against the window, only added the advantage of contrast to the curtained, carpeted, and lighted boudoir; and every gust served as an excuse for shrinking still farther into the warm crimson cushions of the arm-chairs they had drawn almost into the fire. They had no new books; Emily was still too weak for work or music; and it was just the most confidential and conversational evening in the world.

Confidence is made up of confession and remembrances; we all love to talk of the days of our youth; and, almost before she was aware, Lady Mandeville was engaged in a sort of autobiography of herself. It would do, she said, as well as reading aloud, to send her patient to sleep.

"I am going to enact the heroine of a narrative, though sadly deficient in all the necessary requisites. Save one, I have never had a misfortune happen to me—I have never been in such extremes of poverty that I have been obliged to

ell even the ruby cross hung round my neck by my mysterious mother — or the locket which contained two braids of hair, one raven black, the other golden, the first love-pledge of my unfortunate parents — I have never had a fever, during which my lover watched every look of my benevolent physician — I have never been given over, and then, after a profound sleep, recovered — my hair has always come easily out of curl — I never played the harp — and have always been more inclined to laugh than to cry. My father, Lord Elmore, lived in a large old-fashioned house, and in a large old-fashioned manner. By large, I mean liberal: he was only less indulgent to his seven children than my mother, who I believe never said 'no' in all her life. It was not the system of indulgence practised by Dandie Dinmont's 'gude wife,' who gave 'the bairns their ain way, because, puir things, she had naithing else to gi'e them.' But my mother, I suppose, thought, as she gave every thing else, she might as well give that too.

"I pass over the dynasty of white frocks and blue sashes. Sometimes I learnt my lessons, sometimes I did not; but really that which was no matter of necessity often became matter of inclination; and I arrived at the dignity of fourteen, and my sister's *confidante*. Ah, the interest I took in her anxieties! the sympathy I gave to her sorrows! it was almost equal to having a lover of my own.

"It was a provokingly happy union — both families equally anxious it should take place: only, my father insisted that Isabel should be eighteen before the marriage; and they did manage to arrange some little jealousies and quarrels, which agreeably diversified the delay. The year of probation passed, and my sister married. Even now, I remember how I missed her. I cried the first three nights I curled my hair by myself. However, September came, and with it my second brother; and his companion for the shooting season was the young, handsome, and lively Henry O'Byrne, descended from kings whose crown was old enough to have been made of the gold of Ophir. I — who considered a lover as the natural consequence of being fifteen, and indeed was rather surprised I had not one already, and who held half-a-dozen blushes proof of the state of my feelings — lost my heart with all the ease imaginable; and Henry made love to me, because, I verily

believe, he considered it a proper compliment, which every lady under fifty expected. A declaration of love was to me tantamount to an offer — though, to tell you the plain truth, I very much doubt whether it was meant to be so taken by my Milesian lover. My father — I really do not know how he could venture on such a liberty — one day actually said he wished I would not walk quite so much on the terrace by moonlight with Mr. O'Byrne; — child as I was, he did not like it. 'Child as I was!' This was adding insult to injury. I threw myself at his feet in the most approved manner — implored him not to sacrifice the happiness of his child to ambition — talked of a cottage and content — of blighted hopes and an early grave. I am not quite sure whether my father laughed or swore; I rather think he did both. However, he sent for my mother to try and convince me: instead, she endeavoured to comfort me by dwelling on the imprudence of poverty, and the miseries of an injudicious attachment; till, overcome with the picture of the privations I should have to endure, and the difficulties I should have to encounter, she fairly wept over the hardships of my imaginary future.

"Dinner came; but O'Byrne's place was vacant. My large tears dropped into my soup — my chicken went away untouched — I refused even my favourite apricot jelly.

"The evening, however, brought consolation, in the shape of a real, actual love-letter, sent through that most orthodox channel — my maid. I could not help reading it aloud to her. 'The barbarity of my father,' — 'eternal constancy,' — how well these phrases looked on bath-post!

"Ah, my dear Emily, to you is closed one of the sweetest sources of youthful felicity. You have no father with a proverbially flinty heart, — no guardian to lock you up! It is impossible for you to have an unfortunate attachment; and — young, rich, pretty — I think you can hardly console yourself with even an unrequited one. How ill-used I did think myself! — what consequence it gave me in my own eyes! Three weeks passed away, — I caught two sore throats by leaning out of an open window, watching the moon shine on the terrace where we used to walk. I threatened my mother with a consumption. I sat up at night reading and re-reading his letter, and gazing on a little profile which I had drawn with a black-lead pencil, and called his — Heaven knows there was no fear it would be recognised!

"Three weeks passed, when, taking up the paper, and turning — as a woman always does — to the births, deaths, and marriages, what should I see but — 'Married, on Thursday last, at Gretna, Henry O'Byrne, of Killdaren Castle, in Connaught, to Eliza, only daughter and heiress of Jonathan Simpkin.' The paper dropped from my hand. I knew my red-haired rival well — she had dined at our house with old Lady Driscol, who patronised her, and had there met my faithless lover. Alas! I had been weighed in the balance with a hundred thousand pounds — and found wanting! How wretched I resolved on being! I braided the hair I no longer took delight in curling; I neglected my dress — that is to say, I only wore white muslin; and my kind mother, who had been as angry with me as her gentle nature was capable of being, could now be as angry as she pleased with him. Her surprise at the infidelity was even greater than mine, and her sympathy was great in proportion. I talked of the perfidy of men, and said I should never marry.

"Six months went by, and, to tell you the truth, I was getting very tired of my despair, when one day a young man, a cousin with whom in my white-frock days I had been a great pet, came to stay in our house. He seemed touched with my melancholy — I confided my sorrows from confidence — he proceeded to consolation.

"I do not know how it was, I thought my ringlets did not merit neglect — that a girlish fancy was but a foolish thing. Lord Mandeville agreed with me; my father laughed at me, and said I ought to be consistent, that no heroine ever fell in love with the consent of her family; but my mother said, 'Poor dear child, do not tease her.'

"Well, my sister was married at eighteen — so was I, and the spoiling system has still continued. I know there is such a word as a contradiction in the dictionary, but my knowledge is all theory. I have a husband *comme il n'y en a point*, to whom I have made a wife *comme il y en a peu*. I have two of the prettiest children in the world — (don't answer, Emily — that smile is quite flattering enough); and I sometimes think whether, like the ancient king, it would not be prudent to make an offering to destiny, and throw my set of emeralds into the lake."

Emily could not but deprecate the emeralds being destined

to any such preventive service; and Lady Mandeville soon afterwards left her to meditate over her narrative, one phrase of which certainly dwelt on her mind. "Young, rich, pretty — it is quite impossible for you to have an unfortunate attachment!"

The more imaginative love is, the more superstitious it must be: the belief of omens being past — that desire of the unattainable so inherent in our nature, and which shows itself in so many shapes — now, as far as regards prophecy, it takes another form, and calls itself presentiment; and Emily lay awake much longer than was good for her complexion, building that aërial architecture called *châteaux en Espagne*, on the slight foundation of a single sentence.

I do not think imagination an indulgence at all to be permitted in our present state of society: very well for poets and painters — it is their business, the thing of all others not to be neglected; but in the common construction of characters and circumstances it is an illusion quite at variance with the realities on which we are to act, and among which we are to live. In a young man it unfits him for the rough career of life, as much as stepping within the castle's enchanted boundary unfitted Sir Launcelot for his encounter with the giant. The sword of action hangs idly in the unnerved hand. We will suppose he possesses talent and feeling — without them he could not possess imagination; — he starts on his forward path, where, as in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he has to make his own way. Conscious of his abilities, he will overrate, perhaps not themselves, but their influence. He will read the novel, till he becomes to himself the very hero of its pages. In history, he will dwell only "on marvels wrought by single hand," till he deems they say, "Go and do thou likewise." Every thing is seen through an exaggerated medium. He prepares himself for great difficulties, which he is to vanquish — gigantic obstacles, which he is to overcome. Instead of these, he is surrounded by small impediments, which seem below his ideal dignity to encounter. His most favourite acquirements are useless, because none of them have been called into action by his own peculiar circumstances; and he reproaches Fortune, where he should accuse *Fiction*.

Few books have been more dangerous to a young man of

this temperament, in middle life, than Vivian Grey. No romance is so hazardous as that of real life: the adventures seem so possible, yet so exciting. There is something so pleasant in the mastery of mere mind: the versatility of manner, the quick eye of the hero to the weakness of others, appear so completely in the power also of the reader; his vanity adds force to his imagination, and our youth rises from the perusal convinced of the hardship of his particular situation, shut out from the diplomatic and political career, for which his now unemployed and undervalued talents so eminently qualify him; and the chances are, that the earlier half of his life is filled with disappointment and bitterness.

A woman may indulge this faculty with more impunity, because hers is generally a passive, not an active feeling, and principally confined to the affections; all the risk of beau-idealising a lover too much, is, that of never finding one, or being disappointed when found.

Edward Lorraine had more materials for a hero than many of his compeers; still, his most admiring friends would have been rather at a loss to recognise him under the traits with which he was invested by Emily Arundel. Alas! the heart worships in its idol the attributes which itself has first created. Illusions are the magic of real life, and the forfeit of future pain is paid for present pleasure.

CHAPTER XI.

"On n'auroit guère de plaisir, si l'on ne se flattait jamais." — ROCHEFOUCAULD.
"Behold, they speak with their mouths, and swords are in their lips."—*Psalm* lix.

THE end of a journey is its pleasantest part. So thought Lord Mandeville, as the postilions gave their whips an extra crack, in order to drive up the avenue in style. They had the credit of their horses as much at heart as their own. To-night, however, whipmanship was somewhat wasted; — a small, heavy rain had made the road so soft, that the ringing wheel and clattering hoof were inaudible. This was a great mortification to the *postboys*, to whom noise, if not speed, was *at least speed's best part.*

"How late they are, and how stupid we are!" said Lady Mandeville, glancing reproachfully first at Mr. Morland, who, having taken what he called a most constitutional walk, was now in a large arm-chair sleeping off the effects of heath and hedge, — and then at Emily, who was sedulously employed in working a large red cross on the flag destined for Frank's favourite toy — a miniature frigate.

"Do you know," added she, "what is the great torment of the idle? To see others industrious."

"I must say," replied Emily, smiling, "considering Lord Mandeville has been absent but two days, your impatience for his return is very flattering."

There was something in this speech that made the hearer laugh outright — one of those provoking laughs which shows it has touched some train of thought you know nothing about. I cannot agree with those romantic philosophers who hold ignorance to be bliss at any time; but ignorance, when your listener laughs at what you say, without why or wherefore, is enough to enrage a saint. By the by, considering what an irascible race they were, the reputation of the saints for patience has been very easily acquired.

The truth is, another visitor was expected with her husband. Lady Mandeville had erected a little romance in her own mind, of which Emily was already the heroine, and the anticipated guest was to be the hero. She had calculated probabilities, dwelt on the chances of association, the idleness of the country, the necessity of an attachment to give interest to the ride, and novelty to the walk; besides, she had recalled not one suspicious blush only, but many. The feminine part in the drama was therefore cast.

Now for the gentleman. Many a heart is caught in the rebound. The brilliant coquette, who had led captivity captive could have inflicted no deeper wound than a little wholesome mortification; — a little preference from another would be especially flattering. Then the pretensions of her *protégé* were any thing but undervalued. Emily certainly was never seen to greater advantage than just at present. The sweetness of feeling, rather than of temper, was a charm of all others to be appreciated in the domestic life they were now leading. *Unrepressed* by her natural timidity, her mental stores developed themselves in a small circle where they only met with

encouragement. There was an extreme fascination to one palled with the brilliancy, and tired of the uniformity of society, in the freshness, the simplicity, so touched with romance, that made the poetry of Emily's character. Moreover Lady Mandeville took a personal interest in her favourite. The merit we are the first to discover, almost seems as if it were our own, and that, like a newly found country, it was to bear the name of the first finder.

A bustle was now heard in the hall; the door was thrown open; Mr. Morland lost his nap, and Emily her needle, in the surprise of Lord Mandeville's entrance with Mr. Lorraine. Timidity does as much towards concealing, as resolution does towards repressing, emotion. Lady Mandeville was the only one of the party who observed that Emily's usual blush deepened with twofold crimson — that her hand trembled as she eagerly resumed her work, to the great danger of the symmetry necessary to be observed in the red cross of St. George.

It is worth while to leave home, if it were only to enjoy being of so much consequence on your return. Lord Mandeville arrived with all the interest of absence and news. A Russian prince, whose carriage was lined with sable, and whose vehicle and self had been seized at the custom-house, he having refused to quit his shelter, on the plea of dreading the irregularity of our atmosphere; — the breaking off of Mr. Delorme's marriage on which the gentleman had observed, that it was very impertinent in Miss Lumleigh to offer him such polite attentions, knowing that her father was going out of parliament, and that he Mr. Delorme, only married on patriotic principles, to strengthen his party; — two other marriages; one in consequence of smiles feminine, the other in consequence of frowns masculine — curious, that hope and fear should lead to such similar results; — the inferences of half-a-dozen separations; details of divers dinners, balls, and breakfasts; — a little gold Napoleon set as a brooch — Oh, conqueror of Europe! to think of thy pedestal being a pin! — a bracelet of an Indian snake fastened by a locust; — and three new novels. These passed away the evening; and it must be owned Lord Mandeville well deserved his greeting.

Lady Mandeville's face, like that of Cooper's Water-witch, *wore its most "malign* smile," when she next morning per-

ceived that her predestined lovers were walking on the lav together; and that, when Emily entered the breakfast-roo her curls were just enough relaxed by the air to droop th gracefulest. The soft sunny ringlet, just dropping into succession of light rings, is very becoming; and, moreov she had a colour one shade more delicate than a most luxuria rose she had gathered for Mr. Morland; one of whose dogm was, that the freshness of the morning should communica itself to our feelings. "Our early tastes are our unsophist cated ones. Give me, therefore, flowers in the morning, a perfumes at night."

"Your garden is beautiful," said Lorraine, as he inte tionally took his place by Emily's side.

"The flowers in it are very common; but we have bee so long away."

"Your tone of apology is unnecessary; the commone flowers are the most beautiful. Take the three I can mo readily think of — the rose, the violet, the daisy — the field daisy, remember; and, as the blacking advertisements sa 'Warren against all the world,' — where will you find thei equals?"

"They possess," replied Mr. Morland, "the two greate of charms — the association of memory and of imagination they are the flowers that our childhood has loved, and ou poets have sung. Flowers have much to be grateful for."

"Our poets all seem to have been peculiarly alive to thei beauty; and human love and human sorrow

'Have written every leaf with thoughtful tears.'"

"I am going," said Mr. Morland, "to make a bold a sertion — that, with all his feeling for natural beautie Wordsworth has none for flowers: he strings quaint concei together about them. What does he call the daisy?"

"A little Cyclops with one eye," answered Emily.

"And the shield of a fairy, &c. Look at Burn's poem t the daisy! There are no pretty odd epithets in that; but natural gush of feeling, hallowing for ever the object whic called it forth."

Edward Lorraine. — "Who cares for the exotics, whos *attractions* are of the hothouse and the gardener? Their rub *leaves* are writ with no gentle thoughts; they are essentially c

ıwing-room, and have no more sentiment about them he Sèvre cups and saucers to which they are companions. here's the rose — 'spring's sweetest book' — why a world of blushes are on its leaves. Then, again, the whether it be

> 'The lady lily, fairer than the moon,'.

> 'The naiad-like lily of the vale,
> Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale.' "

. *Morland.* — " Or

> 'The lily, a delicate lady,
> Who sat under her green parasol.' "

ily. — " My favourite flowers are violets —

> 'Those early flowers, o'er which the Spring has leant,
> Till they have caught their colour from her eyes,
> Their sweetness from her breath.' "

:ard Lorraine. — " Whether it is that your gardener : been here, with his 'cruel curtailments,' like Mr. Hume, how very luxuriant is the growth of this myrtle! it is

> 'Green as hope, before it grieves
> O'er the lost and broken-hearted —
> All with which its youth has parted.' "

y Mandeville. — " Apropos to myrtle; is there any truth report that Lord Merton is about to marry Miss ? "

e Emily coloured the least in the world. A woman has a kind of sentimental consciousness about any one who :r made love to her. I often think she pities the man uses, more perhaps than his case quite requires. Well, ıt to be a comfort that a person is not so unhappy as pose.

ıard Lorraine. — " He told me that his mind was l between Miss Dacre and Miss Manvers."

y Mandeville. — " His mind divided! Verily that is ; two bites of a cherry. What are the rival claims of ival heiresses? "

ıard Lorraine. — " They are as equally balanced as n the ancient apologue. I will only be malicious by ce. I believe, were such acts of faith permitted, Lauriston would recommend him to marry both."

l Mandeville now interrupted the conversation, by in-

viting Lorraine to walk round with him and see his improvements — a tax regularly levied on every new-comer by all country gentlemen. From the park to the pigsty, all must be duly appreciated; for, by some process or other, the proprietor amalgamates their merits with his own. The walk, however, this morning, was something more than an inventory of ditches and drains. Mandeville was theoretic in his future views — which is very good, in talk at least; and, besides, there was not too much to see. The estate which came with the title was small; and though he himself would gladly have settled at the Abbey, and extended the boundary of its domains, and devoted the rest of his days to building and planting, corn laws and the country, yet to this there was a very adverse influence.

We all know, either from experience or observation, that Janus would be a very appropriate marriage deity; inasmuch as he has two faces, which look opposite ways. Lady Mandeville was, as I have said, compounded of all the elements of society: its love of excitement — its necessity of variety — its natural gift of language — its grace inherent and its grace acquired — its vivacity and its vanity. She liked talking — she looked very pretty when she talked; she liked strangers — every stranger was a new idea; and her mind was of that order which requires collision to bring out its sparkles. She read as an amusement, rather than as a resource — and, moreover, thought the information almost thrown away which was not communicated.

Again, she was accustomed to look at things on their ridiculous in preference to their sentimental side. She loved her husband most entirely; but she thought it a great deal pleasanter to spend the morning, while he was away, in gay visits or a drive round the ring, than to sit with a work-basket in a large lonely saloon, with the pictures of their ancestors looking as if they had indeed lost all sympathy with the living. Besides, a call, in an adjacent street, on one whose milliner is not the same, and whose friends are similar to your own — thus giving ample room for praise and its reverse — such a call is quite another thing from that in the country, which involves, first, a journey through wilds that "seem to lengthen as you *go;*" and secondly, a luncheon, which it is your duty to eat. *Alas!* when, in this world, are the agreeable and the necessary

united! Then your neighbour is a person whom you see twice a-year — you have not a taste or opinion in common — the news of the one is no news to the other — conversation is a frozen ocean, and

> "You speak,
> Only to break
> The silence of that sea."

Now these were not mornings to Lady Mandeville's taste. As for the dinners, she had only one comfort, that of abusing them after; — and unspeakable consolation, by the by, in most cases! I cannot see why a taste for the country should be held so very indispensable a requisite for excellence; but really people talk of it as if it were a virtue, and as if an opposite opinion was, to say the least of it, very immoral.

Lady Mandeville's was essentially a town nature. She was born to what she was fit for; she was originally meant to be ornamental, rather than useful. In short, she exactly resembled a plume of ostrich feathers, or a blond dress; now these are best worn in the metropolis. The inference from all this is, that though Lord Mandeville often talked of settling at his country-seat, he never actually settled.

The walk was ended, for the domains were not very extensive, and the gentlemen returned home. They afterwards rode out; and Emily felt very happy in the mere consciousness that the cavalier at her bridle-rein was Edward Lorraine.

That vague, self-relying, uncalculating happiness, how delicious it is — that which we never know but once, and which can have but one object! Emily quite forgot how wretched she had been. She recalled not the once agony of his presence — the despondency in his absence. She never looked at him; she scarce spoke, but she heard his voice, and she saw his shadow fall by her side.

Curious, that of the past our memory retains so little of what is peculiarly its own. The book we have read, the sight we have seen, the speech we have heard, — these are the things to which it recurs, and that rise up within it. We remember but what can be put to present use. It is very extraordinary how little we recollect of hopes, fears, motives, and all the shadowy tribe of feelings; or indeed, how little we think over the past at all. Memory is that mirror wherein a man "beholdeth *himself, and goeth* his way, and straightway for-

getteth what manner of man he was." We are reproach with forgetting others: we forget ourselves a thousand tim more. We remember what we hear, see, and read, oft accurately: not so with what we felt—that is faint and u certain in its record. Memory is the least egotistical of our faculties.

CHAPTER XII.

"'Tis he!
What doth he here?"—BYRON.

"WHAT! loitering still, Emily?" said Lady Mandeville, whe on entering the breakfast-room, she found her and Edwa Lorraine employed, apparently, in looking over some scattere drawings—in reality in talking. Emily, happy without thinl ing it at all necessary to analyse, and so destroy her happines and Edward, if not exactly thinking, yet feeling, it a ve pleasant thing to have a most absorbed listener, who was n the less agreeable for being young and pretty. He was engag in turning the leaves, occasionally referring to his companio Edward possessed one great fascination in discourse. He h the air of truly valuing the opinion he asked.

"Nous ne nous aimions pas, mais notre indifférence
Avait bien les symptômes de l'amour,"

thought Lady Mandeville. "I must disturb the study of o branch of the fine arts for the sake of another. You mu leave the picture for the mirror—be most devout in the sacr fice you offer to the Graces to-day."

"What conquest," replied Emily, smiling, "do you med tate for me?"

"What conquest? What a young-lady question! Non this is an affair of glory, not of sentiment. Mr. Lara Trevy lian dines here to-day. You must dress for his suffrage, n his heart. Most persons are born with a genius for some o thing: Mr. Lara Trevyllian is born with a genius for two;- he piques himself on his knowledge of gastronomy, and h knowledge of women."

Edward Lorraine.—"I should be more inclined to defer *his* knowledge of the science than of the sex."

Lady Mandeville.—"Ah, now—to use an expression of h *own*—'you men never will allow any merit to each other.'"

Edward Lorraine.—"It was not with a view to detract from his powers of feminine analysation that I spoke; but because I think that either man's or woman's character stand in a relative position to each other, like the covered statue of Isis, whose veil mortal hand hath not raised. We never see each other but through the false mediums of passion, or affection, or indifference—all three equally bad for observation."

Lady Mandeville.—"I differ from you; but truly, I cannot sacrifice myself to my opinions. It is too late in the day to dispute; for haste and perfection no toilette ever yet united."

Edward Lorraine.—"Unhappy is he who relies on female friendship! You sacrifice my argument to a curl. Well might the old poet say:

> 'Oh, take, if you would measure forth the worth of woman's mind,
> A scale made of the spider's web, and weights made of the wind.'"

The party was very small, and the fire very large; therefore the half hour before dinner was not so dull as it is generally said to be. By the by, that half hour has always seemed to me to be peculiarly ill treated. Some evil-disposed person has called it stupid. An invidious epithet is always remembered and reapplied: and that one half hour will go to its grave with its appellation of stupid; no exceptions made in its favour—no pleasant reminiscences, not even a single flirtation, brought, like a solitary witness, to give it a good character. Alas; a cruel and striking epithet is

> "One fatal remembrance, one shadow that throws
> Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

Now, really the half hour to-day was rather agreeable; we should have said "very," of any other of the forty-eight. Lord Mandeville and Mr. Morland were deciding, to their mutual satisfaction, that a neighbouring gentleman, on whom they had been calling that morning to suggest an improvement in an adjacent road, was certainly the most singular mixture of silliness and stolidity they had ever encountered. Now these qualities do not often go together—the frivolity of the one interfering with the heaviness of the other: stupidity is the masculine of silliness. But the Rev. Dr. Clarke had at once vague and stubborn ideas respecting his own dignity and his own interests; the one he supported by disdain, the other by selfishness; and *in his own mind* identified both with church and state. *The little boy, who,* in the hurry of a game of marbles

forgot to take off his ragged cap to him, he foresaw would come to the gallows; and the farmer, whom hard necessity forced to delay the payment of his tithes, he denounced as committing sacrilege, and as nothing better than an atheist. Surely the time passed in expatiating on the reverend Doctor's faults was rather profitably passed than otherwise.

Edward Lorraine and Emily were a little out of the circle carrying on one of those conversations, "low-voiced and sweet," whose nothings have often a charm which defies the writer, but which the reader's memory may perchance supply. Lady Mandeville and Mr. Lara Trevyllian were seated together on the sofa. He had just arrived from London, and was detailing its novelties with a novelty essentially his own.

The days of description (personal and panegyrical) are passing rapidly away. No one now ushers in a new character by dwelling on "his large blue eyes, beaming with benevolence," or with "raven curls on a brow of marble whiteness." All that is necessary is to state that Mr. Trevyllian had *l'air bien distingué;* which means, that he was slight, pale, well dressed, and that his manners united much grace with more nonchalance.

The essence of Mr. Trevyllian's existence belonged to a highly polished state of society. His habits, tastes, opinions, feelings, were all artificial, and in this consisted his most striking peculiarity; for it was singular how a character, which was so much an acquired one, could yet be so original. He possessed great knowledge, both that acquired from books—for he had read largely,—and that acquired from observation—for he had seen much of society. His reasoning, rather than his imaginative faculties were developed. He soon exhausted pleasure, and then reasoned upon it: he soon exhausted it, because he wanted that colouring enthusiasm which creates more than half of what it enjoys; and he reasoned upon it, because his activity of mind, not having been employed on fancies, remained entire for realities.

His perception of the ridiculous was as keen as it was investigating. He set forth absurdity, cause and effect; and the absurdity grew doubly absurd from having its motive placed by its side. He possessed self-appreciation rather than vanity; he was two suspicious to be vain. Vanity seeks for, and believes in, praise; he would certainly have doubted the motive or the sincerity of the praise he was offered—and disbelief takes refuge in disdain.

It may be questioned whether he was generally popular. There were two reasons against it: first, he was not always understood — and whatever people in general do not understand, they are always prepared to dislike; the incomprehensible is always the obnoxious. Secondly, he often and openly expressed his contempt of the selfishness, meanness, and littleness, that enter so largely into the composition of the present; now, a general compliment is utterly thrown away, but a general affront every one individualises. Yet no person could be more delightful in conversation: it was amusement, to whose service various powers paid tribute; there was observation, thought, mirth, and invention. Mr. Trevyllian was witty, though certainly not what is so often called a wit: he made no puns — he gave no nicknames — and was not partilarly ill-natured.

One sweeping censure, in passing, on our now-a-days style of conversation. Its Scylla of sarcasm, its Charybdis of insincerity, which, one or other, bid fair to engulf its all of originality or interest. Ridicule is suspended, like the sword of Damocles, in every drawing-room — but, unlike that sword, is over every head; hence every one goes into society with the armour of indifference, or the mantle of deceit. None say either what they think or what they feel. We are the Chinese of conversation; and, day by day, the circle grows less and less. A flippant, vapid discourse, personal in all its bearings, in which "who peppers the highest is surest to please," and from which all intellectual subjects are carefully excluded — who shall deny, that if dialogues of the living were now to be written, such would be the chief *matériel?*

Books, works of art, the noble statue, the glorious picture, how rarely are any of these the subjects of conversation? Few venture to speak on any topic that really interests them, for fear they should be led away by the warmth of speaking, and, by saying more than they intended, lay themselves open to the sarcasm which lies, like an Indian in ambush, ready to spring forth the moment the victim is off his guard. Take one instance among many. Beyond the general coarse and false compliment which it is held necessary to address with a popular author, and which is repaid by an affected and absurd indifference, what vein of conversation is afterwards started? Assuredly *something* which interests neither: the mind of the

one receives no impression — that of the other puts forth no powers. The natural face may be a thousand times more attractive, still a mask must be worn. No one has courage to be himself. We look upon others, and our eyes reflect back their images. It is the same with the mind. Even thus in society do we mirror the likeness of others. All originality being destroyed, our natural craving for variety asks some stimulant, and we are obliged to relieve the insipidity by bitters and acids. Who would dare to be eloquent in the face of a sneer? or who express a sentiment which would instantly be turned to shame and laughter? Ridicule is the dry-rot of society.

But to return to Mr. Trevyllian. Though more original, it is not to be supposed he was more natural than people in general. On the contrary, his character was essentially artificial — the work of man's hands — one that belonged to society and education. His manners and opinions were equally polished. His reading had been extensive — so had his observation; but both his reading and his observation had a worldly cast. As to feeling, he had as much as most have, perhaps more — though generally people have more than they get credit for; but he had no sentiment. Sentiment, by the by, is one of those ill-used words which, from being often misemployed, require a definition when properly applied. Sentiment is the poetry of feeling. Feeling weeps over the grave of the beloved — sentiment weeps, and plants the early flower and the green tree, to weep too. The truth is, Mr. Trevyllian was deficient in one faculty — that of the imagination.

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> But it was nothing more."

He would have said, "Why, what should it be but a simple and pretty flower?" Now, an imaginative individual finds out likenesses to human thoughts, connects its soon perishing with the speedy decay of hopes that open when the heart has a spring like the year; or some loved face has left on it he memory of its smile, and hence its green birth is "a divinely haunted place."

The same lights and shadows which imagination flings over *the primrose*, it flings also over every other reality in life;

and it may be doubted whether these were not "hidden mysteries" to Mr. Trevyllian. He was luxurious in his habits, and fastidious in his tastes, upon principle. He held that enjoyment was a duty owed to yourself. It may be questioned whether making pleasure a duty will add either to its flavour or its longevity. However, he was an alchemist of happiness, and considered a delight an experiment.

Mr. Trevyllian affected *la gastronomie:* he studied it as a science; thus vanity assisted luxury — for what professor of any science but has the pride of art? Nothing could be more eloquent than his disdain — unless it were his pity for the uncultivated palates that rejoiced in tender beefsteaks — mouths that champed at raw celery like horses at a bit — people who simply boiled their pease, and ate apples and pears, or, as he sweepingly phrased it, "other crude vegetables."

Dinner arrived, and with it soup, salmon, and silence. A person who talks at the commencement of the course must either have no feelings of his own, or no regard for those of others. At length light observations leaped up on the sunny tides of the French wines, and the more solid remark might be supposed to come with the sherry, bringing with it something of the gravity of its native Spain; while the wisdom floated in with the Madeira, which, having been twice round the world, must have acquired some experience by the way. Conversation commenced by Lady Mandeville's refusing some lampreys, — a dish, *en passant,* greatly resembling stewed adders.

Mr. Trevyllian. — "What! a negative? Ah, you ladies terribly neglect the sources of happiness! But you have so many within yourselves, that you may well slight some of those to which our unfortunate sex is obliged to have recourse."

Lady Mandeville. — "What! still retaining your Utopian visions of female felicity? To talk of our happiness! — ours, the ill-used and oppressed! You remind me of the ancient tyrant, who, seeing his slaves sink under the weight of their chains, said 'Do look at the indolent repose of those people!'"

Mr. Trevyllian. — "You take white sauce, Miss Arundel? I was sure you would. That preference of white sauce to brown is a singular proof of female inferiority."

Lord Mandeville. — "Inferiority! I thought, Mr. Trevyl-

lian, you had been a devout believer in the perfection of the fairer world."

Mr. Trevyllian.—"And so I am. I quite agree with the eastern sage who said, 'the rose was made from what was left of woman at the creation.' I do not conceive that their excellence is much impaired by this neglect of mental cultivation."

Lady Mandeville.—"Nay, now, you do not rank gastronomy among the sciences born 'of the immortal mind?'"

Mr. Trevyllian.—"Indeed I do, and as one of the highest and most influential. There are three things the wise man sedulously cultivates—his intellect, his affections, and his pleasures. Who will deny how much it brightens the intellect? When does the mind put forth its powers? when are the stores of memory unlocked? when does wit 'flash from fluent lips?'—when but after a good dinner? Who will deny its influence on the affections? Half our friends are born of turbots and truffles. What is modern attachment but an exhalation from a soup or a salmi? And as to its pleasure, I appeal to each one's experience—only that the truth of experience is so difficult to attain. It is one of those singular prejudices with which human nature delights to contradict itself, that while we readily admit the enjoyment given by the fair objects which delight our sense of seeing—the fragrant odours which delight our sense of smelling—we should deny that given by the exquisite flavours which delight our sense of tasting."

Mr. Morland.—"The rights of the mouth are as little understood as those of the people. There is a great deal of natural incapacity in the world."

Edward Lorraine.—"There still remains in us so much of the heavy clay of which we were originally compounded. We are ourselves the stumbling-blocks in the way of our happiness. Place a common individual—by common, I mean with the common share of stupidity, custom, and discontent—place him in the garden of Eden, and he would not find it out unless he were told, and when told, he would not believe it."

Lord Mandeville.—"We soon live past the age of appreciation; and on common minds first impressions are indelible, *because they* are not the result of reflection, but of habit."

Mr. Morland.—"It is very difficult to persuade people to be happy in any fashion but their own. We run after novelty in little things—we shrink from it in great. We make the yoke of circumstance a thousand times heavier, by so unwillingly accommodating ourselves to the inevitable."

Mr. Trevyllian.—"Herein, Lady Mandeville, is the superiority of your sex so manifest. Women bend to circumstances so easily and so gracefully."

Lady Mandeville.—"Because we are so early taught to yield to strong necessity. They who are never accustomed to have a will of their own, rarely think of opposition:

'We do content ourselves with discontent.'"

Mr. Trevyllian.—"Discontent for what?—because, however harsh or rough may be the ways of life, the fairest and smoothest are reserved for you. Ours is the fever of politics, the weariness of business, the bitterness of contention: while to you is left the quiet of home, where you rule, or the gaiety of amusement, where you conquer."

Lady Mandeville.—"This is truly a man's logic, 'making the worse appear the better reason.'"

Mr. Trevyllian.—"Then look at the fund of good spirits you possess. Take, for example, a wet day, such as this has been. Debarred from the air and exercise, we have wandered from room to room in gloomy silence or in sad discourse—our health and our vivacity equally impaired; while you were as buoyant in step, as bright in eye, and as gay in words, as if the sun had been shining. Nay, I even heard you laugh—laugh during an east wind!—let no woman talk of her evil fate after that."

Lady Mandeville.—"I may be silenced, but am not convinced. Power, wealth, and love, are not these the great enjoyments in life, and have you not retained these to yourselves? The power you have arrogated—the wealth you have engrossed—and of love you have only left us its constancy and its sorrow."

Mr. Trevyllian.—"Too many charges at once. I will reply to the last first; indeed, that will be an answer to all—for through love our power is at your feet, and our wealth is in your *hands*. *As for* constancy, it is the veriest falsehood

poet or novelist ever invented, either to heighten a sentime or turn a phrase, when he ascribed it as the especial merit your sex. We are a thousand times more constant. A wom has so many things that divide her heart with her lover. Ala the diamonds we give are our rivals — they take up the though we want to engross. Then the horror to think how soon t affection inspired by oneself is merged in that inspired by yo children! The husband dies — the wife piously submits to t Divine will—Providence supports her wonderfully through it- her child dies of the measles or hooping-cough — and t mother goes to Hastings and dies too."

Lord Mandeville.—" What is the reason that many die the loss of a beloved object before marriage, but never after The lover cannot survive the mistress, nor the mistress t lover: but the husband or the wife survive each other to good old age."

Mr. Trevyllian.—" Curiosity is its own suicide; and wh is love but curiosity? Marriage enables us to make proof the happiness which was but an idea before. With lov knowledge is destruction; and as for the individuals, who ca expect them to die of a disease that is extinct?"

Edward Lorraine.—" No sin in love is so great as inco stancy, because it unidealises it. The crime of sacrilege is n in the mere theft of the golden images from the high places- it is in afterwards applying them to base and common use Love and faith both require the ideal to make them holy."

Lady Mandeville (*whispering Edward*).—" We never u derstand the full heinousness of a crime unless we commit it

Mr. Trevyllian. — " There is something absurd in vowin constancy in love. Love depends on impulses and impression now, over neither of these have we any control. The on security is, that we soon exhaust our impulses, and grow ca lous to impressions; and the attachment has then become habit, whose chains are, of all others, the most difficult break."

Edward Lorraine.—

> " And custom lie upon you with a weight
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

Mr. Trevyllian.—" Some author or other well defines lo *to be* ' *an egotism* in two persons;' and I recollect three lin *which* contain the whole essence of love-making:

'O moi que j'adore,
O toi qui m'adore,
O nous que nous nous adorons!'"

Mr. Morland.—"In this exaltation of constancy there is something of that self-deception which attends all our imaginings of every species of virtue. We make them so beautifully perfect, to serve as an excuse for not attaining thereunto. 'Perfection was not made for man.'"

Mr. Trevyllian.—"Only that truth is like the philosopher's stone, a thing not to be discovered, it were curious to observe how practice and theory accord. The omnipotence and unity of first love are usually and eloquently insisted upon. No person pleads guilty to more than a second, and that only under peculiar circumstances. Now, I hold that love-affairs in the human heart are like the heads of the hydra; cut one off, another springs up in its place. First would come passing attractions—innumerable; then such as a second interview have made matter of memory—these would task the calculating boy himself; next, such as further, though slight, intercourse has deepened into a tinge of sentiment—these would require slate and pencil to cast up. Again, such as wore the name of friendship—these might be reckoned for as the French actress said, upon being asked if she could enumerate her adorers: *Aisement; qui ne sait compter jusqu'au mille?* Encore, attachments thwarted by circumstance, or such as died the natural death of absence—these would be not a few; to say nothing of some half-dozen grand passions."

Lady Mandeville.—"Now, in spite of your knowledge of our sex—a knowledge, as I once heard you say, founded on much study, and more experience—I think you are confounding vanity and love."

Mr. Trevyllian.—"I own I see little difference between them."

Lady Mandeville.—"On the contrary, I hold that vanity is to love what opium is to the constitution,—exciting, but destroying."

Edward Lorraine.—"I must own I allow to this 'religion of the heart' a more exalted creed than you seem inclined to do. Love is of all others the principle in our nature which calls forth 'its higher and its better part.' Look at the disinterestedness of love, the sacrifices it even delights in making!

Think how lightly are all worldly advantages held ı thrown into the balance with affection."

Lady Mandeville. —

"Puisqu'il a peint Didon,
Virgile avait aimé."

Mr. Trevyllian. — "Pardon: Mr. Lorraine is under influence of hope, not memory: he paints the passioı expects to inspire."

Mr. Morland. — "What an interesting subject for coı sation are these varieties of *la belle passion!* Sentiment ı with a deal of sympathy."

Lady Mandeville. — "As far as words go."

Mr. Trevyllian. — "Does sympathy often go ı further?"

Mr. Morland. — "Look at the daily papers: to eloquence do they attain when an affair of the heart bec an affair of the police!"

Mr. Trevyllian. — "My way hither lay through the co town, where I stopped to take 'mine ease at mine inn,' of w I soon grew tired enough. One does many rash things idleness. The assizes were being held, and I demolish fragment of our great enemy, Time, in court. The case ı tried was what is called, *par distinction,* an interesting A man, in the desperation of a refusal (common people those things strangely to heart), had stabbed the obdurate one with his knife. She was herself the prosecutrix. counsel denounced the crime: he should have denounced criminal's taste. As the evidence proceeded, one thing in his favour — that, after stabbing the woman, he ran fetched the doctor: 'a manifest proof,' as the judge obse 'of his good heart.' Well, the jury could not agree, accordingly were shut up to their dinnerless discussion method of proceeding, by the by, enough to produce affec ate unanimity between the rival queens themselves. Whe

'Hark! there are murmurs in the crowded hall!
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!'

The prisoner had hurried verdict and catastrophe — he stabbed himself. Heavens! the sympathy he excited! ' strong feelings' — 'ruin of his happiness' — 'blighted a *tions*' — *in* short, there was not a man in the court *would not* have asked him to dinner, nor a woman who w *not have* married him."

Edward Lorraine. —

"An equal sympathy they both confessed."

Lady Mandeville. — "An equal sympathy do you call it? Come, Emily, we must teach them to value us higher — we must leave them, that 'distance may lend enchantment to the view.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

"Alas! what differs more than man from man?
And whence that difference?—whence but from himself?
* * * * *
"There is a bondage that is worse to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall
Pent in,—a tyrant's solitary thrall:
'Tis his who ———
——— must bear
His fetters in his soul." WORDSWORTH.

A DAY when the south wind brought with it sunshine and showers—when one half hour down came the glistening rain so quickly, that the sun had not time to hide his face—and the next, the blue sky had its azure deepened by the relief of the broken white clouds; while the garden was flooded with golden light—at the point of every leaf hung a clear bright rain-drop—and the turf shone like an emerald with the moisture. The air was soft and warm, and fraught with that peculiar sweetness which tells that the serynga (our English orange-flower) has expanded, and that the lilacs are in full blossom.

Edward Lorraine was seated at an open window: when the soft warm rain came down, it beat the other way, and the eye followed it driving through the sunshine, like a fairy shower of diamond or amber, till it seemed to melt on the green and distant hills into a mist, silvery but indistinct.

Mr. Morland was amusing himself with the County Chronicle, and Edward was absorbed in his book: Lady Mandeville and Emily were seated at a small work-table. Lady Mandeville, who had not been in the room ten minutes, was very industrious; but it must be owned that Emily's eye wandered more than once to the opposite window: Edward was so very intent on the page before him. At length he closed the

volume—leant as if meditating on its contents, for a few minutes—and then rose and approached the work-table.

Edward Lorraine.—"I am so fascinated with what I have been reading, that I am under the absolute necessity of talking about it:

'Happiness was born a twin.'"

Lady Mandeville.—"And we are to enjoy your happiness without knowing in what it consists: disinterested sympathy, at least."

Edward Lorraine.—"Have you read the tale I have just finished, Di Vasari?"

Lady Mandeville.—"Oh, we can enter into your enjoyment. Emily and I read it about a week ago;—read it during one half the day, and talked of it during the other."

Edward Lorraine.—"The story itself is one of intense interest—one of passion and poetry. But even this has less attraction for me than the strong peculiarities of the man's spirit. I knew him, and can so well imagine the strength and bitterness of his mind when some of the passages were written."

Emily.—"You say you knew the author. What was he like?"

Edward Lorraine.—"That is to say, was he handsome? Yes, in a peculiar and un-English style. He had high, sharp, and somewhat Jewish features, dark eye, clear, keen, and penetrating with something almost ferocious in their expression:

'And in his eye the gladiator spoke.'

If I believed in transmigration, I should have said that in his former stage of existence he had been a Bengal tiger; and somewhat of its likeness still lingered in his face."

Emily.—"Did you know much of him?"

Edward Lorraine.—"I never saw Mr. Thompson—(I wish, in order to interest you, he had had a more characteristic name)—but once. I had read in the very Magazine which contains Di Vasari, viz. Blackwood's, a tale called the Life of Charles Edwards—it struck me so much, that I grew *curious* about the author. I met him soon afterwards at a *supper.*"

Lady Mandeville.—"Could he talk?"

Edward Lorraine.—"Wonderfully! Singular opinions singularly maintained! A flow of words, very felicitous, and yet such as no one else would have used. Not so much a love of, as a positive necessity for, contradiction seemed a part of his mind: add to this, extensive and out-of-the-way reading, and a ready memory—and if your imagination be very vivid, you will form some faint notion of his discourse."

Lady Mandeville.—"I should like to judge for myself. You must introduce him."

Edward Lorraine.—"Your command makes the impossible easy; but this is very impossible indeed. The subject of our discourse is dead. He died, as I have since heard, of a harassed mind, and a worn-out constitution. His history is one of the many brief and bitter pages in human life. A spirit superior to its station—talents of that imaginative kind, which so constantly exaggerate their influence—tastes poetical in their luxury—aspirations the most undefined and aspiring; gird all these in by narrow circumstances, and a lower class in life,—you will then have the whole of his dark and discontented existence."

Mr. Morland (laying down the County Chronicle).—"I know few states that more excite our sympathy in theory than this contest of 'low want and lofty will.' But unless we could pre-arrange existence, how are we to alter it? Nature and Fortune have long been at variance. A workman uses for each task those tools most appropriate to the work. Not so with Life: in at least seven cases out of nine, people are placed by fortune to fulfil a destiny for which they are eminently unfitted by nature. But go on with your detail."

Edward Lorraine.—"I am not aware of his birth, parentage, or education; but, when quite a lad, he left home, after the old fashion of adventurers, and went to South America. There he stayed some twelve or thirteen years. I am afraid that his expedition to find El Dorado was as bootless as Sir Walter Raleigh's. Home he returned, and committed that worst imprudence, an imprudent marriage. Imprudence in this world is punished even more rapidly than crime; and I believe his folly was its own punishment. He became a reporter to a newspaper, published some admirable tales in Blackwood's Magazine, and wrote for divers other periodicals. Night *after night he* attended the gallery of the House of

Commons, recording what any merciless orator might choose to declaim. Or else, grinding down the last colours of his mind for an 'article in time'—till mind and body both gave way, and he died, I have heard, at about five-and-thirty, leaving behind him some of the most original tales in our language, scattered through different publications. Not a dozen persons remember his name; and pages full of passion and beauty are slumbering in productions, which, however, influential in their day, not one person in a thousand binds, nor one in ten thousand reads when bound. Genius should offer up its morning and evening sacrifice to luck."

Mr. Morland.—"When we consider how many authors, and popular ones, whether living or dead, now crowd our shelves and memories, we ought rather to rejoice when a writer, be his merit what it may, is forgotten. We have no patriotism towards posterity; and the selfish amusement of the present always has and always will outweigh the important interests of the future,—or else a law would long ago have passed, for every century to consign the production of its predecessor to the flames. Readers would benefit by the originality this would produce; and writers would no longer have to complain that their predecessors had taken all their best ideas:

'Pareant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.'"

Edward Lorraine.—"Where shall we find a literary Curtius, to leap, volumes and all, a voluntary offering into this gulf of oblivion?"

Lady Mandeville.—"This is so like a man's scheme,—always expecting others to be more disinterested than himself!"

Edward Lorraine.—"This tale, by the by, of Di Vasari, is written in a style in which our literature is less fertile than in its other branches."

Lady Mandeville.—"One at this moment occurs to me, and one quite out of my ordinary course. You and Emily, and even Mr. Morland, are decidedly 'romanticists.' I must own I prefer a gayer and lighter species of reading. Of pictures I like portraits—of books I like novels—novels of modern life, times, and manners: even if very bad, they amuse. I am not sure if laughing *at* them be not as pleasant as laughing *with* them."

Edward Lorraine.—"But what is the tale?"

Lady Mandeville.—"Do not be impatient. Cannot you

see that this dwelling on my opposite tastes shows how very admirable the story must be which could carry me so completely out of them? I insist upon telling you how I came to read it. Mandeville had dined out: Emily, most unkindly, had not a prescience of my loneliness, and stayed at the Hall. I got tired, very tired of myself. At last I saw a little volume lying on the table—took it up in that worst of moods for an author—*faute de mieux*,—opened it carelessly—read a few pages, and grew so interested, that I let the fire quite, the lamp nearly, out; and when Henry came home, I am not sure whether I did not take him for one of his ancestors stepped down from a picture-frame. Moreover, I could not sleep till I had finished it. There is the very book."

Edward Lorraine.—"My old favourite Inesilla. How well I remember reading it! It was in the summer, as I walked to and fro in an avenue, over which the elm boughs met; and below, large, old, unpruned laurels grew almost over the walk. It took a wonderful hold on me. I believe, for weeks after, I looked with suspicious eyes on every pleasant-spoken elderly gentleman who addressed me."

Lady Mandeville.—"Do you remember the effect produced by the black hollyhock, hanging gloomily over the sepulchral white marble vase?"

Emily.—"I like Inesilla herself so much."

Edward Lorraine.—"It is the only beautiful English tale I know in which the supernatural agency is well managed. Our common ghosts are essentially vulgar."

Lady Mandeville.—"Sent on errands to reveal a murder or a money deposit."

Edward Lorraine.—"Here the spiritual agency is so terrible and so solemn. Every day, and every hour, we are trenching upon the mighty and mysterious empire of the unknown; the shadows of old superstition flit dimmer and more dim before her eyes. We lay ghosts, not with holy word and crucifix, but with Abernethy and Dr. Hibbert. But let us grow as actual as we will— let us admit nothing but facts, and not these till they have been first denied—still vague, ay vain, beliefs will spring up in our hearts—midnight, despite all reasoning, will be haunted with 'a shadow and a thought.' So long as the soul knows this is not her own home, she will have visitings *from another*, and there will be that in our

thoughts of which we can give no account—a fear and hope, which we sometimes will deny, and which will never be more than a dream. It is this fine and mystical sense which Inisella succeeds so well in exciting. Then the human interest is admirably kept up. Our superstition is awakened through our affection."

Emily.—I "think it opens so beautifully: the feeling of happiness—sunny, confiding happiness—contrasts powerfully with the after desolation."

Edward Lorraine.—"Altogether, I know no tale of stranger and wilder beauty."

The day wore on, and, when evening came, the party were arranged to Lady Mandeville's satisfaction as regarded her guests: whether it was so very delightful to herself, may reasonably be questioned. An elderly neighbour had had the cruelty to come out without his wife, his constant partner at cards; and Mr. Morrison was one who would as soon have thought of going without his dinner as without his rubber. This rubber had therefore to be made up by the Mandevilles themselves and Mr. Morland. Miss Arundel and Lorraine were at the other extremity of the room, by the piano,—an occasional song serving as the excuse for what was a *tête-à-tête* in all but the embarrassment. Certainly that evening Edward was a little in love—to be sure he had nothing else to do.

Now the letters arrived at Norville Abbey in the evening: a great misfortune this—for, on an average, there is not one pleasant letter out of ten, and it is miserable to pass the night ruminating on the other nine. One really wants the spirits of the morning to support the coming in of the post. There was one letter universally disagreeable—it came from Mr. Delawarr, and entreated Lorraine's instant return to London. Regrets came flattering enough to the fortunate or unfortunate receiver of the epistle; even Emily ventured to say she was "very sorry," but it was in such a low voice that no one heard it. "You must come and see us again," said Lord Mandeville, "unless we are in town before you can escape."

Early the next morning the wheels of a departing carriage rolled off, unnoticed, as its occupier supposed, by all. One ear, however, heard every sound; and either a very gentle hand or a very light wind, slightly stirred a curtain. Poor Emily! she only caught sight of the postilion. Why, with all our deep

and unutterable sympathies with love, are we inclined to laugh at half its disappointments?

CHAPTER XIV.

"Happiness
Is the gay to-morrow of the mind
That never comes."

"I GIVE my most cordial approbation," said Lord Mandeville: "I think Emily Arundel is a very sweet creature—a little too visionary."

"Nay, it is that," replied his wife, "which makes her so interesting: she is just a heroine for a romance in five volumes; and I shall never forgive her, if something a little out of the common run of, brought out one season and married the next, without an interesting embarrassment, does not happen to her."

"My dear Ellen, beware how you encourage this tendency in your pretty *protégée*—to invent a life rather than live: with all your penetration, I think you are hardly aware of the strength and intensity of Miss Arundel's character. At fifteen, her poetry of feeling (you see I do my best to please you with a phrase) would just give piquancy and freshness to her entry into life; but at twenty, it is grown into a decided mental feature—and nothing would surprise me less than to see her throw herself away on a worthless fortune-hunter, under some mistaken fancy of affection and disinterestedness."

"No fear of that; I have a match for her in perspective—one that I am much mistaken if both she and you would not highly approve."

"And I am much mistaken if she has not some floating fancy of her own."

"But suppose we both agree in our choice?"

"Well, suppose what you please, only be cautious how you act upon your suppositions."

"In the meantime, I have your consent to ask her to accompany us to Italy?"

"A very cordial yes to that."

Emily gladly accepted the offer. But for Lady Mandeville's *friendship, her position* was at this moment very awkward:

to live alone at the Hall would have been too independent-residence with her aunt was put out of the question by marriage—and Lady Alicia's death prevented her deriv that advantage from Mr. Delawarr being appointed her guardi which, perhaps, her uncle had anticipated. To be sure, heiress is never at a loss for friends; but the very thought strangers made Emily cling more closely to Lady Mandevil protection. Her ladyship was very tired of Norville Abb and a little female diplomacy had been exerted for some ti to convince her husband that—whether put on those unfail arguments, health or spirits—a little change was indispensal as Hortense says of her drawing-room's Sevres china, and molu, "*C'est plus qu'utile, c'est nécessaire.*"

After many demurs—turnip-fields and coveys, the coppice and pheasants, put into the balance against "Rapha Correggios, and stuff"—it was finally agreed they should tra for the next season, on condition that the following one wa see them quietly settled in the Abbey again, taking care of county interest during that seventh year of such importance our constitution, where the phœnix parliament dissolves i its original elements, again to be collected and re-vivified the process called purity of election.

Like most fair tactitians, Lady Mandeville, contented w present advantages, left the future to take care of itself: besic after a year on the continent, Norville Abbey would offer c trast enough to be quite delightful.

Arrangements were soon commenced and soon end Emily took leave of Mrs. Clarke, who gave her divers sn commissions, and many ingenious hints how the custo house officers might be evaded. The Doctor recommen her to learn to make milk coffee, a thing never met with g in England—and, as he justly observed, she might marr man who was fond of it.

"And I can say, from experience," added his wife, "th is nothing like seeing to things yourself."

Her last visit was to Mr. Morton: the old had died arou him, the young were departing, and regret deepened i anxiety as he bade her farewell.

"Come back, my child, as kind, as affectionate, and w *hopes only* less visionary because realised in their happine *be humble,* be thankful, and, my child, may God bless and k *you!*"

It was the last evening of all, and that Emily gave to her ddest farewell—to her home. She retraced the walks of r childhood; the shrubbery, with its luxuriant growth of ses, now in the full beauty of summer; the fruit-garden, here every tree and walk had a remembrance—those iron ıks of affection. The wind was high, and at every step a ower of fragrant and coloured leaves fell over her like rain: r fancy asked of her feelings, Do they weep to bid me fare-ell?

Nothing exaggerates self-importance like solitude; and rhaps because we have it not, then more than ever do we el the want of sympathy: hopes, thoughts, these link them-ves with external objects; and it is the expression of that unting desire of association, those vine-like emotions of the man heart which fasten on whatever is near, that give an terest like truth to the poet's fiction, who says that the ournful waters and the drooping trees murmur with his urmurs, and sorrow with his sorrows.

It was now the shadowy softness of twilight—that one nglish hour whose indistinct beauty has a vague charm which ay compensate for all the sunshine that ever made glorious e vale of Damascus; and as she emerged from the yew-tree alk, the waving wind and the dim light gave the figures cut their branches almost the appearance of reality, and their adows flung huge semblances of humanity far before them: less excited frame of mind than Emily's might well have vested them with the idea of something actual and ominous. was a relief to reach the broad open turf before the house. he room into which she meant to go fronted full west. The n had set some time, and his purple pageantry, like that of forgotten monarch, had departed; but one or two rich clouds, te faithful hearts, retaining the memory of his gifts to the st, floated still on the air. The middle window of the oriel fore her, just caught and reflected back the crimson light d colour. The ground below looked bright and warm mpared with the shade around.

One of those fancies which will, despite of reason, link some culiar object and feeling together, now crossed Emily's mind: e took a little branch of geranium—it was all leaves, for nose lingering *fragrance* she had gathered it—and planted it

in the most sheltered spot, by the steps: "If it flourish, I shall flourish; if it perish, so shall I."

The window was open, and she entered the room. How dreary it looked! The carpet was taken up, the chairs ranged in formal order round the wall, the fire-irons removed, and the grate so bright and so cold; the curtains were down, all the little ornaments put away, no flowers in the stands, and the pictures covered up: from want of sufficient material, the face of her uncle's portrait was still visible: she thought it looked upon her sadly and kindly, forgetting that such was his habitual expression. A movement in the passage roused her; hastily she sprang down the steps, and in an instant was hidden in the thick foliage of the path which led to the village, where she was to meet Lady Mandeville and the children.

Little did she know the terrors she had left behind her. The foot in the passage was that of the old gardener, who, now residing in the house with his wife and daughter, had been sent by the said female authorities to close the shutters against damp, thieves, and other evening annoyances. He just caught sight of Emily—the white dress was enough; and, without pausing on the incongruity of a ghost in a large straw bonnet, he rushed back to the kitchen: those spiritual securities, candles and company, enabled him to return; there was no trace of any earthly thing; the supernatural conclusion was soon drawn, the room pronounced to be haunted, and henceforth only to be entered in couples.

A ghost-story is an avalanche, increasing in horror as it goes; and, like an avalanche, one often brings on another. It was remembered, that Emily was the last of a house which had for years and years been connected with every tradition in the county: the grandfathers of the parish could recollect when the old hall had rung with the cheerful song and shout of a gallant band of relatives, all bearing the name of Arundel, and when the echoes of the morning were awakened by baying hounds and the ringing horns of the young hunters: but one grave had been filled after another—one name after another crowded the funeral tablets of the church: and the once flourishing race had dwindled down to one slight girl.

Omens, predictions, and legends now multiplied around every fireside; one, in particular, was revived. The lands of the Arundel estate had belonged to a monastery; but when the

bowed down before King Henry's anger, these domains
ssigned to one of his favourite followers, Sir John
l. But the abbess, descended from an old Norman
and inheriting all the spirit of her race, resigned not
y the sway for which youth, beauty, and the world
n sacrificed. She refused admittance to the messen-
efied the authority which attempted to dispossess her;
sued her usual course of rule and faith, as if neither
n gainsayed.

bold a Neville as ever buckled on spur or sword! She
ay right, and appeals to the pope," said the haughty
ı, throwing down her scroll. "Read ye ever such a
l of curses? Come, Sir John Arundel, they say you
ther man nor devil; let's see if you fear woman? Clear
this convent, and keep its candlesticks for your pains."

knight needed no second command: he ordered a band
tanchest followers to horse—men who had fought by
in Flanders, and there learnt more reverence for Sir
than Sir Priest. They stayed a short while in the hostel
illage; for mine host's Canary smacked, as the jesting
said, of a monkish neighbourhood. When Sir John
l again, he somewhat regretted the delay; for the night
ing—and, besides, it gave time for the daring prioress
of his coming, and perhaps prepare, however fruitlessly
e it.

e rode up the hill, he saw lights gleaming from the
, and a sound of music floated upon the air. To his
rprise, the gates were all unbarred. Not a creature was
all were evidently assembled in the chapel, whence
oth the light and music.

doors of the chapel were unfastened, though closed.
went; but even Sir John and his reckless soldiers
a moment on the threshold, and two or three even
heir steel caps. Chanting—though, it must be owned,
' them rather tremulously—their choral hymn, the
osely veiled, knelt on each side,—but for their sweet
ike figures carved, rather than life. The prioress alone
'eiled, and standing on the steps of the altar, which,
) her long flowing garments, gave her the appearance of
ɔreternatural *height*. In one hand, even as her fore-
had grasped the sword, not less boldly did she hold a

torch; in the other, even as they had held their shield, she h the cross. For a moment even Sir John Arundel quailed bef the dark eye that met his own so fearlessly. She saw advantage and seized it. At a glance, her nuns ceased th hymn, and a deep silence succeeded the voice of singing, the clanging steps of armed men.

"Not for pity, nor even for time, cruel and grasping m do I now speak;" and her clear distinct voice sounded un turally loud, from the echoes of the arched roof and holl tombs. "Turn the golden vessels sacred to thy God to p poses of vain riot and thankless feasting, even as did Babylonian monarch;—take the fair lands, from whose grov the pilgrim has been fed and the poor relieved—take them, the unrighteous king of Israel took the vineyard of his nei bour, by force;—but take also the curse that clings to ungodly. I curse the father who shall possess—the race w are to inherit. Thy young men shall be cut off by the swo and sickness, worse than an armed man, shall take thy maid in the bower. In the name of the faith thou hast deserted the God thou hast outraged—the curse shall be on thy ra till it be extinguished, even as this light."

She dashed down the torch she held, descended from altar-steps, and left the chapel before any of her opponents w sufficiently recovered from their dismay to stop or molest l passage. All the nuns were either not so fortunate or resolute. Certain it is, that one of them, and a namesake t Bertha de Neville, a few weeks after, married this very John Arundel. The legend went on to state, that the nup merriment was disturbed by the sudden appearance of a p spectral figure, who entered, as it contrived to depart from, banquet-hall, unobserved, and denounced the most awful cur on bridegroom and bride. A similar appearance was said have attended the christening of their first child.

Years passed away; and the story of the White Prioress v one of those which belong of right to all ancient families. ghost only pays an old house a proper attention by an occasio visit. And now that Arundel Hall was, for the time at les deserted—and Emily was the last of her race, just, too, on *eve of her* departure for foreign parts, together with the ap *rition* seen by the gardener—such an opportunity for aught *superstitious* record might never occur again. Traditio

omens, appearances, prophecies, came thick and threefold; till, what with inventions and remembrances, not a grandfather or grandmother, not an uncle or aunt of her race, had ever, by common report, remained quiet in their graves.

Early as it was next morning, not a cottage-door but sent forth its inhabitants to take a farewell look at Miss Emily. Many a little sunburnt face ran beside the carriage, and many a little hand, which had since sunrise been busily employed in selecting her favourite flowers, threw nosegays in at the window. Emily eagerly caught them, and her eyes filled with tears, as, at a turning in the road which hid the village, she threw herself back on the seat. How many years of youth and of happiness—how many ties of those small kindnesses, stronger than steel to bind—how many memories of early affection, was she leaving behind!

At that moment the beautiful answer of the Shunamite woman seemed to her the very morality of happiness and certainty of content—"I dwell among mine own people." How many familiar faces, rejoicing in our joy, sorrowing with our sorrow—how many cares, pleasant from habit—sickness, whose suffering gave a tenderer character to love—mirth, the mirth of the cheerful hearth or the daily meal—mirth, like home-made bread, sweeter from its very homeliness—the sleep, sound from exercise—the waking buoyant with health and the consciousness of necessary toil—the friends to whom our childhood was a delight, because it recalled their own! "I dwell among mine own people:" a whole life of domestic duty, and the happiness which springs from that fulfilment which is of affection, are in those words.

Emily might have revolved all this in her own exaggerated feelings, till she had convinced herself that it was her duty to have stayed in her native village and solitary home, but for Lady Mandeville, who, though very willing to make all due allowance for her young companion's depressed spirits during the first ten miles, was not prepared to extend the said allowance to twenty.

Our sympathy is never very deep unless founded on our own feelings; we pity, but do not enter into the grief we have never known: and if her Ladyship had expressed her thoughts aloud, they would have taken pretty much this form: "I really cannot see so much to regret in an empty house, a village where there is not a creature to speak to, some old trees and dirty children."

Politeness, however, acts the lady's-maid to our thoughts and they are washed, dressed, curled, rouged, and perfumed before they are presented to the public; so that an unexpresse idea might often say to the spoken one, what the Africa woman said to the European lady, after surveying the swee of her huge bonnet and the extent of her skirt, "Oh, tell me white woman, if this is all you!" It is amazing how muc a thought expands and refines by being put into speech: should think it could hardly know itself.

We have already recorded Lady Mandeville's thoughts but she spoke as follows: — "When at Rome, Emily, yo must get a set of cameos. You are among the few persons could permit to wear them. It quite affects my feelings t see them strung round some short, thick throat of an heires to some alderman who died of apoplexy; clasped round a arm as red as if the frost of a whole winter had settled in th elbow; or stuck among bristling curls, as if to caricature, b contrast, the short, silly, simpering face below. 'The intelli gible forms of ancient poets' — 'the fair humanities of ol religion' — the power, the beauty, and the majesty,

> 'That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream or pebbly spring:'

it is enough to bring them back to our unworthy earth in th shape of furies, to see their images put to such base us None but a classical countenance should venture on cameos."

"I am," replied Emily — personal adornment is the tru spell that would almost wake the dead — "so very fond o emeralds: there is something so spiritual in their pure gree light, and one associates with them the romantic fiction o mysterious virtue being in their 'mystic stone.'"

"My sweetest Emily," returned Lady Mandeville, a littl alarmed, "never be picturesque or poetical at your toilette; — in matters of grave import, never allow vain and foolis fancies to interfere; never sit at your looking-glass as if yo were sitting for a picture; — indulge in no vagrant creation of your own. What Pope said of fate is still truer of fashion —

> 'Whatever is, is right.'"

"But suppose any prevailing fashion is to me peculiarl *unbecoming?*"

"*It will* be less unbecoming than singularity. A peculi

style, especially if that style suit you, will make a whole room your enemies: independence is an affront to your acquaintance. Of all deferences, be most implicit in that you pay to opinion."

"How little liberty, even in the affair of a ringlet, does a woman possess!"

"Liberty and power," said Lord Mandeville, who, after riding the first stage on horseback, now entered the carriage, "are, in the hands of women, what they are in the hands of a mob — always misused. Ah! the Salic law is the true code, whether in morals or monarchies."

"He cannot forgive," said his wife, "the turnip-fields and the three coveys which he has left behind. But I will not have your murderous propensities interfere with Emily's well-doing. While we are travelling, the mirror of the Graces may remain partially covered; but on our return, it must be unveiled in its own peculiar temple, Paris. Be assiduous in your studies for a few weeks, and you may lay in a stock of good principles for life."

"Nothing," said Lord Mandeville, "can be more perfect than a Frenchwoman when she is finished. From the Cinderella-like slipper to the glove delicate as the hand it covers — the shawl, whose drapery a sculptor might envy — the perfumes — the fan, so gracefully carried — the *bijouterie*, which none employ with such effect — all is in such exquisite keeping. I always admire their management of their bonnet. A young Frenchwoman will come in, the said bonnet put on as if a morning had been devoted to its becoming position: she will take it off, and not a curl will be displaced — put it on again with all apparent carelessness, but as gracefully as ever."

"Remember," said Lady Mandeville, "the previous study. I recollect, when we were last in Paris, I expressed to that pretty Mde. de St. Elve the very same admiration. Truly it was 'the carelessness, yet the most studied to kill.' We were at that time quite confidential. 'You see,' said she, 'the result of my morning.'"

"It is a pity," replied her husband, "but a fair exchange could be effected — that the Englishwoman could give her general neatness, and the Frenchwoman her particular taste."

"*Ah,*" *observed* Lady Mandeville, "but the strength of a

feeling lies in its concentration. The Englishwoman diffuse over a whole day what the French reserves for a few hours Effect there is the summing up. In great, as in little things the French are a nation of actors — life is to them a grea melodrame. I remember some verses written by one of thei *gens d'esprit et de société*, an hour before his death, in whicl he calls on the Loves and Graces to surround his couch, tha he may die with the murmur of their kisses in his ears! Thi is something more than 'adjusting the mantle before they fall. It is also taking care that the trimmings are not tumbled."

Mile after mile flew rapidly; and soon came upon th traveller's ear that deep murmur, like the roar of the might ocean, which, even at such a distance, tells us that we ap proach London. Gradually the hedges and fields give wa before long rows of houses; and a few single domiciles, witl plats of turf cut into patterns, and bunches of daisies dust and dry as if just dropped from the wreath of a figurante, ar what the orientals call so pleasant and rural, so convenient fo stages and Sunday. Soon one straight line succeeds another and we know the wilderness of streets is begun, which, i another century, will end heaven knows where.

The entrance to London by the great north road, is th one by which I would bring a stranger. First the road wind ing through the fertile country, rich in old trees and brigh green fields, and here and there a substantial brick house, wel closed in with wall and hedge; — a few miles farther, th dislocating town of Brentford, driven through at the risk o the joints of your frame and the springs of your carriage which George II. pronounced so beautiful — it was "so lik *Yermany.*" So much for taste, and the doctrine of associa tion. Those fit gates for a summer palace, the light and air arches which lead to Sion House, passed also, the countr begins to take an air of town — houses and gardens ar smaller — single blessedness rarer — turnpikes more frequen — and terraces, places, and crescents, are many in number; — then the town of Kensington, small and mean, looking a cen tury behind its neighbourhood.

The road now becomes a noble and a wide one. On foo and by daylight, the brick walls on either side are drear *enough; but* at night they only give depth to the shadow *and the eye* catches the lighted windows and the stately roo

of the houses they enclose. To my own individual taste, these are the most delightful of dwellings, close upon the park for drives, close upon the streets for dinners, enclosed, large, and to themselves, having as much of rural felicity within their walls as I at least desire; that is to say, there are some fine old trees, lilacs and laburnums in full blossom, sweeps of turf, like green carpet, and plenty of delicate roses, &c. A conservatory is the aristocracy of flowers.

Just where the road is the widest they met the mails, the gallant horses sweeping along

"As if the speed of thought were in their limbs,"

and every step accompanied by a shower of fiery sparkles. The lamps that glance and are lost—the cheerful ringing of the horn—the thought that must rise, of how much of human joy and sorrow every one of those swift coaches is bearing on to its destination:—newspapers that detail and decide on all the affairs of Europe—letters in all their infinite variety, love, confidence, business—the demand of the dun, the excuse of the debtor—delicate bath and coarse foolscap—the patrician coat-of-arms, and the particularly plebeian wafer—the sentimental motto and graceful symbol, side by side with the red patch stamped with a thimble: but any one of these thoughts will be more than enough to fill the brief moment which the all but animated machine takes in passing. How different from the days when "the coach," one, and one only, was eight days coming from York, and its passengers laid in a store of provisions which, in our rapid days, would supply them half way to America!

"London, my country, city of the soul!" exclaimed Lady Mandeville, as she caught sight of the brilliantly lighted arches of Hyde Park Corner, and the noble sweep of the illuminated Park in the distance, while Piccadilly spread before them in the darkness like an avenue of lamps. "I have heard that a thorough-bred cockney is one of the most contented animals in the world: I, for one, to use a favourite modern expression, can quite 'enter into his feelings.'"

"Do you remember," replied her husband, 'Lorraine's quotation to St. James's Street?—

'For days, for months, devotedly
I've lingered by thy side,
The only place I coveted
In all the world so wide.'*

* Kennedy.

And though I like the country, as an Englishman and a patriot ought to do, I own I feel the fascination of the flagstones."

"Emily, I accuse you of want of sympathy with your friends—I declare you are asleep: you will make a bad traveller; however, I shall rely upon your amendment."

Emily was not asleep, but she was oppressed by that sense of nothingness with which the native of a great town is too familiar to be able to judge of its effect on a stranger. She had been accustomed to live where every face was a familiar one—where every one's affairs had, at least, the interest of neighbourhood—and where a stranger had all the excitement of novelty. Here all was new and cold: the immensity was too great to fix on a place of rest—the hurry, the confusion of the streets bewildered her. She felt, not only that she was nobody, but that nobody cared for her—a very disagreeable conviction at which to arrive, but one very natural in London.

That journey is dreary which does not end at home; and I do not know whether to despise for his selfishness, or to pity for his situation, the individual who said, that he had ever found

"Life's warmest welcome at an inn."

It was paying himself and his friends a compliment.

CHAPTER XV.

"A most delightful person! I said 'yes:'
To such a question how could I say less?
And yet I thought, half pedant and half fop,
If this you praise, where will eulogium stop?"

The day after their arrival, the Mandevilles being engaged to a family dinner, where they could not well take a stranger, Emily accepted the invitation of a Mrs. Trefusis, with whom, to use the lady's own expression, she was "a prodigious favourite." And to Mrs. Trefusis' accordingly she went, and was received with that kind of manner which says, "You see I mean to make a great deal of you, so be very much obliged." At dinner Miss Arundel was placed next a gentleman; her hostess having previously whispered, "I think you will have *a treat.*"

When a person says, "Were you not delighted with my friend Mr. A, B, C, or D?—I placed you next him at dinner, as I was sure his wit would not be thrown away upon you"—the "you" dwelt on in the most complimentary tone—is it possible to answer in the negative? Not even in the palace of truth itself. You cannot be ungrateful—you will not be undeserving—and you reply, "Mr.——is a most delightful person." Your affirmative is received and registered, and you have the comfort, perhaps, of hearing your opinion quoted, as thinking him so superior—while you really consider the gentleman little better than a personified yawn.

Emily was not yet impertinent or independent enough to have opinions of her own, or she might have differed from her hostess's estimate of Mr. Macneil. Mrs. Trefusis valued conversation much as children do sweetmeats—not by the quality but the quantity: a great talker was with her a good talker—silence and stupidity synonymous terms—and "I hate people who don't talk," the *idéale* and *morale* of her social creed. It was said she accepted her husband because he did not ever allow her to slip in an affirmative. An open carriage and a sudden shower drove her one day into desperation and Lady Alicia's; unexpected pleasures are always most prized; and half an hour's lively conversation with Miss Arundel, rescuing her from the double dulness of heavy rain and Lady Alicia, excited a degree of gratitude which constituted Emily a favourite for a fortnight at least. She had as yet had no opportunity of acknowledgment, and she now expressed her partiality by placing her next Mr. Macneil at dinner.

In every man's nature some one leading principle is developed—in Macneil this was self-satisfaction. It was not vanity—that seeks for golden opinions from all ranks of men; it was not conceit—for that canvasses, though more covertly, for admiration; but Macneil was vain *en roi*—he took homage as a right divine—and whether in love or law, learning or literature, classics or quadrilles, there existed for him a happy conviction that he was the perfection of each. At college he used to drink porter of a morning while reading for his degree, to express, as he said, the exuberance of his genius (query, is genius, then, incompatible with examination and a university?) He married for the pleasure of stating how very much his wife was in love with him. Great part of his reputation rested on

always choosing the subject his auditor was most likely to nothing about. To young gentlemen he talked of lov young ladies, of learning; and we always think, what not comprehend must be something very fine: for examp dilated to Emily on the music of Homer's versificatio the accuracy of Blackstone's deductions.

As they went up stairs, Mrs. Trefusis whispered, you ever meet so entertaining a man? he never stopped t once all dinner." He had, certainly, some natural adva as a wit: he was thin, bilious-looking, and really was ill-natured—and half the speeches that have a run in s only require malice to think them, and courage to utter Still, it is difficult to affix any definite character to Mr. neil. He had neither that sound learning which industr acquire, nor that good sense which is unacquirable; and wit, he had only depreciation; he was just the *nil ad* brought into action.

On arriving in the drawing-room, Emily gladly s refuge in a window-seat; her hearing faculty was li exhausted; she felt, like Clarence,

"A dreadful noise of waters in her ear."

Luckily, it was a period when none are expected to tall few to listen. Is it not Pelham who wonders what be of servants when they are not wanted;—whether, lil tones of an instrument, they exist but when called for? servants we will not decide; but that some such interre certainly occurs in female existence on rising from tab one can doubt who ever noted the sound of the dining a silence of the drawing-room.

Women must be very intimate to talk to each other dinner. The excitement of confidence alone supplie excitement of coquetry; and, with that peculiar exce which characterises all our social arrangements, peopl meet at dinner are usually strangers to each other.

Very young people soon get acquainted; but then must be very young. Few general subjects have much fe attraction; women are not easily carried, not exactly themselves (for selfishness is no part of the characteri *would* describe), but out of their circle of either int *vanities*, or affections. A woman's individuality is too

to take much part in those abstract ideas which enter largely into masculine discussion. Ask a woman for an opinion of a book—her criticism will refer quite as much to the author as to his work. But, while on the subject of this "silent hour," what an unanswerable answer it is to those who calumniate the sex as possessing the preponderance of loquacity! Men do talk much more than women. What woman ever stood and talked seven hours at or about a schoolmaster, as has been done? What woman ever goes to charities, to vestries, &c. for the mere sake, it seems to me, of speaking? But "if lions were painters" is as true now as in the days of Æsop. Goethe said of talking, what Cowper said of domestic felicity, that it was

"The only bliss that had survived the fall."

Mrs. Trefusis was quite of this opinion. The present quiet was as dreadful to her as to a patriot. She moved from place to place, from person to person. To one lady she spoke of her children—hinted that the measles were very much about—and mentioned an infallible remedy for the toothache. The blonde of one lady threw her into raptures—the *bérêt* of another. She endeavoured to animate one of her more juvenile friends by mentioning a conquest she had made the evening before, which conquest Mrs. Trefusis made herself for the necessities of the moment. All in vain, the drawing-room seemed, as some one says of the mountain-tops, "dedicated to immortal silence."

An able general is never without a resource, and Mrs. Trefusis opened the piano; and the could-nots and would-nots, and colds and hoarsenesses, made for a few moments a very respectable dialogue, which ended with Emily's sitting down to the instrument; and Emily did sing most exquisitely. She had that clear, bird-like voice which is divided between sadness and sweetness, whose pathos of mere sound fills the heart with that vague melancholy which defies analysis; and her articulation was as perfect as her expression. Some one said of her singing, that it was the music of the nightingale, gifted with human words and human feelings.

A shadow fell on the book from which she was singing; and at the close she turned round to receive the painful politeness of Mr. Macneil Heaven help me from the *soi-disant* flattery of those who compliment as if it were a duty, not a

pleasure, who make a speech as if they expected you to mak a curtsy at the conclusion; and while giving you what the politely inform you is your due, yet nevertheless expect yo to be grateful for it. Mr. Macneil was one of this class— Columbus of compliments, who held that your merits wer new discoveries of his own, and you were to be surprised a well as pleased.

But individual excellence was too unworthy a theme long t engross Mr. Macneil; and from Miss Arundel's singing, h proceeded to singing in general, which, he observed, was very pretty amusement—asked if she had heard Lalande— avowed that, for his part, Italian music was all he though worth listening to—which, considering Emily had just finishe an English ballad, was a delicate compliment indeed; an walked off, nothing doubtful of hers, in all the fulness of self satisfaction.

A Miss Martin was now entreated to favour the company She was an heiress, therefore a beauty, and in both thes qualities considered she ought to be simple and timid. Th first of these was effected by a crop curled in the neck *l'enfant;* and the second by being twice as long as any bod else in crossing a room—there were so many little hesitations by looking down sedulously (old Mr. Lushington once sai to her, "I hope you find the carpet entertaining!"); by little nervous laugh, and such interesting ignorance. He mother, moreover, was always saying, "Really, my swee Matilda is so timid, it is quite terrible."

Three armies might have been brought to combat with hal the encouragement it took to bring the timid Matilda to th harp. One gentleman was entreated to stand before, anothe behind—to say nothing of the side couples—as the fai musician could not bear to be looked at while she played dea mamma's favourite air. "Dear mamma" was an enormou edifice of white satin and diamonds, which one laments over as one does over a misapplied peerage, that ever some peopl should possess them.

It is very provoking to have all one's associations, whethe from history or fairy land, destroyed. A countess ought t be young and beautiful—a duchess stately and splendid— your earl gallant and graceful—your baron one touch mor martial, as if he had five hundred belted vassals waiting a

his call; and as for diamonds, they ought to be kept as sacred as a German's thirty-six quarterings, to which nothing ignoble might approach. Happy were the beauties of Henry or Richard, when fur, jewels, satins, were especial to their order, and the harsh, dull, dry laws themselves arrayed their defence and terrors against the meaner herd, who but imitate to destroy, and copy to profane.

Mrs. Martin seemed as if just glittering from a diamond shower-bath, or rather, as if, when interred (we cannot call it dressed) in her satin and blonde, her attendant had caught up her jewel box, and thrown its contents at random over her. In truth, it was just such a barley-sugar temple look as well suited the daughter of a sugar baker. Her father had been a *millionaire*.

It is the fashion in the present day, from the peer to the prince, to affect the private gentleman. Good, if they mean in the end to abolish all hereditary distinctions; but wrong, if they mean still to preserve those "noble memories of their ancestors." We do now too much undervalue the influence of the imagination, which so much exalts the outward shew by which it is caught. We forget there is no sense so difficult to awaken as common sense. Kings risked their crowns when they left off wearing them; thrones were lost before, to some bold rival who fought his way sword in hand; but Charles was the first monarch dethroned by opinion. The belief in the right divine, or "that divinity which doth hedge a king," disappeared with their gold crown and sceptre.

"You are not going yet, Charles?" said the hostess to her handsome nephew. "It is so early. Whither are you going?"

"To bed. I am sitting for my picture, and must sleep for a complexion."

"And you, Mrs. Lorraine?"

"Oh, I have five other parties to go to."

"Well," said Mrs. Trefusis—a little vexed that hers was breaking up so soon; and philosophy, ill-nature, and truth, are the three black graces, born of disappointment—"I always feel inclined to address you inveterate party-goers, with the man's speech at his wife's funeral: 'Ah, why, my dearest neighbours, make a trouble of a pleasure?'"

She was not far wrong. Perhaps pleasure is, like virtue, but a name. *Still, pleasure* might be a little pleasanter; for surely

there can be no great enjoyment in stepping from carriage to drawing-room, and from drawing-room to carriage—turning friends into acquaintance from the mere fact of meeting them so seldom, and annihilating conversation—for the flowers of wit must indeed be forced ones that spring up in five minutes. However, there is many a wise saw to justify these modern instances. Sages bid us look to the future—and we go to parties to-day for the sake of to-morrow saying we were there. The imaginative gods of the Grecians are dethroned—the warlike deities of the Scandinavians feared no longer; but we have set up a new set of idols in their place, and we call them Appearances.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Full many shapes that shadows were."
COLERIDGE.

"These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape in a blind man's eye;
But oft in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of crowds and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even unto my purer mind
With tranquil restoration."
WORDSWORTH.

It is not of much use making up your mind very positively, for it is a thousand chances whether you ever do exactly what you intended. The Mandevilles had resolved to pass through London as quickly as possible; but once there, unavoidable business prolonged their stay. This, to Emily at least, was very delightful—for the morning following her dining with Mrs. Trefusis, Edward Lorraine came to breakfast. One great peculiarity in a woman's attachment is its entire concentration in the present. Whatever she was engaged in, if Edward was present, was the most delightful thing in the world. And, moreover, it was very satisfactory to hear him reiterate his intention of joining them in Italy. Besides, this wilderness of brick was still all novelty and amusement to one who knew so little of it.

Among the many universal propensities in human nature, *the love of* sight-seeing is about as universal as any. Now,

sight-seeing gratifies us in different ways. First, there is the pleasure of novelty; secondly, either that of admiration or fault-finding — the latter a very animated enjoyment. London against the world for spectacles; and yet it is a curious fact that those who live amongst sights are those who go the least to see them. A genuine Londoner is the most incurious animal in nature. Divide your acquaintance into two parts; the one set will never have seen Westminster Abbey — the other will be equally ignorant of St. Paul's. That which is always within our reach is always the last thing we take; and the chances are, that what we can do every day, we never do at all.

Emily, who came up with all the curiosity of the country, would have liked to have seen much more than she did; but young ladies are like the pieces of looking-glass let into chiffonniers and doorways — only meant to reflect the actions of others.

"Very well," said Lady Mandeville, in answer, one day, to a wish she was expressing; "when we are at Rome we will study architecture — there you may explore the Colosseum; but to go on a course of 'amusing and instructive rambles' through London! — pray leave that to the good little books you read in your childhood."

Emily was silenced. One evening, however, Mr. Morland, who was one of the governors of the British Institution, proposed their going to see the gallery lighted up. Lady Mandeville agreed; and Emily was all smiles — a little brightened, perhaps, because Lorraine was to join their party.

The effect on entrance is very striking: a crowd, where the majority are females, with gay-coloured dresses, and their heads unbonneted, always gives the idea of festival: figures animated with motion, and faces with expression, are in such strong contrast to the beautiful but moveless creations on the wall. At first all is pleasant confusion — all catches, and nothing fixes the eye — and the exclamation is as general as the gaze; but, as in all other cases, general admiration soon became individual — and Emily was very ready to pause in delight before Lorraine's favourite pictures. Whether their selection might have pleased Mr. Morland, who was a connoisseur, admits of a question — for the taste of the young is very much matter of feeling.

"*Is not this little picture* a proof of the truth of my assertion

the other morning, that a glance out of a window was enough to annihilate a cavalier's peace of mind for a twelvemonth?"

It was "a lovely female face of seventeen"—the beauty of a coquette rather than that of a heroine—a coquette, though, of nature's making. She leant on the casement, some gathered flowers in her hand, speaking well for the simple and natural taste that loved them; the face downcast, and pensive; the long lash resting almost on the cheek, with the inward look of its dreaming mood.

There is something very suspicious in its present seriousness. It is to be doubted whether the lover (there is a lover unquestionably in the case) will not have the softened affection of to-day visited on his head in the double caprice of to-morrow.

"'A Dutch Girl, by Newton.'* Calumniated people!" exclaimed Lorraine; "and yet calumniated they deserve to be: instead of quarrelling among themselves, what patriotic phraseology is best suited to a newspaper, they ought to be voting the 'Golden Fleece' to Mr. Newton, for thus redeeming their share of female fascination."

The next was a "Florentine Girl, by Howard;"—a dark and passionate beauty of the South—large black eyes, that turned all they touched into poetry—flowing luxuriant ringlets, that were confined but with jewels, and knew no ruder air than that of palaces—with a lute, whose gentle science answered the chivalric songs of the brave and high-born.

"These two portraits seem to me," observed Lorraine, "to realise two sweet extremes of womanhood. Under the first I would write Wordsworth's lines—

> 'A countenance in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet;
> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food—
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.'

"Under the fair Florentine I would inscribe Byron's lines; hers being

> 'The high Dama's brow, more melancholy—
> Soft as her climate, sunny as her skies,
> Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes.'"

* *I have here taken what, I trust, will not exceed an author's allowed poetical license. The British Gallery is only lighted up during the exhibition of the old masters. My excuse is, that I could think of something to say about the moderns, while I had nothing to remark touching the ancients.*

"Oh, do look at this picture!" exclaimed Emily.

The pretty moral of one of M. Bouilly's pretty tales—that *Ce qu'on possède double le prix quand on a le bonheur de le rtager*"—is especially true of delight. Both drew near to lmire. It was a small, antique-looking room, such as is to found in many an old English mansion—its Gothic archicture lightened by modern luxury. In a richly-carved armair, and as richly wrought in its brocade covering, sat a beauful and evidently English girl: her aristocratic loveliness was the most pure and lofty kind—her dress

"Such as bespoke a lady in the land,"

d one also of show and ceremony;—the soft white satin robe, its fashion about a century back, was looped with jewels; d the hair, lovely in itself, spared not the adornment of gems; -flowers stood beside, in an alabaster vase—exotics, that say, our growth has been precious." A lute leant against the on stand; but the face of the lady wore the expression of deep d touching sorrow.

"The Bridemaid, by Parris;"—she who has that day lost e companion of her childhood—who looks on her lute to member the songs they sang together—who turns from the owers which were the last they gathered—and who sits alone her solitary apartment, to think that that morning has broken e of affection's nearest and dearest ties—the love between two sters—which can never again be what it has been, in unserved confidence and entire companionship. The beholder rned away, as if it were unkind to "leave her to her sorrow." ortraits seem singularly beautiful by lamp-light—the softness ives them an air of so much reality. Landscapes are better y day—they require sunshine to bring out their own sunny reens.

Mr. Morland now took them across the room, to look at some orks of a favourite artist.

"If there be any thing," said Mr. Morland, "in the doctrine sympathies, Mr. Webster must have been the very worst ild that ever figured in those stories of wilful urchins, whose d ways are held up as a warning in the story-books that deghted our youth. He is the Sir Thomas Lawrence of naughty ildren. *Look at this* 'Shooting a Prisoner.' Can any thing *ceed the mirthful, mischievous*, or—let me use a nurse's

common phrase—audacious expression of the boys' faces, unless it be the half-inclined-to-laugh, the half-resolving-to-cry face of the girl, who sees the little cannon pointed at her poor doll?—Here is another picture which ought to be engraved for the benefit of the national schools. A young culprit has been caught in the fact of robbing an orchard, and brought back to his master, who stands over him with an iron face of angry authority;—the very apples, as if anxious to bear witness against him, are tumbling from his satchel. But—oh the moral of example, the efficacy of fear!—only observe the utter dismay, the excess of dread, on the face of a younger boy, who is seated on a form, with a fool's-cap on. He looks the very epitome of fright: I do not think he could eat one of those apples, if it were given him."

"I should think," said Lorraine, "the juvenile models, required to sit equally picturesque and patient, must be very troublesome."

"A curious dilemma," replied Mr. Morland, "has just occurred to me. I called one morning at Collins's, then painting his exquisite picture of the 'Young Crab-catchers.' Every one must recollect the round-faced sturdy child in the front. I need not say it was taken from life. For the first sitting or two, the little urchin behaved with most exemplary patience. At length, his awe of strangers having vanished, and the dignity which he evidently attached to his position having lost its attraction with its novelty, he became weary and restless. Still, the good-natured artist contrived to keep him in tolerable content; and, with a view of exciting his interest, endeavoured to make him understand that the boy on the canvass was himself, and asked him, 'Now, shan't you like to be put in this pretty picture?' To the painter's no small dismay, the child, on this question, set up one of those bursts of crying, the extremity of whose sorrow is only to be equalled by its vociferation, and at length sobbed out, 'If you put me in the picture, how shall I get out, to go home to my mother?'

"What a pity!" exclaimed Edward, "that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write; but we do not remember how we learned to talk, to distinguish

colours, &c. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch — one of life's most important — and yet who can recall it?"

"Of all false assertions," answered Mr. Morland, "that ever went into the world under the banner of a great name and the mail-armour of a well-turned phrase, Locke's comparison of the mind to a blank sheet of paper appears to me among the most untrue."

"Memory is a much stranger faculty," added Edward, "than hope. Hope I can understand; I can divide its mixture of desire and fear; I know when I wish for any thing — and hope is the expectation of wishing. But memory is unfathomable and indefinite. Why do we so often forget what we the most desire to remember? and why, without any volition of our own, do we suddenly recall things, people, places, we know not why or wherefore? Sometimes that very remembrance will haunt us like a ghost, and quite as causelessly, which at another time is a blank. Alas for love! whose very existence depends on a faculty over which we have so little control."

"It is a curious fact," replied Mr. Morland, "that those events which are of the greatest consequence are not the best remembered; the stirring and important acts of our manhood do not rise on the mind half so vividly as the simple and comparatively uninteresting occurrences of childhood. And another observation is, that we never remember any thing accurately, I should rather say exactly, as it happened."

"For my part," exclaimed Edward, "I am often tempted to liken our mental world to a shadow flung on water from some other world — broken, wavering and of uncertain brightness."

"Well, well, as they said to the lover of the beautiful Indian queen, when he was turned into a dog, 'your misfortune is irreparable, so have patience.' In this world we must live for the present at least; but I own I think it is made up of odds and ends."

"'Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime,
Il faut aimer ce qu'on a,'"

said Edward; "a doctrine of practical philosophy which I hope Miss Arundel has been practising. I doubt the polite disclaimer of weariness which she has smiled, and is about to say."

He was quite wrong; Emily would have listened to him with delight, even if he had spoken Sanscrit. When have the words of a loved one dropped other than honey?

"That woman's heart is not mine," said a modern philosopher; "she yawned while I demonstrated to her the 48th problem in Euclid." This, we own, was expecting a great deal; but not more than love has a right to do. You do not love if there is not some nameless fascination in the lightest act. What would be absurd, ridiculous, nay disagreeable, in another, has in the beloved a fairy spell. Love's is the true alchemy, turning what it touches to gold. The most remarkable instance of its devotion I remember was in a village clerk. During the life of his first wife he regularly dined every Sunday at the Squire's; she died, and he married again. After that, he always, on the Sunday, in spite of the united attractions of beef, ale, and pudding, dined at home — "His wife," he said, "was so lonely."

Now, I do call the giving up a good dinner, week after week, an act of very romantic affection. This, however, is digressing; and we return to our party. Mr. Morland was pointing Emily's attention to two portraits — one of his nephew, a Mr. Cecil Spenser, the other of his daughter.

"I expect you, Miss Arundel," said he, "to take a great interest in my family penates. You have my full consent to fall in love with my nephew, if you will admire my daughter."

"To tell you the truth, I like her most," replied Emily; "I do so very much prefer portraits of my own sex. We really look best in pictures."

"That is because an artificial state is natural to you; but do you like them? Young M'Clise is such a favourite artist of mine."

"I never saw," said Lorraine, "anything so like as this is to Cecil Spenser: it has caught him just as he used to sit in the club window, as if it had been the Castle of Indolence. We called him *le beau fainéant*."

"Cecil's indolence is the result of circumstance, not nature; so I have hopes of him. All he wants is motive. I wish, on the continent, where he now is, he may have an unhappy attachment, or be taken prisoner by the Algerines. It would do him all the good in the world."

Helen Morland's picture was placed in the best light. The

young painter had done his loveliest. It was that of a child; her eyes, full of poetry and of light, gazing upwards on a star, which seemed mirrored in their depths with that earnest and melancholy expression so touching in childhood — perhaps because our own heart gives a tone of prophecy to its sadness. The hair hung in dark, clustering ringlets, parted on a forehead,

"So like the moonlight, fair and melancholy."

"Do you not observe in this picture a likeness to Miss Arundel?" said Lorraine.

"Nay," replied Emily, "do not at once put a stop to the admiration I was going to express. What I was about to say of the portrait, I must now say of the painting, with which I am enchanted."

"And you think very rightly," returned Mr. Morland: "M'Clise is an exquisite painter: he has a fine perception of the beautiful, and a natural delicacy of feeling, which always communicates itself to the taste. I could wish him to illustrate the poetry of actual life — the grace, the beauty, which is seen so often — and with just one touch of the imaginative given it, from passing through the colouring of his own mind."

"I was very much struck," said Edward, "when Spenser was sitting to him, to mark his devotion to his art. Enthusiasm is the royal road to success. Now, call it fame, vanity — what you will — how strange and how strong is the feeling which urges on the painter or the author! We, who are neither, ought to marvel less at the works produced than at the efforts made. Their youth given to hopes, or rather fears — now brightening and now darkening, on equally slight grounds —

'A breath can mar them, as a breath has made:'

hours of ceaseless exertion in solitude, of feverish solicitude in society; doomed to censure, which is always in earnest, and to praise, which is not. Alas! we talk of their vanity; we forget that, in doling forth the careless commendation, or as careless sneer, we are bestowing but the passing thought of a moment to that which has been the work of an existence. Truly genius, like virtue, ought to be its own reward; but it cannot. Bitter though the toil, and vain the hope, human exertion must still look to human approbation."

"Artists," observed Mr. Morland, "are generally an enthusiastic, unworldly race; jealous of praise, as the enthusiastic almost always are; and exaggerating trifles, as the unworldly always do. But society is no school for the artist: the colours of his mind, like those of his pictures, lose their brilliancy by being exposed to the open air. Sir Joshua Reynolds said 'a painter should sew up his mouth'—a rather inconvenient proof of devotion to his art. But it is with painting as with every thing else—first-rate excellence is always a solitary one."

"It is curious," replied Lorraine, "to remark the incitement of obstacles. Under what difficulties almost all our great painters and poets have laboured!"

"I have," returned Mr. Morland, "a favourite theory of my own, that early encouragement is bad for any of the imaginative pursuits. No—place difficulties before them; let the impediments be many in number. If the true spirit be in the possessor, he will overcome them all. Genius is the Hannibal of the mind. The Alps, which to the common observer seemed insurmountable, served only to immortalise his passage. The imagination is to work with its own resources; the more it is thrown on them, the better. Making as it were a mental Simplon, is only opening a road to inferior artists and common-place poets."

"West is a great instance in your favour. Do you recall a most delightful incident in his early life? He was, as you know, a member of the Society of Friends—their doctrines forbid any cultivation of the fine arts. When his extraordinary talent developed itself, a meeting of their society was held to debate on the propriety of its exercise—and their judgment was, that so evident a gift of Heaven ought not to be neglected. Young West left the assembly with their blessing and sanction."

"What a beautiful story!" exclaimed Emily.

"It has only one fault," answered Mr. Morland, "that, like many other beautiful stories, it is not true. I questioned one of his nearest relatives about this very circumstance, which he declared not to be a fact."

It was now getting late, and Mr. Morland summoned them to depart; for he was a constitutionalist in the best sense of the word. It was his own constitution to which he attended.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, so vulgar!—such a set of horrors!
Very common expression.
"But passing rich."—GOLDSMITH.

was just the end of July, and one of those tremendously
; weeks, which, once in a summer, remind our island that
it is as good for grumbling as cold. It passed as weeks do
en all is hurry, confusion, and packing—when there are a
usand things to do, and another thousand left undone. It
imazing how long such a week seems—events lengthen the
e they number: it is the daily and quiet round of usual
ipation that passes away so quickly; it is the ordinary
k which exclaims, "Good gracious! it is Saturday again."
The human heart is something like a watch; and Emily's
anced not a little in its usual pace, when, one morning,
ly Mandeville, on her return from a drive, said, "I have
n accepting an invitation, in spite of all our good resolu-
is against that unnecessary waste of time—visiting. I
n think, one makes resolutions to have the pleasure of
aking them; but this is really an urgent case: if we do
see the new Countess of Etheringhame this season, it ad-
s, I think, of a question whether we shall next. I met
this morning, and she asked us in the name of charity.
idon is so empty, she is fearful of taking cold."
'I have heard that Lord Etheringhame was a man of the
it recluse habits—what magic has turned him into the
it dissipated?"

"'The power of grace, the magic of a name.'

beautiful wife knows no rule but her own will, and no
but her own. Lord Etheringhame is the very man to be
erned: his temper is discontented—he calls it sensitive;
habits self-indulged—he calls them refined; he has lite-
tastes—he calls them talents; he is indolent to an excess
ie calls it delicacy of feeling, which unfits him for the
ld. He married with some romantic notion of domestic
s, congenial tastes, moonlight walks, &c. Lady Ethering-
ie's reading of *connubial* felicity was different: first, the
Castle was abandoned for Park Lane—the moonlight walk

for a midnight ball — and for congenial tastes, universal admiration. All this was very disagreeable to allow, but still more disagreeable to resist; and Lord Etheringhame is a cipher in his own house: the cipher gives value to the other figures, still it is a cipher after all."

"Well, Lord Etheringhame has all the milk of human kindness — to say nothing of the water," remarked Lord Mandeville; "but I do wish he was just master of some honeysuckle villa, and his brother in his place; though Lorraine's career will not be the less distinguished because he has to make it for himself."

Evening came, and with it the assemblage of Lady Etheringhame's few friends: few as there were, there were quite enow to draw from every one the exclamation of, "I could not have believed there were so many people in town." The Countess came forward to meet them, looking more beautiful than ever. But it was not now that Emily envied her beauty; — no philosopher like a girl in love, to feel, for the time being, utter indifference to all possible pomp and garniture.

Emily looked round the rooms, though, with sufficient anxiety: often did a sudden flush on the cheek involuntarily avow the deception of the eye; and more than once did the ear become quick, as it does when hope lends its charm to the listener: but it was in vain — and her spirits took a tone of despondency she would fain have entirely ascribed to fatigue; —when Adelaide approached. Now, the fair Countess had a little feminine pique to vent, and a woman's unkindly feelings are very unkind indeed; and that spirit of universal appropriation which belongs to insatiable vanity broke out in the following speech, aimed at Miss Arundel, though addressed to Lady Mandeville. "I dare say you expected to meet an old favourite of yours — by the by, he is almost always here — Lorraine; but, though I used the strong persuasion of your ladyship and his old friend Miss Arundel being expected, some rural whim seized him, and go he would for a few days from town." The Countess cast one look, and, in the deeper paleness of Emily's cheek, saw that her shaft had entered, and passed smilingly on. Another moment, and she was receiving as much pleasure as could be put into words from the flatteries *unsparingly* offered by the young Count Alfred de Merivale.

Once Emily was again startled into the belief of Lorraine's

presence; a second and nearer glance shewed her mistake—it was his brother, whose likeness was as strong in feature as it was opposite in expression. The government of the mind is absolute, but nothing in its whole dominion does it modify as it does the face.

They left early, yet the evening had seemed interminable; and considering that Emily was niched between an inlaid table, on which stood a shepherd in a yellow jacket offering a China—Chinese I mean—rose to a shepherdess in green and pink—and a tea-pot, all exquisite Dresden specimens—and an old lady, of whose shawl and shoulders Emily had the full benefit, while her neighbour discussed with an elderly gentleman the vices and follies of the rising generation; and considering, also, that such conversation was more edifying than amusing, it is not so very wonderful that Emily found the evening somewhat dull. On their return home, however, she was greatly consoled by Lady Mandeville's reading aloud a billet from Edward Lorraine, regretting that unexpected business, which he had to transact for his brother, obliged him to go down to Etheringhame Castle; and expressing his hope and expectation that in a few months he should meet them on the Continent.

The next morning she had to see Mr. Delawarr as her guardian; some forms were necessary to go through; and accordingly to his residence she and Lady Mandeville drove—rather before their appointment. They had to wait a short period in the drawing-room. What a cold, uninhabited look now reigned through the magnificent apartments! There were no flowers—none of those ornamental trifles scattered round, which speak so much of pretty and feminine tastes—no graceful disorder—chairs, sofas, tables, all stood in their exact places. "I should never have thought," observed Lady Mandeville, "of missing Lady Alicia, unless I had come here."

The hurried track of the multitude soon effaces all trace of death; but here the past seemed preserved in the present. All was splendid, but all was silent; and a thousand monuments had not so forcibly brought back the dead, as did the loneliness of her once crowded rooms. Neither sat down, and neither spoke, but walked about the apartment with soft and subdued steps, as if in the very presence of the dead, before whom the common acts of life seem mockery. It was a relief to both to be

told Mr. Delawarr waited in the library: they afterwards learnt he had never entered the drawing-room since his wife's death.

Nothing could be kinder or more affectionate than he was to Emily; still, there was an obvious change in himself. His general manner was colder, and more abrupt; he hurried the interview — he entered on no light or common topics of conversation — and at once avowed that his time was precious, and, almost before the door closed on his visitors, had earnestly resumed the business in which he was engaged on their entrance. "A statesman should have no feelings, no interests, no pleasures, but in the service of his country. Such," said Lady Mandeville, "is the definition I once heard of a patriot. Mr. Delawarr bids fair to be that most inestimable but unattractive personage."

Every preparation was now made: one day more and they were at Dover, and the next they embarked on board the steam-packet. Water has long owned man's power, and now "bodiless air works as his servant,"— a dominion frail, perilous, subject to chance and change, as all human power must be, but still a mighty and glorious influence to exercise over what would seem to be least subservient to man's authority,— the elements. Yet a steam-boat is the last place in the world for these reflections: the ridiculous is the reality of the sublime, and its deck is a farce without spectators.

Lady Mandeville always lay down the moment she got on board ship; but Emily, who did not suffer at all, sat in the open travelling carriage, and indulged whatever of sentiment she or Lord Mandeville might feel at parting with the white cliffs of Albion. Their attention was, however, too much taken up with their fellow-passengers: a whiskered, cloaked, and cigared youth, with every thing military about him but the air: — a female in a dark silk, and plaid cloak, her face eloquent of bandboxes and business — an English milliner going over for patterns, which, with a little additional trimming, would be the glory of her future show-room.

But their chief attention was attracted by a family group. The father, a little fat man, with that air of small importance which says, "I'm well to do in the world—I've made my money myself — I don't care if I do spend some — it's a poor heart *what never* rejoices." The mother was crimson in countenance and pelisse, and her ample dimensions spoke years of

e and plenteousness. Every thing about her was, as she d have said, of the best; and careful attention was she ıg to the safety of a huge hamper that had been deposited eck. Two daughters followed, who looked as if they had stepped out of the Royal Lady's Magazine — that is, the ailing fashion exaggerated into caricature. Their bonnets like Dominie Samson's ejaculation, "prodigious!" — sleeves enormous — their waists had evidently undergone torture of the thumb-screw — indeed they were even ler — and their skirts had "ample verge and space enough" lmit of a doubt whether the latitude of their figure did not iderably exceed the longitude. Two small, mean-looking ıg men followed, whose appearance quite set the question est, that nature never intended the whole human race to be lemen. Blue-coated, brass-buttoned, there was nothing to ark in the appearance of either, excepting that, though the of the one bore every indication of robust health, his head been recently shaved, as if for a fever, which unlucky disure was made by a rope coming in awkward contact with hat.

'he wind was fair; and Lord Mandeville having gone to head of the vessel, where he was engaged in conversation, ily was left to watch the shore of France, to which they e rapidly approaching, when her meditations were interted by a coarse but good-humoured voice saying, "I wish, ı, you would find me a corner on them there nice soft ıions — my old bones aches with them benches." Emily, ı that best politeness of youth which shews attention to immediately made room in the carriage for the petitioner, turned out to be her of the crimson pelisse. "Monstrous ıant seat," said the visitor, expanding across one side of carriage. Emily bowed in silence; but the vulgar are ıys the communicative, and her companion was soon deep ll their family history. "That 's my husband, Mr. H.: name is Higgs, but I calls him Mr. H. for shortness. ste makes want, you know — we should not be here pleaıg if we had ever wasted. And those are my sons: the st is a great traveller — I dare-say you have heard of him Lord bless you! there isn't a hill in Europe, to say nothing that at Greenwich, that he hasn't been up: you see he's a ıt little fellow. *Look, miss*, at this box — it is made of

the *lather* of Vesuvius, which he brought from Mont Blanc: he has been up to the very top of it, miss. I keep it for *bones-bones*."

So saying, she offered Emily some of the peppermint-drops it contained: these were civilly declined, and the box good-naturedly admired, which encouraged — though, Heaven knows, there was not much need — the old lady to proceed. "We always travel in the summer for improvement — both Mr. H. and I think a deal of larning: the boys have both been to grammar schools, and their two brothers are at the London Universary — only think, miss, of our city having a universary — Lord, Lord, but we do live in clever times."

Mrs. H. paused for a moment, as if overwhelmed with the glories of the London University; and conversation was renewed by Emily's inquiring "what part of the Continent they intended visiting?"

"Oh, we are going to Italy—I want to see what's at the end of it; besides, the girls mean to buy such a quantity of pearls at Rome. We intend giving a fancy ball this winter—we have got a good house of our own in Fitzroy Square — we can afford to let the young ones see a little pleasure."

"May I ask," said Emily, "what is Mr. Higgs's profession?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed his offended spouse, "he's not one of your professing sort — he never says what he doesn't mean—his word's as good as his bond through St. Mary Within, any day — professions, indeed! what has he ever professed to you?" Emily took her most conciliating tone, and, as unwilling duellists say, the explanation was quite satisfactory. "Bless your silly soul! his business you mean. You are just like my girls — I often tells them to run for the dictionary: to see the blessings of edication! Our childer are a deal more knowing than ourselves. But Mr. H.'s business — though I say it that shouldn't, there isn't a more thriving soap-boiler in the ward. Mr. H. wanted to go to Moscow for our summer *tower* (Moscow's the sea-port which sends us our tallow) — but I said, 'Lord, Mr. H.,' says I, 'what signifies making a toil of a pleasure?'"

"You are," said Emily, "quite a family party."

"I never lets Mr. H. leave me and the girls behind — no, *share* and share alike, says I — your wife has as good a right *to go* as yourself. I often tells him a bit of my mind in the

ld song —you know what it says for we women — that when Adam was created,

> 'We wasn't took out of his feet, sir,
> That we might be trampled upon;
> But we was took out of the side, sir,
> His equals and partners to be:
> So you never need go for to think, sir,
> That you are the top of the tree.' "

"Well," replied Emily, "I wish you much pleasure in Italy."

"Ah, miss, it was my son there that put it in our noddles to go to Italy first. Do you see that his head's shaved?—its all along of his taste for the fine arts. We've got his bust at home, and his hair was cut off to have his head and its bumps taken: they covered it all over with paste just like a pudding. Lord! his white face does look so queer in the front drawing-room—it's put on a marble pillar, just in the middle window—but, dear, I thought the people outside would like to see the great traveller."

But all conversation was put an end to by the Calais pier, and all was now the bustle and confusion of landing; but, even while in the very act of seeing with her own eyes to the safety of the portmanteau which contained her husband's flannel waistcoats, Mrs. Higgs turned round to Emily to say, "We shall be monstrous glad to see you in Fitzroy Square." What is the popularity of a patriot compared to that of a listener?

At Calais they landed and spent the night—Emily, at least, passed it half awake: she was too young, and had led too unvaried a life, not to feel in its utmost extent the excitement of arrival in a foreign country, a strange language, another clime, a complete change of daily habits—it was opening a new leaf in the book of life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I am a great friend to travelling: it enlarges the mind, suggests new ideas, removes prejudices, and sharpens the appetite."—*Narrative of a Journey from Hampstead to Hendon.*

We travel for many acquirements—health, information, amusement, notoriety, &c. &c. The advantages of each of these acquisitions have been eloquently set forth from the days of *Ulysses, who travelled* to seek his native land, to those of

the members of the club who travel to seek anything else. But one of its enjoyments has never received its full share of credit—albeit the staple of them all—we mean the good appetite it invariably produces. What are the periods on which the traveller dwells with the most satisfaction—the events he recalls with the most dramatic effect—the incidents which at once arrest the attention of his hearers? Why—"That delicious breakfast in the Swiss valley. We had travelled some miles before eight o'clock, when we stopped at one of the *châlets;* we had coffee of our own; the peasant girl put the whitest of cloths on a little table in the open window, from the vine of which we picked the finest bunches of grapes ever seen—the dew was yet on the fruit. They gave us some such eggs, cream like a custard, and a Neufchâtel cheese; some brown, but such sweet bread;—we never enjoyed a meal so much." Or else it is—"Do you remember that night when we stopped at the little village at the foot of the Apennines—cold, wet, hungry, and quarrelsome? In less than ten minutes our dark-eyed hostess had such a blazing wood fire on the hearth:—by the by, what a delicious odour the young green pine-branches give in burning! Half an hour saw us seated at a round table drawn close to the fire, with the very best of tempers and appetites. We had prevailed on the pretty Ninetta to forget in our favour the national predilection for oil and garlic. Our turkey was broiled, as our chestnuts were roasted, by the wood ashes; and a flask of such fine wine—the vineyard whence it came must have been summer's especial favourite."

I know a traveller who carried these pleasures of memory to the utmost. Instead of a journal or a diary, he kept a regular entry of the bills of fare at the different inns. Our travellers passed hastily through France, talked about Rousseau, and read Childe Harold on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. Emily was enchanted with the costume of the peasantry; and Lady Mandeville admitted it would be pretty in a fancy ball, but cautioned her against acquiring a taste for the picturesque in dress.

For the Swiss girls to produce a good effect, they must be seen at a distance. The small waist, the slender ancle, and diminutive feet, are missed sadly in the proportions, somewhat ponderous for our ideas of grace, which these mountain nymphs possess. Your pictures of costume are rather corrected than

correct. People and places are usually flattered in their portraits. One great reason why we believe so devoutly in the beauty of Italy is, that we chiefly know it from plates. I remember seeing an architectural view: on one side stood a noble old house, the spire and roof of a church, a mass of fine-looking buildings, a distant view of a colonnade, and a broad open space with an equestrian statue. I did not at first believe that it could be Charing Cross whose effect was so imposing; and it was not till Northumberland House and St. Martin's Church were identified, that my confession was fairly extorted, of how little justice one does to the beauty of London.

The Simplon, Napoleon's magnificent monument, was next passed. They stopped at the most memorable places, and at last arrived at Rome, where a princess vacated her palace for their accommodation and so many louis-d'or a-month. Rome, once the mistress, is now the caravanseray of the world. Two Italian Counts made Emily an offer; and so would a Russian Prince, only he employed a French Marquis to translate his sentiments, who translated so well that he made them his own; a negative, therefore, served a double purpose.

Their principal visitor was a young Englishman, a cousin of Lady Mandeville's, who, having nothing else to do with his time, kindly bestowed much of it on them. With her ladyship he was not very popular when any one more interesting was by; she said he was indolent, and wanted sentiment. With Lord Mandeville he was a great favourite; and, though his lordship did not pique himself upon it, he was no bad judge of character.

Cecil Spenser had the usual qualities of most young men, and one or two which they have not: he had every advantage in life, except the advantage of something to want. But experience was just beginning to be useful. The small exertions into which the chances of travelling had forced him had been good, because they interrupted his habits, and shewed him that such interruptions could be pleasant. The comparison of other countries with his own startled him into reflection; and reflection to a mind like his was never yet without its results. He began, for the first time in his life, to think of a future career, and to feel how selfish and unworthy a part was that of mere indolent indulgence.

In *his present frame of temper*, Lord Mandeville was an in-

valuable friend. The younger brother of a good family, he had commenced life with a pair of colours, while his own tastes were literary and secluded. But a strong mind shapes itself to its necessity; and the young Henry had earned for himself independence and distinction, when, by a succession of deaths, he became heir to the Mandeville estates and peerage. The theories of his youth had been mellowed by observation before he had an opportunity of putting them to the test of experiment. He knew what action was, because he had acted himself; he had read much and seen more; and the feelings which in earlier days had warmed to enthusiasm, now become moderate and consolidated, were in subjection to the principles which stimulated by shewing the benefits of his exertions. He saw in Cecil Spenser a warm and generous temper congealed by indulgence into selfishness; and a mind of great natural powers, which had lain utterly waste, because nothing required from it a harvest. To awaken in his young countryman a desire of information, to direct his attention to many paths of honourable toil, for which his station and talents were eminently fitted, was a task whose utility was only equalled by its interest. How duly do we appreciate the merit we ourselves discover and direct!

CHAPTER XIX.

"The serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain:
* * * *
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;
Far checkering o'er the pictured windows plays
The wonted faggots' hospitable blaze;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth."—BYRON.

"I AM an Englishman, and I hate the French," is the common expression of our cosmopolite feelings — the French being a generic term for all foreigners. Fashion may court the *attachés* to an embassy for the sake of their presence and perfumes at a party;—revolutions may occasion an interchange of deputations from the Rotunda to Mesdames les Poissardes—those *political* nereids who preside over the fish-market, and assist *any* "glorious cause" that may be in hand:—but these mo-

of fashion and favour are few and far between, and not
incere at the best of times. The hatred which is so very
. among our neighbours still subsists; the voice of the
ın that peals in defiance over the deep waters at once
ıs it; and we return to our old conviction, that one
hman can beat three Frenchmen any day! *
v, believe we can do a thing, and it is three parts done.
y own simple self, I confess to being very much behind
e. From Cressy to Waterloo, our island watchwords
ɔeen Enmity and Victory; and I see no reason why one
y should be so much wiser than its predecessors. This
al feeling is never more evinced than on the Continent:
ıerd together after their kind, and Englishman meets
hman as if they encountered in the deserts round Tim-
. Though Lady Mandeville's influence had been suf-
to induce her husband to go abroad, it was more than
d manage to make him enjoy it. Cecil Spenser's so-
—who soon shewed he could understand and enter into
ews—became a source of great gratification, and his
countryman was almost domesticated at the *palazzo*.
Mandeville, however, was not long in discovering that
endship was not the only attraction: he was content to
it with Emily Arundel. Aware that a strong and serious
ment is one of the great influences in man's destiny, he
ad that the lot was cast, as he thought, so fortunately.
ily was a great favourite with him; and he had always
l the attachment, at whose *dénouement* between her and
ne, Lady Mandeville meant to preside, as a somewhat
ı romance. He saw more clearly than his wife — who
only see what she liked — the entire indifference of the
man; and felt glad, for Emily's own sake, that a pre-
ɔver should put an absent one out of her head, which
l to him a natural consequence.
·e he, too, was wrong: he judged of one by the many.
's generally quiet manner and extreme gentleness gave
ɜa of a soft and yielding temper. There was no out-
ɜign of a feeling which had been heightened by imagin-
ınd nurtured by solitude, till it had become the reigning
ıt of the present, and the sole hope of the future. The

* "*One Frenchman can beat two Portugee,*
And one Englishman can beat all three."

heart entirely engrossed by one, is the last to suspect it can be the object of preference to another. Vanity, the great enlightener on such subjects, is here lost in a more powerful feeling. She never thought of Mr. Spenser in any other character than as a pleasant acquaintance. Moreover, he was the nephew of Mr. Morland, with whom Lorraine was a favourite.

Love is most ingenious in its associations. Events are like the child's play, "Here we go round by the rule of contrary;" — and Miss Arundel's indifference was the great charm with her over-flattered countryman. Rich and highly connected, Cecil had been so much accustomed to have love made to him, that it was an agreeable novelty to have to make it.

Lady Mandeville, who had as much penetration as her husband had judgment, saw at once how matters stood. Clearly perceiving Emily's indifference, she contented herself with a sort of armed neutrality, general carelessness, and occasional sarcasm.

There are many gentlemen who never drink any but sample wines, and never go beyond their first order to a wine-merchant. This would be a very excellent plan to pursue in love affairs; for the beginning is their best part — its only fault is, that it is impossible. In the pleasant little comedy of Charles the Second, the Page complains to Rochester of the many miseries his passion entails upon him. "Your own fault," says the lively Earl; "I told you to skim over the surface like a swallow — you have gone bounce in like a goose." Authors now-a-days are held responsible for all the sentiments of their various characters, no matter how much they differ. I therefore give Mr. Howard Paine great credit for the above philosophical remark.

Winter was now setting in, and the bright charcoal burnt on the hearths of the larger rooms was as comfortable as it was cheerful — even "the glad sun of Italy" is not the worse for a little occasional aid.

Lord Mandeville and Cecil were one morning pacing the large saloon, whose walls, inlaid with a many-coloured mosaic of marble, and floor of white stone, were sufficiently chilly to make the fire very acceptable. To this end Cecil's attention was frequently attracted. In a large black oak arm-chair, whose back and sides were heavy with rich and quaint carving, her small feet supported on a scarlet cushion, which

brought out in strong contrast the little black-satin slippers, sat Emily Arundel. On one side, a hand which looked modelled in ivory, with one tinge of the rose, was nearly hidden in the profusion of long auburn ringlets — that rich auburn brown — lighted with sunshine from the head it sustained. From the other side, the clustering hair had fallen back, and left distinctly to view the delicate outline of the face — the cheek, with that earliest pink of the almond-blossom, too fair to be so frail — and the long, dark lash, which, though it hid, yet gave eloquent sign of the eye beneath, for it wore the diamond glisten of tears; — and the *studio* of no artist, even in that city of painters, could have shewn a more graceful, yet more simple attitude than the one with which she now bent in absorbed attention over the book on her knee. She reached the last page, but still, quite lost in the interest of the story, she never moved, till the book falling to the ground, Cecil took the opportunity of picking it up; and, addressing her, remarked, "Your book has been very fortunate in rivetting your attention."

"It is such a beautiful story."

"Why, Emily," said Lord Mandeville, "you have been crying over it."

He opened the volume; — it was Margaret Lindsay.

"You need not blush so deeply about it; for I own I think it one of the most touching stories I ever read. I wonder very much, that in these days, when literature circulates as generally as money, an edition of Margaret Lindsay has not been printed for circulation among the lower classes. An appetite for reading is eagerly cultivated; but the necessity of proper and wholesome food has not been even yet sufficiently considered. Knowledge is the *sine quâ non;* but it is forgotten that moral is, to say the least, as useful as historical or scientific knowledge."

"May I," replied Spenser, "hazard an opinion, or rather an impression — that I doubt the great advantage of the biographies of eminent men, who have arisen by their own efforts, being sedulously held up as examples to the lower classes. If great talents really exist, these very instances prove that example was not necessary to call them into action; and if they do not, the apparent ease and the high success which *attended those objects* of their emulation, are calculated

rather to cause delusive hopes than a beneficial effect. Our self-estimate is always a false one, and our hopes ever prophesy our wishes. It seems to me a dangerous thing to dwell so much on those who have 'achieved greatness.' We see how they scaled the mountain, and immediately give ourselves credit for being able to go and do likewise. We forget that a great man does not leave behind him his genius, but its traces. Now, there is no disappointment so bitter as that whose cause is in ourselves."

"I entirely agree with you. In our march of mind we have been somewhat hasty; — we have borne too little in remembrance the Scripture truth, which all experience has confirmed, that the tree of knowledge 'was the knowledge of good and evil.' The beautiful order of the physical can never be extended to the moral world. In diffusing knowledge, there are two dangers against which we should endeavour to guard — that it be not turned to a wrong use, or made subservient to mere display. The last is the worst; — discontent is the shadow of display, and display is the characteristic of our age. Take one of its humblest instances. Our young people go to their divers amusements, not for the purpose of enjoyment, but of display; they require not entertainment, but compliment."

"Do let me tell you an instance, just to illustrate your theory. A little girl was asked 'why her fine new doll was quite thrown aside — always kept in some dark corner: did not she like it?' 'My doll?' said the little creature, 'I hate my doll; she is better dressed than myself.'"

"A case in point. We all hate our dolls, because they are better dressed than ourselves. The worst of display is, that, like other misfortunes, it never comes single. Satiety and mortification are the extremes of vanity, and both are equally attended by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. If the human mind were like a pond, and could be filled at once, knowledge, like the water, would be its own balance; but as it must be done gradually, it ought to be done carefully — not one part filled to overflowing, while a second is left dry, or a third to stagnate."

"But surely you would not confine knowledge to the *higher* classes?"

"Certainly not. Knowledge, when only the possession of

a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes. Take, for example, many of those chemical discoveries which now add so much to our amusement and comfort: it is not to be doubted that divers of these were known of old, and used as engines of fraud and deceptive power. The pursuer of science was formerly as eager to conceal, as he is now desirous of blazoning his discoveries. No: I would circulate information as widely as possible; but it should be rather practical than theoretical. There are many books which we do not wish children to read till their judgment is matured. The ignorant are as children. I would with them use similar caution."

"Does it not appear to you that this fashion of universal education arises out of the fallacious system of universal equality? We give rather out of our abundance than our discretion, too little remembering that, if knowledge is power, it is what all cannot tell how to manage. Apollo would have been wise if, before he trusted his son with the reins of his chariot, he had given him a few lessons in driving."

"True," replied Lord Mandeville. "Now, the steps I would take in giving the lower classes education would be, first, to furnish them with religious, and secondly with practical, information. From religion, and that only, can they learn the inherent nature of good and evil. In the sorrows that have afflicted, in the judgments that have befallen, the highest and mightiest, they will learn the only true lesson of equality — the conviction that our destinies are not in our own hands; they will see that no situation in life is without its share of suffering; — and this perpetual reference to a higher power ought equally to teach the rich humility, and the poor devotion. Secondly, I lean rather to giving practical than scientific knowledge. I would distribute books on farming, gardening, and a cheap, simple cookery would be a valuable present: for works of mere amusement, travels plainly written, especially such as, in the wants and miseries of other countries, teach us to value the comforts and advantages of our own; — tales, of which Margaret Lindsay is the very model — piety, submission, and active exertion, placed in the most beautiful and affecting light."

"Since I have thought at all on the subject, it has seemed to me that aught of amusement for the poor is most selfishly

neglected: 'merrie England' is certainly a misnomer. We have *fêtes*, balls, plays, &c. for the middle and higher classes, but nothing of the kind for the lower: even fairs — the last remains of ancient festivals — are being rapidly put down. Pleasure is, in one class, a satiety — in another, a want."

"Your expression of selfish neglect is a true one. Much may be said against the excesses of fairs; still, I think they might have been restrained, instead of suppressed. One great source of amusement — one peculiarly adapted to those who must be attracted by the eye — is too much forgotten: I mean dramatic representations, adapted to the lower classes, and supported by the higher. They might, in the country especially, be made a means of equal entertainment and improvement."

"It is now the custom with many writers to represent the former state of the people of England as one of unmitigated oppression. 'The land groaning beneath the tyranny of its feudal lords,' is a favourite figure of speech; and I doubt not in many instances, justified. Great power is almost always a great evil. Now, the advantage of experience is, that it teaches to separate the bad from the good; and we have too much lost sight of the latter; for kindly feeling and strong attachment must have been generated in the simple fact of amusement being in common. The vassals or tenants collected in the hall for Christmas masking and mumming — the peasant gathering that May-day called out upon the green, drew together ranks whose distance, in our day, occasions forgetfulness on one side, and discontent on the other. The presence of superiors is at once a check and an encouragement. Look to the French for a proof that festivity and inebriety are not inseparable."

"Alas! my dear Spenser, how much easier it is to plan than to perform! Here are we framing schemes of national improvement, at some hundred miles distant from our country. However, I lay 'the flattering unction to my soul' that my present will be my last absence from home."

Lady Mandeville now entered the room from a drive; and flinging down her furred mantle, and drawing an arm-chair to the hearth, prepared to narrate the news of the morning. "As usual, Mde. de Cayleure is the gazette extraordinary of her acquaintance: she is a living instance of the doctrine of attrac-

tion — all species of news seem to go naturally to her as to their centre."

"I do wonder, Ellen, what pleasure you can take in that woman's company. A conversation such as hers, always 'seasoned with personal talk,' must necessarily be ill-natured. A discourse that turns entirely on persons, not things, will only admit praise as a novelty or a discovery. General praise is an insipidity; and faults, foibles, and ridicules, are brought forward, if it were only for the sake of variety."

"Nay, now, I am sure Mde. de Cayleure is very good-natured."

"Lively when she is amused, and obliging when not put out of her way: but good-natured I utterly deny. Good-nature is one of our calumniated phrases — calumniated because misapplied."

"You know I never contradict one of your definitions. I am too well aware that I have no chance in an argument, Mandeville, with you."

This was a satisfactory termination to the dialogue.

Cecil Spenser left the room for his morning ride, his reflections divided between Lord Mandeville's words and Miss Arundel's looks. The first person he met was Mr. Trevor — a young man who, having a great stock of idleness on hand, was always most happy to bestow some of it on his friends.

"Ah, Spenser," said he, "I have been the whole day looking for you; you have left all the trouble of our excursion on my hands. However, I have prepared every thing;— so, to-morrow we start for Naples."

To own the truth, Cecil had utterly forgotten all about his engagement; and never was memory more disagreeably refreshed. His first thought was the pleasantness of breaking his promise— his second was the necessity of fulfilling it. The pleasant and the necessary are two distinct things. He knew that to Mr. Trevor a companion was an absolute want; and he also knew that companion he had offered to be. As to excuse for now refusing, he had not even the shadow of one; so, with not a little discontent, he went that evening to the Mandevilles, where it somewhat reconciled him to hear that they also intended visiting Naples almost immediately.

Emily looked very pretty, and bade him good bye in a sweet low voice; and Cecil devoted part of that night to wondering

what effect his absence would have on her. But I very much doubt whether the knowledge of her perfect indifference would have been any consolation;—and entirely indifferent she was. Her memory reverted—her imagination referred, only to Edward Lorraine.

A woman's love is essentially lonely and spiritual in its nature—feeding on fancy, rather than hope—or like that fairy flower of the East, which floats in, and lives upon, the air. Her attachment is the heathenism of the heart: she has herself created the glory and beauty with which the idol of her altar stands invested. Had Emily known Cecil Spenser before she knew Edward Lorraine, in all probability she would have fallen in love with him. However, our affections are the last things we can give away: for this best reason—they are gone before we are aware. First impressions are very ineffaceable things.

CHAPTER XX.

"Sa femme ne manquera pas d'adresse pour le faire revenir de sa première résolution, et l'obliger à faire sa volonté avant qu'il s'en doute. Un tel triomphe est le chef-d'œuvre d'une femme."—*Les Sympathies; ou, l'Art de juger par les Traits du Visage des Convenances en Amour et en Amitié.*

The room was panelled with Italian landscape—the vineyard hung its trellised wreath as it does in pictures and plays—a river,

> Like a fairy thing,
> Which the eye watches in its wandering,

wound through one department; a temple, whose graceful arch, and one or two colums yet entire, told how beautiful the shrine must have been ere its pillars were broken and its divinity departed, occupied a second; while a fair city, its spires sunny in the distance, gave variety to another; a scroll of oak leaves, in gold, marked the divisions—and another oaken wreath fastened back the blue satin folds of the windows, which opened upon a conservatory filled with the rarest exotics—and a small marble fountain in the midst showered its musical and diamond rain over the rich cactuses around—those gems of the world of flowers, as if their native soil had dyed their leaves with the glorious colours which wait impatiently for daylight in its

mines: one, more than all, seemed the very flower of a fairy tale — a huge green snake, with a head of flame — a serpent king, with its crown of rubies — its red hues coloured like fire the water below.

Around the room was scattered all that makes luxury forgotten in taste: the little French clock, where a golden Cupid sat swinging, and the lapse of time is only told by music—the beautiful Annuals, those Assyrians of literature, "gleaming in purple and gold," and opened at some lovely scene or lovelier face — the cut-crystal glass, with one rose bending over the side — the alabaster vases carved as in snow — glittering toys, and china coloured with the rainbow, and diminutive enough to be Oberon's offering to his fairy queen — a fan, whose soft pink feathers cast their own delicate shade on the face reflected in the miniature mirror set in their centre — a large cashmere shawl, with its border of roses, thrown carelessly on a chair— a crimson cushion, where lay sleeping a Blenheim dog, almost small enough to have passed through the royal ring in that most fairy tale of the White Cat:— all bespoke a lady's room. Looking the very being for the atmosphere of palaces, sat its beautiful mistress by the small breakfast-table, and with a smile that did not always of a morning grace her exquisite face — and yet she was only *tête-à-tête* with her husband — which smile, however, would have been easily understood by any one who had heard the conversation between Lady Lauriston and her daughter the night before. It ended with, "as if Algernon could refuse me any thing. His brother's influence greater than mine! You shall see, mamma. He wants so much to go back to that stupid old castle, that one word of our leaving town, and I may make my own conditions."

"Be cautious, my dear love! Men do not like to be interfered with, even by a wife, in politics!"

"Politics! as if it were to me other than matter of affection. It is all for the sake of our dear Alfred."

"Ah, Adelaide, what talents you have!"

Our principal actions are the result of our smallest motives. Now Lady Etheringhame had divers minute influences of dislike towards Lorraine. First, he had not been sufficiently miserable at her marriage with another; secondly, he had not courted her since; and third, last, and worst, she saw that Edward thoroughly appreciated the motives and manœuvres of

her marriage; in short, no food could possibly be extracte from him for her insatiable vanity.

The death of Mr. Eskville had left the seat of the boroug of A. at Lord Etheringhame's disposal; and it had been lon understood that the said seat was, immediately on its becomin vacant, to be filled by Lorraine; but Lady Lauriston though it a pity her son should miss such an opportunity of gettin into Parliament. The plan was suggested to Adelaide, and, a we have seen, met with her ready concurrence; with her firs cup of coffee, therefore, she commenced operations.

"I must shew you, Algernon, a new purchase of mine"— so saying she drew towards them a small table, in the middl of which was set a china plate, or rather picture—"I bough it for that drooping tree in the midst: it is so like one in th park."

"Ah, Adelaide, I duly admire the painting; but how muc more beautiful the reality!"

"Now, don't you grow quite angry in your defence of rura innocence. It is my misfortune, not my fault, that the felicit of the country is, to my mind, like the merriment of Christmas more heard of than seen."

"But, Adelaide, the death of Mr. Eskville makes it abso lutely necessary that I, at least, should go to the Castle."

"Nay, that is presuming on my good nature. Trust yo at Etheringhame without me! No, no, that old chestnut avenu is too dangerous a rival!"

"If you would but go with me!"

"If you would but stay with me!"

"But every body has left town. Why, autumn will b here soon."

"We can spend a delightful one at Brighton."

"But, Adelaide, I must see about this vacant borough. must keep up my interest."

"O that tiresome borough! There, mamma kept me u last night talking about its divers advantages. It is well yo named it, for I had utterly forgotten that I had faithfull promised her to ask you to give it to Alfred. I need not te you that I assured her you would."

"My dearest Adelaide, you promised what is utterly out c my power."

"*Oh*, you wish to make a favour of it, do you? Well,

will beg so prettily"—and joining her beautiful hands, and laying them on his arm—"Pray do; I have quite set my heart upon it."

"But the borough is as good as Edward's; it has always been considered his."

"Yes—I do not doubt it—he will rule you in that as in every thing else. If I had known my wishes were in opposition to Mr. Lorraine's, I should have known it was in vain to express them."

"My dearest Adelaide, how can you say so?"

"You know it is the truth—that every body laughs at the absurd authority your brother has over you. Much as it has mortified me, I should never have mentioned the subject; but to find myself so completely a cipher when opposed to him, I must own I do feel it."

"But, Adelaide, this is my brother's great step in public life: a borough——"

"Excuse my interruption; but it must make much difference to him, when you know Mr. Delawarr could and would bring him into Parliament any day."

"I believe you are right in that: still, he would prefer coming in on the family interest."

"So, for a mere preference, you will disappoint poor Merton of his only chance, and refuse my earnest petition?"

"Well, my love, I will ask Edward about it."

"So you will not venture to act till you have first asked leave! Now—for shame—do be yourself! I will not have you so idle! Do show Mr. Lorraine you are not quite the passive tool in his hands he takes you to be."

"But, my dear Adelaide——"

"Ah, there is Lorraine's phaeton at the door! I wonder is it to this tiresome borough you owe such an early visit? Well, love, we shall tell him you intend nominating Merton."

Edward was in the room before an answer could be made: the little Blenheim waked at his step, and jumped up to caress him. I would sooner take a dog or a child's judgment of a person's nature than that of a grand jury. Lord Etheringhame cast a deprecating look at his wife, as their visitor stooped down to caress the dog; but Adelaide was too diplomatic to lose that only irreparable loss—present opportunity.

"We are arranging our return to the Castle: may we hope to number you among our visitors?"

Algernon—O the pleasantness of self-deception! — immediately hoping that this was a tacit renunciation of her project, added his entreaties—Lorraine accepted. Alas! he took the borough so much for granted, that he never even thought about it; and the conversation for the next half hour turned on indifferent topics. Just as he was departing, Lady Etheringhame said: —

"We are not quite disinterested in hoping you will come to Etheringhame: we want you to help us to canvass. Algernon has promised to do all he can to bring in my brother for Avondale."

Edward turned to Lord Etheringhame, and read in his overpowering confusion confirmation. To hold our surprises in perfect subjection is one of the first lessons of society; and he now, with those helpful auxiliaries, pride and anger, controlled his to perfection.

"So Lord Merton is to be our family representative!" (though society controls the expression of surprise, it gives full licence to that of contempt.) "I really must call on Lady Lauriston to congratulate her on the attainment of her object. Many failures only increase the satisfaction of final success."

Lady Etheringhame glanced at Lorraine, half in anger, half in defiance, as she replied: —

"Nay, Merton must thank me. It would have been hard if Algernon had denied my first request," turning to her husband with such a very sweet smile.

Edward now rose from his seat, but paused for a moment, so that he completely fronted his brother. Perhaps never face was more completely made to express energetic disdain than his own: the finely moulded brow, slightly but sternly knit—the mouth, so scornful in its curve — the dark eyes filled with that flashing and overpowering light which is from the kindled thought and feeling within — the pale cheek, which we so unconsciously associate with the idea of intellect,— all gave full force to his parting words.

"While congratulating, I must not forget to congratulate you, Algernon, on thus carrying your principles into action. I know how deeply you are impressed with the responsibility *of him* who possesses the power of sending the representatives

ıis country to Parliament. Lord Merton is equally cal-
.ted to understand and support its interests, whether we
ıider his habits or his talents. I congratulate you on your
er and high-principled representative;" — and Lorraine
the room, in the comfortable conviction of having crowded
nuch annoyance as could be well comprised in a parting
:ch: and considering that, only the day before, Lord
eringhame had expressed his wonder to Edward, whether
:ton was most fool or brute, and intimated no little disgust
is dissipation, so unredeemed by aught of refinement — his
shness, so undisguised by even the thin veil of common
rtesy — his utter want of information — his stupidity —
also that, in the course of conversation, with that flattery
which a weak mind seeks to ingratiate itself, he had been
.t theoretically eloquent upon the principles and talents
ıisite in a member of the house, to which is intrusted the
inies of the country; and all which, at the time, he meant
brother should apply to himself. Considering all this, it
r be imagined that Lord Etheringhame's reflections were
e true than agreeable. He was roused from his reverie
Adelaide exclaiming: —

' I am sure you have had no trouble about the matter.
ld any thing have been more satisfactorily arranged?"

ıIgernon did not agree with her in his own mind: never-
ess, he said nothing. It was less troublesome to think
ı to speak; and his indolent indulgence was now more
ı a habit.

)rdering his horses in an hour to be at Mr. Delawarr's
:, Edward walked thither, too excited for solitude, and
atient for a listener to whom he could express his indigna-
, and who would join in his contempt. He knew Merton's
ırance, but he also knew his vanity; he would be sure to
ık; he asked no better revenge than a reply — and arrayed
ıis own mind a whole battalion of arguments, and a light-
ed troop of sneers. "Nothing is more imaginative than
er," thought he, as, arriving at Mr. Delawarr's house, he
hed to himself at the ideal eloquence in which he had
ı indulging. A carriage was at the door; and as he
sed the hall, he saw — and though they say seeing is be-
ing, it was an *evidence* he felt inclined to doubt — Mr.

Rainscourt coming from the library, and also bowed out in the most cordial manner by Mr. Delawarr himself.

Mr. Rainscourt, the head of the party most decidedly opposed to his, with whom on catholic questions, corn bills, free trade, reform — those divers points in the debatable land of our British constitution — he had not an opinion in common; political enemies (and no enmity is so bitter as a political one) from their youth upwards, between whom there had been war "even to the knife," — who had fought a duel (and even that had failed to reconcile them); what was there in common to them now?

Surprises are like misfortunes or herrings — they rarely come single. Edward entered the library; and even Mr. Rainscourt's appearance was forgotten, in the relief of an attentive listener to an angry detail of his disappointment. The interest Mr. Delawarr took in his words was evident enough to have satisfied the most fastidious: still, though the dark brow was sedulously knit, and the pale lip compressed, Lorraine thought he read a passing gleam of exultation — an expression which, though instantly subdued, betrayed that Mr. Delawarr was pleased, not vexed, by the occurrence. The narrative ended by Edward's saying, "My vexation for my brother is a thousand times greater than my vexation for myself. If he had acted on the belief, that

'Sparta has many a worthier son than me,'

I should myself have been the first to approve his conduct. But to see Merton, whom he both dislikes and despises, in my place — and that merely from irresolute indolence — makes the loss of my seat in the House nothing, when compared with the loss of my confidence in my brother."

"A very small loss indeed, it being only what you ought never to have had. Etheringhame has the misfortune to be a beautiful talker; he dreams of glorious impossibilities, and sets them forth in elegant language; but, weak and self-indulged, he has neither the energy which resolves, nor the industry which acts. He is about as useful as one of the handsome pictures of his ancestors, among whom I most devoutly wish he were at this moment. Luckily, his very indolence is, at this crisis, almost equivalent to his active support. I can insure you a seat; and as for Merton, he may

be easily gained over. He is a fool, therefore obstinate; but vain, and therefore manageable."

"Give me but the luxury of answering to one of his prolix, contradictory speeches, and

> 'If there's a hole in a' your coats,
> I rede you, tent it,'—

I only ask the revenge of a reply."

"For all that, he must be on our side: enmities are like friendships — useless encumbrances; individual feelings have nothing to do with general proceedings. I do not know what private life was given us for, except to get in the way of our public one. But I forget you are yet in ignorance of the step I have decided on taking this morning."

Mr. Delawarr drew his chair nearer, and began his narration. It had been a fine study for either actor or painter to have watched those two faces during the progress of that detail. The outline of Mr. Delawarr's countenance was handsome, though now thin even to harshness; the forehead was high, but narrow; lip and cheek were equally pale; and it is in the varieties of colour that lies the expression of the feelings, in which species of expression it was entirely wanting: its character was cold, severe, and possessing an energy that was of the mind alone. The large clear grey eyes seemed rather to penetrate into you, than to have any decided meaning themselves; they caught your thought, but expressed not their own. It was a schooled, worldly, set countenance; one from which, without being at all aged, youth had utterly departed. Early years seemed not to have left a single trace. Truly of such a one might it be said —

> "The mother that him bare,
> If she had been in presence there,
> Would not have known her child."

The face, on the contrary, opposite to him, was bright with all the colours and emotions of youth. The fair wide forehead was a throne spread by the imagination for intellect; the clear dark eyes flashed with every passing idea — the thoughts and the feelings spoke together. The sweetness of the smile softened, but relaxed not, the decision of the mouth.

At first the countenance of his young companion was eloquent of the workings of the mind within. Surprise, incredulity, *indignation*, disdain, rapidly succeeded each other.

Suddenly, by a strong effort, the listener seemed to repress his feelings, and force his thoughts within; and it must have been a close observer who saw any thing beyond an air of quiet attention. Something might have been traced of scorn touched with sorrow, but even that carefully subdued.

Mr. Delawarr finished his narrative by saying, "And now, Edward, is your time for action: you will dine with me to-day, and be introduced to Mr. Rainscourt as the future member for H——."

Lorraine rose from his seat, and with that studiously calm manner which strong emotion so often assumes, where the cool word masks the warm feeling, and simply and quietly declined the invitation. Nothing makes a person so irritable as the consciousness of wrong.

"Just as vacillating as your brother," exclaimed Mr. Delawarr, pettishly. "What am I to understand by this silly refusal? — what political romance may it please Mr. Lorraine to be now enacting?"

"One he learned from yourself, and one grounded on all your own previous life."

"My dear Edward, a minister is but Jove, and Fate is mightier than he. I did not create circumstances, therefore cannot control them; and to what I cannot alter, I must yield. I can excuse the impetuosity of youth, which imagines to will is to do: so a truce to fine sentiments—keep them for the hustings — look to realities, and dine to-day with me. Every thing changes about us, and we must not be behindhand with the age."

Here he was interrupted by Edward:

"If I had not looked up to you, honoured you, held you as the proof how all that is noble in theory could be made admirable in action, I could listen more patiently; but can it be Mr. Delawarr whom I hear say, that consistency is a prejudice and conduct to be ruled by convenience? Opinions may change with the circumstances on which they were founded, but principles never. Either your whole past life has been a lie, or else your present conduct. The high and warm feelings your youth, matured by the convictions of manhood — all that a whole life has held to be right — cannot, surely, in the *experience* of a few days, be utterly wrong. By your present *change* you declare, during so many years I have been either

a fool or a hypocrite. By this abandonment of your old opinions, what security is there for the stability of your new? False to your party — still falser to yourself — on what does your future rely? Convenience is the only bond between you and your new friends — convenience, that most mutable of rules, varying with all the changes of passion or of interest. Apostate to your creed, deserter from your party, traitor to yourself — again I say, look to your future. Principle cannot support you — that you have pronounced to be but prejudice; your talents — you have admitted their inadequacy to meet the times; your character — you have turned upon yourself. Delawarr, shall the history of that country, whose past has instructed, and whose future has inspired — shall it have no higher name for you than the slave and victim of expediency?"

The colour that for a moment had stained the sallow cheek of the hearer passed in an instant: brow and lip had been carefully moulded to a sneer — and a short bitter laugh prefaced Mr. Delawarr's answer. "Truly, my dear Edward, this display of eloquence is quite needless; we are aware of your capabilities. Do not be too exorbitant, but tell me at once, what do you want besides the borough?"

Lorraine had left the room. His feelings were infinitely bitter. Mr. Delawarr had been his political idol; and of all excellencies we hate to lose those founded on the imagination. "A glory had vanished from the earth," as glories can vanish only in youth. The good faith of Mr. Delawarr had made respectable in his eyes even the very points on which they differed. And now all human nature was lowered in the conduct of one individual. None are so disinterested as the thoughtless and absorbed. Edward lost all consideration of himself, while dwelling on his brother's weakness and Mr. Delawarr's recantation. But — and we note this as a proof of a well-constituted mind — though he almost doubted the existence of truth in this world, he never doubted its excellence.

Mr. Delawarr, it must be confessed, took the matter much more coolly. Habits are the petrifactions of the feelings, and his habits were those of business. A resolution is never shaken by a *conviction*. He had wilfully blinded himself to the subtle spirit of self-aggrandisement which urged his con-

duct. He saw the need of instant action, and took refuge in that common resource of the destitute, a well-sounding phrase. At such an important crisis he had no time to weigh nice scruples or fantastical definitions of honour. Conscience always acts on the conciliatory system. Mr. Delawarr was vexed at losing a young man of his talents; but, when vexation softens not to sentiment, it hardens into anger. Besides, it was one of those cases in which it is a personal satisfaction to be angry. Muttering something to himself of "high-flown notions and ingratitude," he sat down to answer a letter.

Edward's horses were at the door: he hastily ordered his servant home, threw himself on his horse, and never drew bridle till he found himself on the wild but beautiful common of Barnes, which, at five, seems to have left London fifty miles behind. Nothing like a gallop on a beautiful Arabian in all desperate cases. If you have been refused by an heiress, when a Jew has advanced ten thousands pounds on the speculation — if you have been jilted by a beauty, after dancing with her for a week — if you have been thrown out by a petition to the House, after your election has cost your last acre — and then deliberate between a pistol and a gallop, I advise the latter.

Lorraine had ridden off a large portion of his irritation, but not all his regret. He threw the reins on the neck of the beautiful and panting creature, that had sped on as if by some instinct of his will, and rode slowly over the solitary heath. He was in that mood of all others when the mind fastens most readily on some chance object for its train of thoughts, when strong internal excitement gladly vents itself on any outward impulse. He had unconsciously paused on a slight ascent, on whose side stood the remains of a small but ancient well: its square walls were in ruins, and a few large but broken stones, some jagged and bare, others with little tufts of grass or a single yellow wild flower springing from them, — all spoke neglect and decay. The clear spring itself dripped over one fragment with a low murmur, whose monotony had all the sweetness of custom. The ear heard it, till it listened for the sound like a familiar thing. The well was filled with weeds, and the water wandered away, wasting its little current over too large a space, but still marked by a growth of brighter and fresher green. "And thus it is," thought Ed-

ward, "with all the works of men: whether for beauty or usefulness, how soon they perish! One generation builds, that another may neglect or destroy. We talk of the future — we look to it — we act for it. The future comes — ourselves are forgotten — our works are ruins."

The sound of the bubbling water grew more distinct, as the ear became accustomed to its music: it reminded him of one very like it in Etheringhame Park. Both might have made the delight of either antiquary or poet. It wanted nothing to complete the likeness but the large old beech, under whose shadow he and his brother had passed so many mornings.

But it was a bad time for the recollections of boyhood. Lorraine's life had hitherto been one of enjoyment: it was as if fate had, in one day's disappointments, avenged the serenity of years. His brother, whom he had loved with the excusing, relying affection of a woman, had sacrificed his interest and betrayed his confidence, in the indolent irresolution of selfishness: the attachment of a life had been given up to avoid trouble. Then, the friend to whom he looked up — the model in whose steps he proposed to follow — whom he had admired with all the enthusiastic admiration of youth — this friend had degraded himself in his eyes for ever, denied his opinions, falsified his principles, and in a few hours placed the future in direct opposition to all that the past had held high or honourable. If is hard, very hard, for the heart to part with, at one struggle, those it has most loved and reverenced. A mist rose to Lorraine's eyes, only to be dissipated by another gallop.

Some twenty years after, it might be questioned whether he would have felt much. With regard to Lord Etheringhame, Edward made no allowance for domestic necessities. I remember once reading a somewhat unnecessary volume, in which a gentleman (single, I am sure,) remonstrated on the exclusion of females from power. He might have spared himself the trouble! Few women but have some lover, husband, brother, or son, over whom they contrive to exert a very fair portion of authority.

As to Mr. Delawarr, another twenty years would have taught his youthful opponent that political opinions are, like most others, subject to change. A century or two ago, the best *blood in the kingdom* was spent in defence of the right

divine of kings — and it was called heroic conduct; now it is to be shed in defence of the rights of the people — and that is very heroic conduct too. I wonder what will be heroic conduct a century hence. Again: the Swiss guards of Louis XVI. were cut to pieces fighting under orders — every one talked of their bravery and their devotion; the Swiss guards of Charles X. have done precisely the same thing, and their own country talks of hanging the survivors. Ireland, last year, was to be paradise, if that Peri, emancipation, was but sent there; now it is a wretched, degraded, oppressed country, unless the Union be dissolved! What ever will it be the year after? So much for any certainty of right in this world!

CHAPTER XXI.

"As our life is very short, so it is very miserable. * *

"How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping prayers and sad remembrances! * *

"Our days are full of sorrow and anguish, dishonoured and made unhappy with many sins, amazed with fears, full of cares, divided with curiosities and contradictory interests, made airy and impertinent with varieties, abused with ignorance and prodigious errors, made ridiculous with a thousand weaknesses, worn away with labours, laden with diseases, daily vexed with dangers and temptations, and in love with misery."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

JUSTICE has never been done to the merits of a wet day in summer — one of those days of wind and rain which fills the air with fragrance, for every full-blown flower has its sweet life fairly crushed out; when there is a good excuse for a fire — a fire being one of those luxuries for which, in England, we always expect a reason; when it is cold enough to make warmth pleasant, yet without freezing one side while the other is burning. It was just such a day as this when Lorraine went to take a farewell dinner with Mr. Morland. Alternate showers of rain-drops or rose-leaves had been blown in gusts against the windows all the morning; but now the curtains were drawn, a warm red blaze came from the bright fire, and a softer and clearer light from the lamp, whose pure pale transparency is so prettily and fancifully compared by an *American* writer* to a gigantic pearl illuminated. A maho-

* Neale.

gany table, like a dark mirror, was drawn close to the fire—Mr. Morland had an old-fashioned predilection for its polished surface; on it stood three or four rich cut-glass decanters, "breathing of the sweet South," and a dark slender bottle, common enough in shape, but round which lingered the fragrance of burgundy. Two large arm-chairs were drawn on each side the fire-place, in which sat Mr. Morland and his guest.

Mr. Morland.—"After all, I do not so much regret the delay this occasions in your entrance into public life—you are still too young.

Edward Lorraine.—"Are you not now speaking rather after the fashion of common prejudice? I am young, it is true; but I have outlived the pleasures of youth. I——"

Mr. Morland.—"But not its feelings. You are still credulous of good—still enthusiastic of impossibilities; you believe that the world may be set right—nay, that you are one of those predestined to assist in so doing."

Edward Lorraine.—"I will not deny that I do think there is great room for improvement, and that very likely I am deceived in my own self-estimate—a common mistake, even with the most experienced; still, I am not prepared to admit, that a cause can be injured by the devotion and industry given to it by even the humblest individual."

Mr. Morland.—"I was thinking more of yourself. Have you not felt Mr. Delawarr's conduct very severely?"

Edward Lorraine.—"I have: I put my own personal interests quite out of the question; but I cannot forgive a man that I so respected and admired, for being the one to show me that my respect and my admiration were given to an acted part—not the real character."

Mr. Morland.—"Your own are my best arguments. Truly, you seem well prepared for the disappointment, the falsehood, which will meet you at every turn of your future career. Mr. Delawarr has taken a step imperative to his own interests, and for which most convincing reasons may be assigned. I never knew any debatable point not maintained on both sides by unanswerable arguments; and yet you are angry that he has not thrown every advantage aside to enact your *beau-idéal* of patriotic excellence.

Edward Lorraine.—"At this rate, then, your own interests *only are to describe* your circle of action?"

Mr. Morland. — "Not exactly; they must be a little rounded at the extremities, where they come in contact with those of others."

Edward Lorraine. — "Then you would have had me act in direct opposition to all I have been accustomed to regard as good and admirable, and accepted Mr. Delawarr's offers?"

Mr. Morland. — "Not exactly; the young man who acts in early life contrary to his feelings, will, in after years, act contrary to his principles of right. I only wish you to draw from it a moral of instability — to see the necessity, if you mean to carry your theories into action, of arming yourself with the indifference of experience."

Edward Lorraine. — "We should, then, never act, if we were so indifferent to the result."

Mr. Morland. — "And all the better for yourself if you never enter the gladiatorial arena of public life: you will sacrifice time, health, and talents; you will be paragraphed — probably pelted; you will die of an inflammation, or a consumption; and leave it a debatable point to historians, what was the extent of the injury you did your country."

Edward Lorraine. — "Nothing is so fortunate for mankind as its diversity of opinion: if we all thought alike — with you, for example — there would at once be an end to all mutual assistance and improvement."

Mr. Morland. — "Do not be alarmed; there are plenty of restless spirits who will always be happy to take upon them all the affairs of the world. Atlas was only an ingenious allegory."

Edward Lorraine. — "This infinite variety in men's minds — the innate superiority of some, the equally innate inferiority of others — has always seemed to me the great argument against the system of universal equality. There is no natural Agrarian law. Distinctions, from that universally admitted claim of a child to the acquisitions of a parent, become hereditary; they must first have been personal."

Mr. Morland. — "Of all the vain theories that philosophers ever set afloat is that of equality — especially mental. One man spends years in thoughtful study, and Columbus sets forth and discovers America; another man passes the same period, and then the learned doctor sends an elaborate essay to a society, stating that the last ten years of his life have been

devoted to a laborious comparison of geese and turkeys, which has produced in his mind the conviction that the goose is a calumniated bird, the turkey being infinitely more stupid." *

Edward Lorraine.—"A complete caricature on ornithological research; but do you know, I have often thought the pursuits of science the most satisfactory of all to the pursuer. The scientific man is better able to measure his progress than the literary man, and is less liable to the fluctuations of opinion."

Mr. Morland.—"Generally peaking, though they are even a more irritable race. The subject on which we centre our whole attention acquires an undue importance. Devotion to one single object necessarily narrows the mind. The indifference of others is matter of angry surprise; and the benefactor of mankind would often fain become its tyrant. We are violent in proportion to our self-exaggeration."

Edward Lorraine.—"After all, philosophy consists in making allowances, and they, by the by, are made from affection and feeling, never from reason."

Mr. Morland.—"As if we ever exercised our reason on our own account."

Edward Lorraine.—"Oh, yes, a little—sometimes when too late."

Mr. Morland.—"The phrases 'literary seclusion'—'the charms of books and solitude'—what poetical licences they are! The fine arts, like Mother Carey's chickens, appear in stormy weather. Look, for example, at the artists of Italy's most gifted epoch—they kept a sword by their pallet, painted in light armour, and dressed their own dinners lest they should be poisoned."

Edward Lorraine.—"At present we avoid warfare—'the good swords rust;' but we are not more peaceably disposed than our ancestors—look at the gauntlet to be run by a successful author. Ingenuity is racked for abuse, and language for its expression: every body takes his success as a personal affront. I think the late invention of steel pens quite characteristic of the age."

Mr. Morland.—"I am most entertained at the egotism of our modern school, of periodical literature especially. Now, egotism may be divided into two classes; that of our feelings,

* Foreign Literary Gazette.

which may come home to some one or other of its readers, as all feelings are general; and that of action, which cannot interest, as actions are not general, but individual. One editor politely informs his readers how much he eats, another how much he drinks, a third is eloquent on the merits of his coffee; and here is a little penny publication, whose conductor occupies two pages out of four, in stating that he dips a pearl pen into a silver inkstand, and writes in a satin dressing-gown."

Edward Lorraine. — "Blackwood laid the first foundations of the eating and drinking school. The novelty of the plan could only be equalled by the humour of the execution. But in literature people ought not to be allowed to follow a fashion. A new idea is no sooner started, now-a-days, than it is run even to death. I think the good old Elizabethan plan of monopolies should be revived in favour of literature. An eminent author, in our time, is a species of mental Alexander; he erects a vast empire, out of which fifty small powers parcel little kingdoms and minor principalities."

Mr. Morland. — "Your notion of an author's property in his own works is similar in spirit to the old French marquise in Marmontel, who prefers a husband to a lover, because 'I could then go with my contract in my hand and give *un bon soufflet* to any one who endeavoured to take him from me.'"

Edward Lorraine. — "How full of wit, point, and, what is best expressed by a phrase of their own, such exquisite *tournure*, some of the short French stories possess! Hook is, I think, the only English author who possesses their analysis of action — that bird's-eye view of motive, and the neat keen style whose every second sentence is an epigram: he is Rochefoucault illustrated; and he unites, too, with his vein of satire, the more creative powers, the deeper tones of feeling, that mark our English writers."

Mr. Morland. — "I give him credit for one very original merit. Do you remember Charles Summerford's letter in Maxwell? — it is the only love-letter I ever read without thinking it absurd. It is equally passionate and natural."

Edward Lorraine. — "What is the reason, that in repeating the expressions of lovers they always seem exaggerated, though, perhaps, we have used the same expressions ourselves? — *surely* memory ought to recall their truth."

Mr. Morland. — "And so it would, if those expressions

were still used to or by ourselves. They only appear to be exaggerated from being put in the third person. It is curious how much people take for granted in these affairs of the heart."

Edward Lorraine. — "Nothing, in matters of sentiment, seems too difficult for credit."

Mr. Morland. — "We easily believe in the feelings ourselves inspire; but, instead of a reason, I will tell you a story. I had a housekeeper who had two lovers — one the favoured, to whom she was engaged. After a while she learnt he had a wife and two children at Paisley; this led to a dismissal. She went into hysterics, and spoilt my soup for a week, at the end of which she consoled herself with the other. Just as she was on the point of marriage, it came out that the wife and two children was an invention of the intended, to drive his more successful rival from the field. She made excellent gravies, and, as I took an interest in her fate, I remonstrated on the folly of marrying a man who had acted so basely — 'but you see, sir — if you please — it was all for love of me,' — and she actually did marry him."

Edward Lorraine. — "I am thoroughly convinced a little extravagance rather recommends a lover to his mistress. All women are naturally romantic. Perhaps the even tenor of their lives makes them peculiarly enjoy excitement. One unaccountable action would do more for you than all the flattery that the court of Louis the Fourteenth ever embodied in a phrase."

Mr. Morland. — "You are theoretic, my young friend; rely upon it, that no general rule ever held good in love."

Edward Lorraine. — "No general rule ever held good in any thing. Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon — that which raises it from earth."

Mr. Morland. — "And we know the usual fate of such aërial adventures — a fall to earth, which, if it does not unfit us, at least disinclines us from any more such 'skyey enterprises.' And what, after all, are our greatest efforts in life but ascents in a balloon? — and then descents, which either leave us in the dust — a ludicrous spectacle to the bystander; or else, by good luck, we have broken a limb, and accident becomes terrible, so that we are pitied, instead of laughed at. Not much difference between the two."

Edward Lorraine. — "Is there nothing in being loved — nothing in being admired — nothing in those benefits which one individual may confer on his whole race?"

Mr. Morland. — "Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude."

Edward Lorraine. — "What, then, are those watchwords of the heart — patriotism and philanthropy — mere sounds signifying nothing?"

Mr. Morland. — "Just so, when reduced to practice. I do not say with Sir Robert Walpole, that every man has his price; but I do say, that every man has his motive. One man wants money, the next power, the third title; a fourth desires place for its distinction, a fifth for its influence; a sixth desires popular applause; a seventh piques himself upon his eloquence, and will display it; an eighth upon his judgment, to which he will have you defer; a ninth is governed by his wife; a tenth adopts the opinions of his club; the eleventh those of a favourite author; the twelfth acts upon some old prejudice which he calls a principle. There are a round dozen of motives for you. Now, you do not call any of these patriotism?"

Edward Lorraine. — "One would think you were a believer in the old classical fable of the golden, the silver, the brasen, and the iron ages; and that we were living in the harsh and heavy days of the last."

Mr. Morland. — "I believe one half, which is quite enough to believe of any thing. I deny that the silver and golden ages ever existed; but allow the actual existence of the brass and the iron."

Edward Lorraine. — "I desire to be loved — passionately, entirely, and lastingly loved. I desire active, high, and honourable distinction. If I thought as you think, I should at once enter La Trappe; or, like the Caliph Vathek, build a palace for the five senses."

Mr. Morland. — "And find discontent and weariness in either. I see you, Edward, young, ardent, and heroic, full of genius and ambition; and I see in you just another sacrifice to that terrible necessity which men call Destiny. One by one your generous beliefs will sharpen into incredulity — your warm feelings turn to poison, or to a void; their empire divided between bitterness and exhaustion. Where is the

good you exalted?—a scoff even to yourself; where is the love that you trusted?—like the reed on which you leant, it has entered into your side, and even if the wound cease to bleed, it is only because it has hardened into a scar; where is the praise you desired?—gone to another, or if still yours, you know its emptiness and its falsehood. You loathe others; but you look within yourself, and see their counterpart. All do not think this, because many do not think at all; but all feel it, though they do not analyse their feelings."

It was now late: slowly, and somewhat sadly, Edward rose, and bade his friend good night—he said it somewhat more affectionately than usual. He knew him to be an old and a disappointed man, and he deemed rightly, that to argue with such a mood was to pain, not to convince. Yet, as he rode home, more than once the reins dropped on his horse's neck, and he thought mournfully, "are such things sooth?" I know not. I own I think they are. I have this very moment laid down the most eloquent, the most beautiful avowal of belief in a happier and better doctrine. Let me quote the very words.

"No: man must either believe in the perfectibility of his species, or virtue and the love of others are but a heated and objectless enthusiasm. * * * To the man who finds it possible to entertain this hope, how different an aspect the world wears! Casting his glance forward, how wondrous a light rests upon the future! the farther he extends his vision, the brighter the light. Animated by a hope more sublime than wishes bounded to earth ever before inspired, he feels armed with the courage to oppose surrounding prejudice, and the warfare of hostile customs. No sectarian advantage, no petty benefit, is before him; he sees but the regeneration of mankind. It is with this object that he links his ambition—that he unites his efforts and his name! From the disease, and the famine, and the toil around, his spirit bursts into prophecy, and dwells among future ages; even if in error, he luxuriates through life in the largest benevolence, and dies—if a visionary—the visionary of the grandest dream."*

Alas! I do not—I cannot think with the writer. My own experience—my whole observation forbid it. The worst

* Conversations with an Ambitious Student in ill health. New Monthly Magazine.

sufferings of human nature are those which no law can reach—no form of government control. What code can soothe the burning pain of disease, or rouse its languor? What code can alleviate the bitterness of death, dry the tears of the mourner, and force the grave to give up the loved and the lost? What form of laws can control the affections, those busy ministers of sorrows? Can they console them when unrequited—alter them when misplaced—or recall them when departed for ever? Alas! they are of no avail. Can the law blunt the cutting edge of ridicule, or soften the bitter words of unkindness? Can the law give us grace, wit, beauty, or prevent our feeling their want, or envying their more fortunate possessors? All the law can do, is to give us hard bread, which we must earn with our toil, and then steep with our tears. Yet more, the law can guard our life—life! that possession which, of all others, man values the least; but it can give nothing that endears, or exalts it—nothing that confers on it either a value or a charm. The first records of our young world were those of tears and blood; its last records will be those of tears and blood also. I hear of the progress of civilisation, and I marvel how it can be called happiness. We discovered America, and that word is now synonymous with a brave, enlightened, and free nation; but to make way for that prosperity, a whole people have perished from the face of the earth. Our ships have gone through the silent seas, and a new continent rose before their prows in fertility and beauty. We have emptied on it our prisons—and the untrodden wood echoes to the oath and the axe of the convict.

Or, to come home again. The wealth of the world, its power, its intelligence, pours into London. We have the enjoyments of riches and of mind—our sciences and fine arts take every day some step to perfection; but none of these are happiness. Wealth, that mighty source of heart-burnings, who shall distribute it? To take from industry is to give a premium to idleness. And yet how hard, that one man should possess millions, while to another a penny is a welcome gift! How are we to help this? "Is it my fault," the rich man may say, "that I, or my father, or my grandfather, have been more prudent or more fortunate than you or yours? If you take that which is mine to-day, where is your security but that *another* may take it from you again to-morrow?" And yet

poverty — how bitter it is! first its disgrace, and then its want. I never, even in an advertisement praying for that charity which is too often denied, read the words "who have known better days," without a sympathy even to pain. And yet what statute can guard against extravagance, improvidence, or idleness? And even this property — the hinge on which all our social institutions turn, for whose sake we both make and break laws — does that give happiness? Ask the sick, the sad, or the dying, though their home be the palace, and their clothing the purple.

Then we have intellectual enjoyments, the works of genius, those of the fine arts. There was Mr. Canning, the eloquent and the patriotic, died, not three years ago, of a fevered mind and a worn-out body — worn out by the scoff, the obstacle, the vain excitement, the exhausting exertion. Genius — was Byron, whose life was divided between disappointment and resentment, was he happy? What is Genius but an altar richly wrought in fine gold, and placed in the most sacred and glorious part of the marble temple? but there the living victim is offered in sacrifice, and the wreath of flowers left to wither. The fine arts, they which add so much to the adornment of their time — it is a sad page in life in which their annals are written. How few among the statues which stand in grace and power, till they seem the incarnation of the diviner part of our nature — how few among the pictures which shed their dream-like beauty on our walls — how few of these but are the fruit of lives passed in toil, in want, in the heart-burning of hope whose fulfilment comes not, and of cares that eat away the very soul! Look at the many diseases to which skill is of no avail — look at the many crimes, and crimes committed, too, by the educated, who have been trained from their youth upwards in good. Or look only within your own heart, and see there the germ of every sin and every sorrow; — and then tell me of the perfectibility or the happiness of humanity. In another world, "the wicked may cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest;" but not in a world like ours — the weak, the erring, and the fallen. We forget we are living under a curse; and who can recall that curse save the God who pronounced it?

CHAPTER XXII.

> " Ah, whence yon glare
> That fires the arch of heaven ?—that dark red smoke
> Blotting the silver moon ? "
> * * * * *
> " And what were earth and stars,
> If to the human mind's imaginings
> Silence and solitude were vacancy ? " — SHELLEY.

THERE is something sublime in being out of humour with the whole world. Discontent against an individual is called anger; that against the many, misanthropy. There is a great deal of poetry in an epithet. Lorraine indulged in the latter mood of mind for a week. His brother called — he was denied: a first conciliating note from Mr. Delawarr was unanswered — the second met a cold but bitter reply. Both grew angry, and public dispute ended in private dissension.

It is a curious fact, how violent people get upon political questions, particularly if they are such as do not concern them. A sedate-looking gentleman, who lives in Finsbury Square perhaps, and whose money is in the funds, raves about the corn laws: another, in a black coat, forgets to make his Sunday sermon, in the composition of a speech at a meeting for the abolition of West India slavery. But from the affairs of our next-door neighbour, to those of church and state, we take an intense interest in those of others. S——, when he came from Brussels, at the time of the revolution, was asked what it was like. " Like ? " said he, " why, like a vestry meeting." We talk of vanity, discontent, patriotism; but the real first cause of the passion for politics is the love of talking, inherent in masculine nature.

In the mean time, Edward found that love and politics had been adverse influences on his destiny. His brother's most unlooked-for marriage altered all his prospects as regarded his succession to the Etheringhame title and estates: his difference with Mr. Delawarr closed the principal avenue of his political career. His future path in life must be cleared by himself.

The energy with which he set about the task shewed he was equal to it. He had inherited a handsome property from

his mother. True, he had been extravagant, but not irretrievably so. He looked into his affairs. Two years of resolute economy, and his property was free. In two years there would be a general election. Two years of travel and study would equally benefit his fortune and his mind; both would be strengthened to meet the demands of public life.

There are epochs of change in every one's career; and it is in meeting these changes that a man shows his energies. Lorraine's plan was promptly laid down, and its execution was as prompt as its design. His affairs were investigated with that resolute industry which so soon finishes the business it begins. The sale of part of his property cleared the rest. A large portion of his income was put aside to accumulate. Horses, pictures, wines, *bijouterie*, German *meerschaum*, and Turkish hookahs, were alike brought to the hammer. His solicitor remonstrated on the loss in such a sale.

"Don't you see," replied his client, laughing, "I am selling my habits with them?"

Satisfied with the present, full of anticipation for the future, Edward took his seat on the mail — the best conveyance in the world for good spirits. It was a bright clear night, with a fresh and buoyant wind. Alas! for the safety of two respectable linen-drapers, and the partner of a great tea-house, inside — for Lorraine drove the first forty miles.

"What a pity he should be a gentleman — such a waste!" observed the coachman, when he resigned the reins.

Spain was the country he had decided upon visiting — Spain, as a poet regularly begins,

"Land of the vine and the olive."

It is curious how much of its romantic character a country owes to strangers; perhaps because they know least about it. Edward's motive for visiting it was, simply, that he had never been there before. Leaving vines, olives, the white walls of Cadiz, and the dark eyes of its ladies, to be recorded in his diary, if he kept one, he travelled perfectly alone — sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback — through a considerable part of the country bordering on the sea-coast; when, finding the residence of a Spanish nobleman, to whom he had letters of introduction, marked on his route, he paused at a little village to make *inquiry of his way*.

The village was pretty enough for a scene in a play. It was literally hidden in a grove, or thicket rather, of orange-trees, at that most beautiful season of their year, when one branch is bowed down with its weight of golden fruit — on another the orange is still of a bright green; while the more shaded boughs are yet in the first luxuriance of their peculiarly odoriferous and delicate flowers — perhaps one of the softest and most beautiful whites in nature. There were but a few cottages, each of them covered with a luxuriant vine, whose glossy verdure reflected back every ray of the setting sun.

It was a saint's day, and the peasants were all out of doors. There were two or three groups of dancers, and the rest were either gathered in a ring round them, or scattered on the grass beneath a few large old chestnut-trees, that must have seen many such generations. The peasants themselves were, as a painter would have said, excellent accessories to the scene: the women were, many of them, pretty; and their profuse black hair, bound up with that simplicity, which is the perfection of good taste.

Uniformity in costume is very picturesque. To name a familiar instance: — how well a family of sisters dressed alike always looks! Each separate individual may be bad; still, as a whole, the effect is creditable. We do not seem sufficiently aware of the beauty of uniformity, or else it is interfered with by our personal vanity. The truth is, that general taste is always good; because, before it becomes general, it has been compared and corrected: but as for individual taste, the less we have of it the better.

The arrival of a stranger produced the effect it always does where such an occurrence is rare. Novelty is pleasure, and pleasure puts people into a good humour. All were ready to crowd round with some little offer of assistance; and when it was discovered that he spoke Spanish, their delight knew no bounds.

People take a traveller's understanding their language as a personal compliment. Edward, besides, was very handsome — a letter of recommendation all the world over; and he possessed that fascination of manner, the secret of whose fairy gift is, ready adaptation of itself to others.

Both himself and his horse fared exceedingly well. One gave him green figs, another oranges: the grapes were yet

scarcely ripe; but a little boy, who seemed just to have stepped out of a picture by Murillo, climbed the roof of his father's cottage, and brought from the southern side a sunny-looking bunch, which would not have disgraced Aladdin's garden of rubies.

Hospitality is the virtue of an uncivilised state, because it is then a useful one. It is a wise moral dispensation, that those virtues are most prevalent which are most wanted. A man asks another to dine with him in London, and spends on the said dinner just twice as much as he can afford; while the odds are, that his visitor will be discontented with his reception, envious of his host, and console himself next day by abusing entertainer and entertainment. A man wanders through a desert — is half starved — falls in with an Arab tent, whose owner gives him some goat's milk and dates — he comes home, and raves about the hospitality of the desert. The difference is this: in the one case the dinner was needed, and in the other it was not. We must want a thing before we can value it. Hospitality is, therefore, the virtue of uncivilised, as benevolence should be that of civilised life.

The crowd which had surrounded the traveller gradually dispersed, and Lorraine was left almost alone with a very fine-looking old man, whose free gait bespoke a life of active exertion; and a deep scar on one cheek, evidently a sabre-wound, indicated that it had been of a military nature.

Edward's attention was at first rivetted on two dancers engaged in their graceful national dance, the bolero. What a blessing to a people is a climate that encourages out-of-door amusement! The man was dressed in a brown jacket, without collar, and a crimson sash; a small cloak, managed with the grace of custom, hung on one shoulder, and on his feet he wore the hempen sandals; and, perhaps, from its classic association, a sandal is good, as far as pictorial effect is concerned. With a profusion of coal-black hair, a very dark skin, and a bold, but fine, outline of feature, the youth was a good specimen of the Spanish peasant.

But his companion was beautiful. A rich, flushed colour — large black eyes — teeth that shone from their brilliant whiteness — a slender shape — and most minute feet, in such little *shoes of Cordova* leather — a silver chain round her *neck, to which hung* a medal of the Madonna — a dark-brow

bodice and short skirt, relieved by a lacing of scarlet riband —long black hair, bound in one large plait round the head, and fastened by a silver bodkin. Such were the picturesque couple who were now performing the evolutions of their dramatic dance, with that exquisite ear for time which makes the gracefulness of dancing.

At the conclusion, Edward turned to his companion, with some remark on the beauty and air of happiness that pervaded the scene. "Your lovely little valley looks as if even a rough wind had never disturbed its tranquillity."

"And yet I remember when for every cottage there stood a smoking heap of ashes; and that little stream"—pointing to a bright brook that ran, touched with the lingering daylight, like a line of amber—"that little stream ran red as the blood which coloured it. Look at the trees, Senhor—they'll witness to the truth of what I am saying."

Lorraine looked, and saw, in spite of the luxuriant foliage, indelible marks of the ravages of fire. The trunks were scorched, and the bark destroyed, in many places; and here and there stood leafless branches, black and charred;—one immense but lifeless bough was directly over their heads.

"Quiet as our valley seems now," said the once fierce Guerilla, "I can remember being lighted home by the blaze of our whole village. It was midnight when I came down the hill; yet, by the firelight, I could see every tree for miles round. I could even distinguish the faces of the officers, who, at the head of the French troopers, were across the plain yonder. It had been well for them if the light had not been quite so strong."

"Your friends—your relatives—had you any?" asked his hearer, hesitatingly.

"Two orphan children; Minora—she that has just been dancing—and her brother. She was then but a little creature, yet so thoughtful, it was as if her dead mother watched and helped her. I never feared to leave Pedro, then a baby, with her. I came home, and saw my cottage, perhaps from being fired the last, burning the brightest of all. Well, the Virgin does work miracles for her servants. I ran down the steep, shouting my children's names from sheer misery—when I heard a low, little sweet voice whisper, 'Father.' I saw my pretty Minora, and her brother holding her hand.

both frightened out of their senses, but safe and well. At the first alarm they had run out, and found safety in an old hollow oak-tree, which they had, in play, called their house. They little thought what a home it would be to them. From that hour I took my knife and my musket. Six months afterwards, there was not a Frenchman in the province."

"What did you do with the children?"

"Ah, Senhor, there 's a secret. Why, in the wood you will have to pass to-night there 's a cave — muleteers will sometimes bring across the line more than custom-house officers think of — and that cave was a safe hiding-place. Well, the good turn it did in concealing those children may balance its other accounts. I took them there — stole to them with provisions whenever I could: they never lived half so well before. You see my Minora's eyes are pretty bright; but for half a year they never saw sunshine."

It was much later than Edward had supposed; but still the extreme beauty of the evening induced him to pursue his journey. He mounted again, and departed, with a thousand good wishes and directions as to the right path. He offered no reward for the kindly treatment he had received; but the two children, whose hearts he had won by a little notice, and who now, with all the earnest gratitude of childhood, insisted on showing the best path through the grove — the children came back, radiant with surprise and pleasure at the parting gift of the English traveller.

It is worth while to travel, if it be only to enjoy the excitement of some entirely new species of natural beauty. Late as it was, Edward reined up his horse to gaze around him. The plain where he was riding was one immense thicket of the gum cistus, whose frail white leaves, just veined with the faintest pink, fell in showers at the least movement of the passer-by. What a prodigality of blossom! — for the gum cistus, born and withered in an hour, is the most ephemeral of flowers. Behind was a range of mountains, composed mostly of huge masses of granite; and the small sparkles on its surface glittered in the moon, which shone directly against them. Before him was a dense shade — the wood through which he had to pass; and over all was a sky so clear, as to be rather light than colour.

The thickets gradually gave way to an open space, where

the soft grass seemed unusually fragrant, perhaps from the quantity of thyme that grew among it. Soon a few gigantic trees, of the fir and cork kind, stood forth, like the advanced guard of an army; and Edward was presently in the lone and shadowy depths of the woods: the dark recesses, only visible when a withered tree let the moonlight through its leafless branches, or the white stem of a cork-tree, from which the bark had been stripped, contrasted the sombre trunks around. A young man with much less of poetry in his temperament than Lorraine possessed, would have felt all the romance of his nature rise in such a solitude.

But whatever romantic fantasies the traveller might have felt disposed to indulge, his visions were all disturbed by realities. A cry, as if of sudden terror, rose upon the air. Edward listened attentively, and fancied he discerned the plunging of horses. Without hesitation he rode to the spot, and distinctly heard a voice, apparently in tones of entreaty and lament.

A sudden turn in the road brought him to the objects of his search. Two mules stood by a tree, at whose foot lay a man, either dead or insensible; and kneeling beside was a young cavalier, muffled in a large riding cloak. To dismount and offer his assistance was the work of a moment. Fear seemed almost to have deprived the kneeling youth of articulation: he muttered, rather than spoke, "that his servant was dying," and seemed to abandon himself to all the helplessness of despair.

Edward saw at once that the man had only fainted: he raised his head, loosed his collar, and from his spirit-flask bathed his temples, and succeeded in pouring a few drops down his throat. The patient revived, opened his eyes, but evidently knew no one, and again sank back, if not quite insensible, quite helpless.

"My God! what shall I do?" exclaimed his young comrade, wringing his hands.

Bestowing a true English ejaculation on what he denominated the want of presence of mind in foreigners, — "Do! why, lead the mules to the nearest place of habitation, and I will endeavour to support your servant on my horse — he is *both strong* and quiet."

Silently but eagerly the stranger went to the horse's head, while Edward raised his companion to the saddle.

"I will lead the mules," said the cavalier: "but where shall we go? Have you travelled any distance?"

"No. They told me at yonder village that Don Henriquez de los Zeridos' was the only habitation near. I am an English traveller, and am going there with a letter of introduction. Will you accompany me?"

"I live there," said the stranger, hastily turning the mules in that direction.

Saving one or two inquiries, or a confused expression of thanks, the young guide pursued his way in silence, till they came to a gateway, which he opened, and, approaching a large but desolate-looking house, sought to attract the attention of its inmates by throwing up pebbles at a window where a dim light was to be seen.

After a few moments' pause, a head was put out of the lattice, and the querulous tones of an old woman inquired the meaning of such an intrusion.

"It is me, Xarifa. Pedro has been taken ill. Do not disturb Donna Margaretta. A stranger waits with me in the yard."

Another short delay followed. At last the door was opened. Edward carried the unfortunate Pedro into a large hall, where stood an elderly female servant, and a negro evidently only half awake. His companion turned to him, and, for the first time, the lamp-light shewed a face of the most perfect beauty. For a moment she stood irresolute, and then said, coldly and calmly, "This is Don Henriquez's house, and I am his daughter."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

"Her silent face is saintly pale,
And sadness shades it like a veil;
A consecrated nun she seems,
Whose waking thoughts are deep as dreams."
WILSON.

'But the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never cleared again."
MOORE.

COURTESY and curiosity are very often at variance. With a hurried apology, Lorraine had been shown into a large, gloomy-looking apartment, where he was left to his own thoughts and a small lamp. The moon, now at its full, shone directly into the room, shedding a sad and softened light, which somewhat concealed the ravages of time, or what seemed the work of that even worse spoiler — man. The floor had been paved with alternate squares of different-coloured marbles: it had been dilapidated in many places, and the vacancies filled with common stone. The panels of the wall were of various and beautiful woods inlaid in fanciful patterns, while the cornices and divisions were of marble carved exquisitely, and the ceiling had been painted to resemble a summer sky. There was now scarcely a space uninjured: the cornices were broken away; the panels had initial letters and uncouth faces rudely cut upon them; and on one side there was a number of small round holes, such as would be produced by a shower of shot, and a few larger ones that indicated bullets. The roof was smoked and scorched; and two pictures hung at one end, or rather their frames — for a black and smouldered canvass showed that fire had destroyed the work of the painter.

Still, there were signs of human habitation, and some of female ingenuity. At the upper window, a fine old vine had been carefully trained both inside and out, till it served the

purpose of a curtain. Near it was a high-backed chair, covered with embroidered silk, whose rich bright colours showed it had but lately left the skilful hand of its worker. The floor beneath was spread with matting of the fragrant grass of the country: beside stood a small table of inlaid wood, and a cushion was at the feet, also worked with embroidered flowers. Against the wall were hung two or three crayon drawings: the moonlight showed the upper one to be a Madonna and Child — the others were hidden by the shadow of the vine-leaves, which fell directly upon them. A crucifix, made of black oak — a few shelves, which seemed crowded with books — a case, which appeared, from its shape, to contain a lute or guitar — and two or three small chairs, of the same dark wood, stood near; but the rest of the room was utterly unfurnished.

The destruction wrought by time never oppresses the spirits as does that wrought by man. The fallen temple — the mouldering tower, grey with moss, and stained with rain, — seem but to have submitted to the inevitable doom of all; and the ruin time has made, time also hallows. But the devastated home and perished household — man's sorrow following fast upon man's guilt — tells too near a tale of suffering. The destruction in the one case is gradual and far removed from us — in the other, it may be sudden and fall even on our own home. War, even in the distant battle of a foreign land, is terrible and sorrowful enough; but what is the agony of bloodshed in the far warfare to that poured at our own doors, and quenching the fire of our own hearth!

Edward paced the room mournfully: he gazed on the slight remains of taste which had turned wealth to beauty. But the most touching part of all, was to mark the effort that had been made to restore something of comfort and appearance. He thought of the beautiful face he had seen for a moment — it looked very young to have known much of suffering. The door of the room opened, and the negro appeared, bringing in supper; and the little table was soon spread. There was a flask of light wine, a melon, some bread, and fried fish. And with all the volubility of his race, Cæsar explained, that the ladies sent their excuses, and that to-morrow they hoped to make him personally welcome.

A solitary supper is soon despatched. The negro then

showed Lorraine to his sleeping-room, almost deafeni with apologies. It is a good sign when servants t credit of their master's house so much to heart. An i room, and a gigantic bed with dark green hanging gloomy enough for either ghosts or banditti, to wh terror the traveller might most incline. But a brigl fire drew at least round itself a cheerful circle, withir Lorraine found he was to sleep. The floor had be with heath and goat skins, and on them more com bedding than a traveller ought ever to consider ne The huge green bed was evidently too old and mouldy

Considering that it was near one, and that he had some thirty miles, Edward might be excused for s soundly, even, as the newspapers say, "under circum of the greatest excitement." He was awakened by t light of the morning sun pouring full into his chamb showing the past luxury and present desolation by wl was surrounded. The floor, the wainscoting, were hogany — the walls were hung with the finest tapestry there were occasional spaces in which large mirrors h set: but the mahogany was rough and discoloure tapestry rent and faded, and the mirrors either wholl and their places filled by matting, or by fragments s and shivered in every direction. The floor near the was stained as if by heavy and long-continued rain; casement was now repaired by different kinds of coars and the one or two larger openings by slips of wood.

The view from the window was splendid. On one dense wood of oak and cork trees spread its impenetra beautiful barrier; on the other, an undulating country every variety of vineyard, heath, and grove: the vines e in their green — the orange-groves, whose flowers, n with the wild thyme on the heath, scented the dew, rose like a cloud of incense, silvery and fragrant. Gr the mist cleared away, the distant mountains came out and bold relief, and the winding river grew golden sunshine.

Edward was leaning from the casement, when Cæsa his appearance with information that Donna Margaretta *breakfast*. He followed the old man into the room wl *had* been the night before, and seated in the arm-ch

the lady whom his young companion addressed as her mother. With the first word she spoke, her guest recognised that peculiar insular accent which none but a native of England ever acquires. We rarely pay much attention to what neither concerns nor interests us; and Edward had forgotten that Don Juan had married an Englishwoman. She was a slight, girlish-looking creature, with fair hair nearly concealed by the veil which was drawn round her head like a hood, but which in its simplicity rather added to her very youthful face — there was something of the grace of childhood with which she bade a countryman welcome "under any circumstances," slightly glancing at the dilapidated room: — "Circumstances of which a native of your fortunate land cannot, and therefore will not, I hope, judge," said a low sweet voice, in good but foreign English.

Lorraine turned to the speaker, and recognised his last night's companion. Their eyes met for a moment: in hers there was a singular mixture of timidity and decision, of appeal and yet dignity. She blushed deeply, but momentarily, and her features instantly settled into an expression, calm, almost cold; as if any betrayal of emotion were utterly at variance with long habits of self-control.

Edward had seen beauty often, and seen it with every possible aid; but never had he seen beauty so perfect, yet so utterly devoid of extraneous assistance. She wore a loose black stuff dress, up to the throat, and the folds simply gathered by a girdle round the waist; yet a more symmetrical figure never gave grace to silken robe. The swan-like neck nobly supported the finely-shaped head, round which the hair was bound in the simplest manner. The features were of the first order: the high forehead, the oval of the face, the short, curved lip, gave the idea of a Grecian gem; and the clear pale olive, unbroken by colour — a melancholy, almost severe expression of thought, produced also the effect of the more spiritual and intellectual beauty of a statue rather than a picture. The eyes were peculiarly large, beautiful in form and colour; of that rare deep, soft black; thoughtful rather than animated; quiet, downcast, more than expressive; but it was not difficult to imagine, that, when their midnight depths were kindled, it would be the flashing of the lightning. There was something sad in seeing youth such a contrast to itself — a face whose beauty only was young.

With a bright changeful colour, a mouth whose smiles were in unison with the bright clear blue eyes, the mother almost seemed younger than the daughter. Donna Margaretta's dress though it was black, showed more of personal adornment. The material was a rich silk. The ends of the veil, drawn over her head, were embroidered with silver; she had long gold ear-rings; to a rich and large gold chain was suspended a cross set with precious stones; and over the arm of her chair hung a rosary of agate beads. Another contrast was, that, though Beatrice's little hands were as exquisitely shaped as her mother's, they had not the same delicate white which shows the hand has known no ruder contact than a silken thread, a lute-string, or a flower. Moreover, the contrast between her throat and face showed that Beatrice was somewhat sunburnt; while her mother's cheek was fair as one

"No wind has swept — no sun has kiss'd."

They drew round the breakfast-table, which was as neat as if it had been prepared in England. There was chocolate, new milk, honeycomb with its liquid amber droppings fragrant of a thousand flowers, a small loaf, and a little basket of green figs. Lorraine observed, that while the rest of the meal was served on the common earthenware of the country, Donna Margaretta's cup was of exquisitely painted china, and placed on a small silver stand wrought in filagree.

The meal passed cheerfully, even gaily. If Beatrice was silent, and seemingly anxious, her mother appeared to be even in high spirits. Delighted to see a countryman of her own, she asked a thousand questions. The sound of an English voice and English words carried her back to her childhood; and the birds and flowers she had then loved now rose uppermost in her recollections. She often alluded to her husband — said he would soon be home — and repeatedly dwelt on the pleasure it would give him to see an Englishman.

Breakfast was scarcely finished before she rose, and asked Edward to accompany her to her garden. "It is just like an English one."

"It is very hot, dear mother — had you not better stay in the house?"

"There, now — when my garden is so cool. You will go,

you not?" said she, with an air of pretty childish en-
r to Edward. "We won't take you, Beatrice."
atrice rose, and, calling the old black servant, spoke to
in a low voice in Spanish. "Cæsar will direct you —
ou will take care of my mother," she said to Lorraine,
rather more earnestness of manner than seemed neces-

e old negro led the way, and, with a most ostentatious
cleared the path, which wound very like a labyrinth, till
ned on a small space no one could have found without a
. Entirely surrounded by ilex and oak trees, it was like
land of sunshine; the soft thick grass only broken by
of many-coloured flowers. In the midst of each was a
en stand, on which was a straw bee-hive — every one
se Cortez of the insect world were out upon their golden
, and the murmur of their wings was like an echo to
lling fountain in the midst. The basin had once been
d like a lotus leaf; the edges were now rough and
n, but the water fell clear and sweet as ever.
s companion delightedly pointed out the flowers and the
and, whether it was the contagion of her gladness, the
air, or the sunshine, his spirits awoke from the depression
morning melancholy. Her peculiarly sweet laugh rose
nusic; and he gradually began to draw a parallel between
other and the daughter. In spite of the interest excited
atrice, the conclusion was in favour of the parent. "The
thought he to himself, "is gloomy and desponding —
too — think of last night's adventure. Donna Mar-
ta, on the contrary, reconciles herself to the alteration of
ortunes by a gentle contentedness, engaging her mind
entering her wishes on healthful employment and inno-
amusements, in the best spirit of feminine philosophy."
walked round the garden with her, till they came to
mense ilex tree at one end. It had its lower branches
ned into a sort of bower, and a rude lattice-work sup-
d the growth of several luxuriant creeping plants. There
two or three seats covered with matting; and on one of
, at the foot of the ilex, Donna Margaretta took her
. "It is not so pretty as our English gardens — have
a garden *at home?*" Edward was obliged to confess
attention hitherto to horticultural pursuits. "I was

much happier in England — now, don't you tell Beatr
she takes his part — but Don Henriquez is very un
leave me as he does. I have not seen him such a long

Confidential communications are usually embarr
and Edward began to think, "What shall I say?
companion did not give him much time to consider, be
continued — "I have very little to remind me of Er
but I have some of its flowers — I like them better t
the others:" and, putting a drooping bough aside, she
some daisies, of which she gathered a few. At fi
seemed as if about to give them to him, when sudde
eyes filled with tears, and she passionately exclaimed,
these — I cannot give away these. They are English
— you will get plenty in your own country; you
back there — I shall see England no more."

Edward, both surprised and touched, endeavoured t
her; she did not appear even to hear what he said.
the flowers drop, and, clasping her knees with joined
rocked backwards and forwards, half singing, half re
the words, "no more;" while the tears fell like a
down her face, without an effort on her part to stop
Gradually the sounds became inarticulate, the heavy gl
lash rested on the cheek, her head made a natural p
the ilex' trunk, and Lorraine saw evidently that s
sleeping. To withdraw as quietly as possible seemed
plan; when the entrance of Beatrice induced him to he

Signing to him for silence, she bent over her moth
moment, drew a branch closer to exclude the sun fr
face; and, with a step so light that even to Lorraine'
was inaudible, she left the arbour, beckoning him to

"I feared this," said she, her dark eyes filling witl
whose softness was but momentary, so instantly we
checked. "My poor mother! — God forbid you shou
know what she has suffered! — Think what must ha
the wretchedness that has left her a child in mind."

The truth flashed on Edward. Desolate then, inde
the situation of the young creature before him. It
difficult to express sympathy to one who evidently
from such expression. They walked on in silence t
came to where the negro was at work.

"I cannot leave my mother; when she wakes, sh

: so alarmed to find herself alone, and her sleep is as tran-
ent as it is uncertain; but the country round is well worth
stranger's attention, and Cæsar is an excellent guide as to
ads. The picturesque I must leave to yourself. I shall
pe at dinner to hear you say that our valley is as beautiful
we ourselves think it.

Edward asked a few topographical questions, and set forth
ithout the old man, who seemed infinitely to prefer finishing
s attendance on his carnations.

The finest prospect would have been thrown away on our
ung traveller: all he wished was solitude and his own
oughts. A nook was soon found; he threw himself on the
ft grass beneath a large myrtle-tree, and pondered over the
ents of the last four-and-twenty hours; at the same time,
ter an approved English fashion, picking off the leaves from
ery bough within his reach. One reflection made him strip
poor branch very quickly — it was the thought that, under
l circumstances, he ought not to remain at Don Henriquez's
ouse. Still, his family were evidently so situated that a
iend might be of use. What could have induced Beatrice
assume a disguise so foreign to what seemed her feelings
nd manners? If he could find out the difficulty, might he
ot offer assistance? Desolate and deserted as both she and
er unfortunate mother appeared to be, every kind and good
ntiment prompted an effort to serve them. The result of
s deliberations was, to stay a little while, at all events. He
ight convince them of his sincere wish to render any aid in
s power. Advice alone to one so friendless as Beatrice
ight be invaluable. So picking the last leaf of myrtle he
uld reach, he determined to remain. Inclination never
ants an excuse — and, if one won't do, there are a dozen
hers soon fonnd.

CHAPTER II.

"Elle étoit belle, et de plus la seule héritière! * * *
Ce fut sur cela que je formai le projet de mon établissement."
Histoire de Fleur d'Epine.

KE the *cards which form* a child's plaything palace, our
asures are nicely balanced one upon the other. The plea-

sure of change is opposed by that of habit; and i best that to which we are accustomed, we like best t is new. Enjoyment is measured by the character o vidual. Lord Mandeville was sorry to leave Rom he had grown used to it. Lady Mandeville was de leave it, because she had grown tired of it. Emily by that restlessness of hope which peculiarly belon that is solely imaginative, was rather relieved by, th with, change. The map of her world was colour affections, and it had but two divisions, — absence sence. She knew that Edward Lorraine was on the and she allowed her mind to dwell on the vague, of meeting him.

It was winter, with a promise of spring, when th at Naples. A few days saw them settled in a vil sea-coast, at some distance from the city. Emily, flowers with all the passion of the poetry that haun gathered with delight the clustering roses which miniature wood near the house, and wore the beaut in the days of February. Lord Mandeville repro with being run away with by novelty, and said co them a double charm in England. "The blossom sand times fairer when we have seen the leaf fa bough bare."

Still, the situation of their villa was most love quite secluded, in a little vale filled with orange putting forth the soft green of their leaves, and th white tracery of their coming buds. The grove by a plantation of rose trees, a few pinasters, and a of winding paths. It was evident that nature had for years to her own vagrant luxuriance. A colo completely round the villa, which on one side only to the sea, whose sounds were never silent, and wh were never still. A space, lightly shadowed by a tered orange-trees, sloped towards a terrace, whi directly down upon the shore. The eye might wa the blue expanse, broken by the skimming sails, tance and sunshine turn to snow, like the white wi sea-birds, till sky and sea seem to meet, false alik seeming fairness and seeming union;—the sails, being but coarse and discoloured canvass, and

sea and sky still immeasurable. On the left, the tretched far away — on the right, a slight bend in the ıs the boundary of the view. Thickly covered with l dwarf oaks to the very summit, the shore arose to a ·ight, and shut out the city of Naples. On the top ıe white walls of the convent of St. Valerie; and on a ning, when the wind set towards the villa, the vesper :ame in faint music over the sea.

time which passes pleasantly passes lightly; days are ered by their cares more than by their content; and succeeding weeks wrote their events as men, says the proverb, do benefits — on water. Lord Mandeville y more desirous of returning to England, and resolved .ere by March at the latest. Lady Mandeville began ılate on the effect her *protégée*, Miss Arundel, was ıce — and the result in her mind was a very brilliant ɔ do her talents justice, Emily had improved very much :r residence under her care. Though too timid and itive in her temper ever to obtain entire self-command, acquired more self-possession — a portion of which is ısably necessary to gracefulness of manner. Encou- nd called forth, her natural powers began to be more in conversation; and her accomplishments, her ex- lancing, and her touching voice, were no longer painful herself and her friends, from the excess of fear which l their exercise. A little praise is good for a very shy — it teaches it to rely on the kindness of others. t, not least, she was grown very much handsomer; the ɔerfection of her profile, the symmetry of her figure, ɔre beautiful in their perfect development.

· preparation for their return to England engaged Lord ·ille for two or three days at Naples; and the day s departure the rest took an excursion to one of the the neighbourhood. This excursion had been long ɔf; it was made in the name of the children — an common on such occasions. Childish gaiety is very ɔus, and sunshine and open air very exhilarating; and ɔle party arrived at their destination in that humour leased, which is the best half of pleasure. Naturally Lady *Mandeville's* vivacity was the most charming *the world.* The two boys their only cavaliers, they

wandered about in search of a picturesque spot for their dining-room. Much of the trouble we give ourselves is quite unnecessary — it matters very little where a good appetite finds its dinner. However, trouble is, like virtue, its own reward. At last, at the instigation of a little peasant, whose keen dark eyes belied him much if he were not a very imp of mischief, they fixed on their banqueting-place. A lovely spot it was; a hanging ground, just on the very edge of a wood, whose dark shadow seemed as if it had never been broken. Below them spread a fair and fertile country — vineyards putting forth their first shoots, and olive plantations whose light grey leaves shone like morning frost-work; while the dim blue line of the sea closed the view. The side of their hill was very varied and uneven; but the side of their rest was decided by the welling of a little spring, which bubbled up a sudden vein of silver from the earth, and wandered on like a child singing the same sweet song. The place was covered with moss, whose bright green was speckled with purple, crimson, gold, minute particles of colour, like an elfin carpet embroidered by Titania and her fairy court. The ground rose on each side like a wall, but hung with natural tapestry — the creeping plants which in the South take such graceful and wreathing forms in their foliage.

On a space a little below lay the ruins they had been seeking. Vivid must have been the imagination that could there have traced the temple which, in former days, paid homage to the beautiful goddess, by being beautiful like herself. Two columns alone remained — Ionian in their grace and lightness. A few fragments of the wall lay scattered about, but some chance wind had sown them with violets, and every trace, whether of architecture or decay, was hidden by the broad leaves, or the thousands of deep-blue flowers, whose sweetness was abroad on the atmosphere.

Francis and his brother were especially happy: they helped, or rather retarded, the spreading their dinner — every dish was to be ornamented with the wild flowers they had gathered; and they ran about, if not with all the utility, with all the celerity of goblin pages. I do not think childhood the happiest period of our life; but its sense of happiness is peculiarly keen. Other days have more means and appliances of pleasure; but then their relish is not so exquisite. It all,

however, comes to the same in the long-run. The child has to learn the multiplication-table—the man has to practise it.

"I am happy," said Lady Mandeville, "to find I have not lost all taste for those pleasures called simple and natural, as all out-of-door pleasures are denominated."

"Even in England, whose climate you deprecate, in that spirit of amiable opposition which I once heard you call the key-arch of conversation," replied Emily, "I always loved being out in the open air. I have a feeling of companionship with our old trees; and my thoughts take, as it were, freer and more tangible shapes. I always used to go and think in the shrubbery."

"Dream, you mean."

At this moment their little guide began to sing one of those popular airs which the Italian peasantry execute with such singular taste. They listened as the sweet voice died away, and then was repeated by an echo from the rock. A rush of hurried steps broke upon the song—the branches crashed overhead—the party caught a glimpse of some half-dozen dark figures. In another moment, Emily felt a cloak flung over her head; and, blinded and silenced, was lifted seemingly in some one's arms, in whose grasp she was nothing. Again she felt herself raised: she was placed on a horse—her companion sprang up behind—and off they galloped, with a velocity which effectually bewildered her senses. She could only distinguish the sounds of other horses' steps besides their own.

At length, almost fainting with their speed, she was aroused by the suddenness of their halt. She was lifted from the horse, carried a short distance, the cloak partly loosened, and her hand drawn within a powerful arm, that half-guided, half-supported her up a long, steep flight of steps. A door creaked on its hinges—the grasp upon her was relaxed—a strange voice said, in tolerable, though foreign, accents, "Ladies—from the days of chivalry to the present, no woman was ever seriously angry at the homage, however rude, excited by her own charms: they pardon the offence themselves caused. Pray use your own pleasure, of which I am the slave."

The door shut heavily on hinges whose rust grated as it closed.

"Do *throw that great* cloak aside, and tell me what you

think of our adventure," said Lady Mandeville, who seemed divided between alarm and laughter.

Emily collected her scattered faculties, and looked round with all the terror and none of the mirth of her companion. They were in a spacious room, whose days of splendour had long since passed away. The walls had once been stuccoed with perhaps beautiful paintings,—damp had effaced all, except patches where blues, reds, and greens, had mingled into one dim and discoloured stain. All trace of what the floor had been, was lost in one uniform darkness. The windows were fastened with strong iron lattices, and so completely overgrown with ivy, that not one gleam of daylight pierced through the thick leaves.

Evident preparation had, however, been made for their arrival. At one end of the room was spread a square carpet, and on it stood a table, on which were placed two most sacrilegious-looking wax-tapers: it is to be feared some poor sinner stayed longer in purgatory from the abduction of his offering. These threw their light on three large old chairs, covered with tapestry, which seemed long to have been the home of the moth—and also showed an open door, leading into another apartment. This Lady Mandeville prepared to explore. It was fitted up as a bed-room. On a dressing-table stood two more wax-tapers, but unlighted, a large looking-glass, and a most varied assortment of perfumes and fragrant oils. The two grated windows were here also covered with ivy; but the view was very confined.

Lady Mandeville approached the table, and opening one of the bottles of sweet essences, said, "I see our bandit chief is prepared for fainting and hysterics."

"How can you laugh? Hark! Did you not hear a step?"

"Yes, I heard my own. My dear Emily, do not be more frightened than is absolutely necessary. A heavy ransom is the worst that can befall us. According to the usual course of human affairs, we shall pay dearly for our amusement."

"I wish we had staid at the villa. What will Lord Mandeville say?"

"Wonder what induced us to leave England."

"Oh, if we were but in England now!"

"*All* our misfortunes originate in my acting against my *principles*. What business had I with simple and innocent

leasures—your dinings on the grass—your picturesque ituations—your fresh water from the fountain? Mandeville ıay just blame himself: he was always talking of rural njoyment, till I thought there must be something in it."

"But what shall we do?"

"The best we can. Try this lemon perfume."

Lady Mandeville was more alarmed than she would allow: till, the excitement of the adventure kept up her spirits. Moreover, she had been so accustomed to have every event appen according to her own will, that the possibility of the everse was one of those misfortunes which we expect to hap-en to every one but ourselves.

The evening closed in. At last the rusty hinges of the oor announced an arrival, and an old woman appeared bear-ıg various kinds of food. She spread the table, and pre-ntly returned with two flasks of wine. She looked good-atured, and seemed civil; but the various attempts of Lady Mandeville to engage her in conversation were fruitless, as either understood what the other said.

The supper was laid, and for three. The old woman left ıe room; and a few moments after, a cavalier made his ppearance. Nothing could be more picturesque than his ıtrance. A large cloak enveloped his tall figure—the heroes f the Cobourg might have studied its folds; a profusion of ıathers waved from his slouched hat; and his black whiskers ıd mustaches finished the effect. He flung the cloak most ıelo-dramatically over his left arm—took off the plumed hat, hose white feathers swept the floor—shewed a pair of silver-ıounted pistols, and a dark-blue doublet laced with crimson ıd gold, and a worked falling collar. Wallack himself could ot have dressed the bandit better. He was tall—handsome, ı the style of the sublime and sallow—and advanced to ıe table with an ease whose only fault was, that it was too aborate.

"I cannot but regret, ladies, that your first visit to the ıstle of my ancestors should be less voluntary than I could ish; but, alas! beauty has much to answer for."

"The courtesy of your manner," said Lady Mandeville, ıutiously suppressing some sudden emotion of surprise, *belies that of your conduct. What can your motive be, if u welcome us as guests? If we accept your hospitality, we m your protection."*

"I would die to give you pleasure—I live but in your sight."

"Again let me ask you your motive for this outrage; or rather, let me entreat you to name our ransom, and give us the means of communicating with our friends."

"Ransom! name it not to me. Love, not gold, has led me on. Beautiful mistress of my heart, behold your slave!" and he dropped on one knee before Emily, who clung, half-fainting with surprise and fear, to Lady Mandeville. "I have loved you for years; in England, when an exile from my native country, I worshipped at a distance. I returned to Naples; but my heart was away in your cold island—our Southern beauties were lovely in vain—when, one day, I saw you on the strado. Alas! even then none but a lover might have hoped. I knew the pride of the English—how little my noble name or my fervent passion would avail with the haughty islanders, your friends. Love made me desperate. I assembled my vassals; and now sue at your feet for pardon."

Emily was speechless with dismay, when her romantic lover turned to Lady Mandeville.

"May I implore your intercession? Tell her that all she waves of entreaty now, shall be repaid in adoration after our marriage."

"Surely," said Lady Mandeville, retaining her self-possession, though with difficulty, "if you have been in England, you must know that Miss Arundel, as a minor, is dependent on the will of her guardian."

"Ah, his pleasure will follow hers. I have planned every thing. To-morrow morning my confessor will be here; he will unite us: and when her guardian, Lord Mandeville, returns, I shall implore your mediation. A few days will arrange all our affairs."

"I would rather die!" exclaimed Emily, roused into momentary energy.

"Ah, you young ladies do not always die when you talk about it. To-morrow will see you Countess di Frianchettini."

"Such a marriage," said Lady Mandeville, "would be a farce. Remember the inevitable punishment."

"Which it will then be the interest of my bride to avert. *What* rational objection can the lady urge? I offer her rank —*to* be mistress of my heart and my castle."

Lady Mandeville glanced round the dilapidated and empty room. The Count saw the look.

"Yes, our noble house has lost its ancient splendour. This has been the century of revolutions; and our family have not escaped. Should Miss Arundel prefer the security of her own more fortunate island, I am willing, for her sake, to make it my country. Alas! our Italy is as unfortunate as she is beautiful; — not hers the soil in which patriotism flourishes."

"The Count Frianchettini is a patriot, then? How does the violence practised upon us accord with his ideas of liberty?"

"Love, Signora, owns no rule. But, a thousand pardons — in the lover I forget the host. Permit me to hand you to the supper-table."

Decision is easy where there is no choice. Faint and bewildered, Emily took her seat, drawing, like a child, close to Lady Mandeville, who was at once alarmed and amused.

"I can recommend this macaroni, for it is my favourite dish: I am very national. You will not take any? Ah, young ladies are, or ought to be, light eaters. Your ladyship will, I trust, set your fair companion an example."

The Count at least did honour to the macaroni he recommended, contriving, nevertheless, to talk incessantly. He turned the conversation on England — named divers of their friends — asked if one was dead, and another married — and hoped Emily was as fond as ever of the opera.

"We seem to have so many mutual acquaintances," remarked Lady Mandeville, carelessly, "I wonder we happen never to have met before."

The Count gave her a keen glance; but hers was a well-educated countenance; — even in ordinary intercourse she would have been as much ashamed of an unguarded expression of face as of language; and now it was under most careful restraint.

"Ah, your ladyship's circle was too gay for me. I was a misanthropic exile, who shrank from society. The object that might have induced me to join it I had not then beheld — I only saw Miss Arundel just before she left town. My sentence of banishment was revoked; but Naples had lost its charms when I *saw the idol of* my soul, and resolved she should be *mine.*"

"Take my advice — restore us to our friends, and our gratitude ——"

"Signora, I have lived in the world, and prefer certainty to expectation. I will now retire; — late hours must not injure the roses I expect my bride to wear to-morrow. I go to guard your slumbers."

So saying, he folded his cloak around him, and departed — to say the truth, a little disappointed. Emily's state of breathless terror had disconcerted one of his plans. He had relied on producing something of an impression; — plumes, pistols, cloak, mustaches, passion, and an attitude, he had calculated were irresistible; but not a glance, except of fear, had been turned towards him. However, the game was in his own hands, and he cared little whether he roughed or smoothed it.

"Why, Emily!" exclaimed Lady Mandeville, unable, even under such circumstances, to suppress her laughter, do you not remember this hero of our 'Romance of the Castle?'"

Emily shook her head.

"Only dear, that Count Frianchettini, the lover and the patriot, is Signor Giulio, our old hair-dresser. I recognised him instantly. Oh, he must know enough of English people to be aware that this plan is ridiculous. What a hero for a melodrame! I will advise him to-morrow to come out at Covent Garden, and offer to patronise his benefit."

The old woman's entrance, to clear away the supper, broke off their dialogue. She pointed to their bed-room, made every offer of service by signs, and at length departed. They heard heavy bolts drawn on the outside of their door.

"What shall we do!" exclaimed Emily, bursting into tears.

"Why, I cannot advise your marriage, which absurd project I do not believe our romantic *professeur* will dare carry into execution. Only try to suppress all appearance of terror; — fear is his best encouragement; for fear, he clearly sees, is all he has to expect. Rely upon it he has been reading romances in England, and thought a picturesque chief of banditti would turn any young lady's head. So polite a *coiffeur* will surely never send one of our ears as a token for our ransom. Why, it would go to his heart to cut off a *favourite* curl."

"How dreary the room looks! — the dark floor — the

discoloured walls — the huge shadows, which seem to move as I gaze!"

"The very place for ghosts and midnight murder. You must certainly re-furnish them — but quite in the antique style — when you are Countess di Frianchettini."

"How can you jest at the bare possibility of such a misfortune?"

"What is the use of crying? Thank God the children were left behind — they will give the alarm. I have arranged all the scene of to-morrow in my own mind. You will be dragged to the altar; — you will faint, of course; this occasions a delay — a sudden noise is heard — a party of soldiers rush in — a little fighting, and we are safe. It is so very unromantic to be rescued by one's husband: it would be such an opportunity for a lover. What do you say to Edward Lorraine — he would be a fitting hero for such an adventure?"

Emily blushed, but made no answer. Indeed, she was seized at that moment with a desire to explore their prison. The survey was soon finished. The first room contained nothing but the table and three large chairs: the other, whose only entrance was the door which led from the outer apartment, had two mattresses and the dressing-table; and the windows were only covered with a slight grating, which yielded to a touch. Lady Mandeville tore away some of the ivy, and looked out. There was water below — for the stars were reflected with the tremulous brightness which mirrors them in the wave; and a dark outline, as if of a steep and wooded bank, arose opposite.

"If the worst comes to the worst, we can but throw ourselves into the river: which would you like best — to be shot, stabbed, or drowned?"

Emily shuddered; and, to own the truth, as the cold night-air chilled them to the very heart, Lady Mandeville's spirits sank very considerably. Danger she could laugh at — for she could not force herself to believe it could menace *her* — but personal inconvenience made itself felt; and she trembled with cold, while Emily shook with fear. It was a pleasant prospect of passing the night, especially a night that looked to such a morning. They sat down on one of the mattresses — tired, *but afraid to* sleep — and very thankful that they

had been half suffocated by their cloaks, which had been used to blindfold them—at least they now served to wrap them up.

Small evils make the worst part of great ones: it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience. Captain Franklin, half frozen on the Arctic shores, would not grumble one tithe so much as an elderly gentleman sitting in a draught.

CHAPTER III.

"But our hero, as might be supposed, soon began to feel dissatisfied with this obscure celebrity, and to look out for opportunities of accomplishing a more extended fame."—SYDENHAM.

GENIUS has many misfortunes to encounter; but the worst that can befall it, is when it happens to be universal. When a whole world is before it from which to choose, it is rather difficult to decide. This had been the case with Giulio Castelli. His mother was a dancer at the Neapolitan Opera; his father—but truly that was an honour which, like the crown of Belgium, no one seemed very ready to accept. The first ten years of his life were passed in enacting interesting orphans or Cupids; but, alas! he grew out of the theatrical costume and the age of Love. His mamma died; his uncle adopted him, and insisted on bringing him up in an honest way—which meant, cheating his customers for macaroni as much as possible.

Young Giulio soon made macaroni as well as his uncle, and then felt he had a soul superior to his situation. He settled his accounts summarily—that is to say, he took as many ducats as he could find, and joined a company of strolling comedians. If his musical talents had equalled his others, his fortune had been made; but he had a voice and ear that might have been English. He was next valet to an English nobleman, who lived in his carriage: he was cook to a cardinal, on the profits of whose kitchen he travelled for a while at his own expense. He went to Paris as an artist, who took likenesses in rose-coloured wax; and was successful to a degree as hair-dresser in London. He soon was what seemed *wealthy* to an Italian. As he grew rich, he grew senti-

mental — thought of grapes and sunshine — his first love — and his old uncle.

He returned to Naples — found Serafina had married — grown fat, and had had seven children. His uncle was dead, and had left his property to a convent to say masses that his nephew might turn from his evil ways. Giulio felt idle and stupid — gambled and lost his last pistole — had recourse to his wits and his old opinion, that it was a person's own fault if he was poor while others were rich.

There was some philosophy in this; but, like most other doctrines when reduced to practice, it was carried too far. His principles endangered his person; and the futurity of the galleys was a disagreeable perspective.

One day Lady Mandeville and Emily drove into Naples. The gaily embroidered curtains of their vehicle blew aside, and the two ladies, muffled in fur mantles, were distinctly visible.

It is curious how little we speculate on what may be the impression we produce on others — unless, indeed, vanity comes into play, and then there is no bound to the speculation. Still, the general feeling is utter indifference. Take an example from London life. Some fair dame "in silk attire" folds her cloak round her — if very cold half buries her face in her boa — and drives the usual morning round, without one thought given to the crowd through which she passes;— and yet how many different sensations have followed the track of that carriage! admiration, envy, even hate. Some youth has loitered on his busy way to take another gaze at a being whose beauty and grace are of another order than his working world. Some young pedestrian of her own sex has cast a glance of envy at the bonnet of which a glimpse is just caught through the window; and, as envy is ever connected with repining, turns regretfully to pursue a walk rendered distasteful by comparison. Then hate — that hate with which the miserably poor look on others' enjoying, what he sees, but shares not, and pursues the toil that binds him to the soil, fiercely and bitterly saying, "Why have I no part in the good things of earth?" Still less did Lady Mandeville and Emily, as they drove through the streets of Naples, dreary as is the aspect of a southern metropolis in the winter, — still less did

they think of the hopes, the enterprise, and the daring, tl appearance excited in the breast of one individual.

Giulio had for some time past been connected with so gentlemen who quite differed with Solomon about the adv tages of a dry morsel and quietness, rather preferring Wor worth's view of the case —

> "The good old rule
> Sufficeth them, the simple plan —
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

There was an old castle by a small river, only a short c tance from the Mandevilles — the haunt of some half do of his more immediate associates — that seemed the very pl for an exploit like the one he meditated. His residence England had taught him the language; and one or two li adventures had given him a high idea of English predilecti for foreigners; he therefore came to the conclusion, that Miss Arundel was a girl of any heart, it never could resis picturesque banditti chieftain — Salvator Rosa and the Sur Theatre blended in one. His plan was skilfully laid, a daringly executed. The impression he was to produce v the only erroneous part of his calculations.

It was now a little past midnight. "My dear Emily," s Lady Mandeville, "if there were but a castle clock to toll hour!"

"If Lord Mandeville returns home to-night, as we expect surely he will be able to trace us."

"It is upon his efforts I rely. O Heaven! what is that as something fell heavily in at the window.

It was the extreme stillness that exaggerated the noise; f when they picked up the cause, it was an arrow, evidently j cut, and a strip of narrow paper folded tightly round. contained these words, written in pencil:—

"If you can manage to lower a string from the window y escape is certain.

"An Englishman."

Lady Mandeville sprang to the window. She had alres cleared away enough ivy to enable her to see out. It was dark to distinguish any object definitely: the shadow of t old castle lay black on the river, and the outline of the oppo *bank* was only marked by deeper obscurity.

ow shall we manage?"
ly, whose distinguishing quality was not presence of
only looked eagerly at her companion.
'e cannot be worse off — we may be better. I am
my dear girl, even to propose such a sacrifice; but give
t pretty apron we thought so picturesque and peasant-
.s morning, and help me to tear it into strips."
ly took off her blue silk apron, whose red trimming was
ring likeness of a Neapolitan costume. It was soon torn
l knotted together.
is so light that the wind will blow it back. What shall
to steady it? An arm of these huge chairs would be
ɔnvenient; but to break them is beyond my strength.
have an idea."
aying, Lady Mandeville turned to the toilette, and mer-
tied up in her handkerchief the various brushes, combs,
ɔmade, and rouge, with which the table was profusely
l. Their weight was sufficient, and the string was
l from the window.
y heard a splash in the water, and the next moment
ing was apparently taken hold of: again it felt slack,
ey drew it up, with some light weight attached to it.
ıaw a coil of rope, and another little scroll. It was a
ɔm a pocket-book, written in pencil — by the feel, not
ıt — and contained these words:
o the rope is fastened a species of ladder. Can you
t up, and secure it sufficiently to allow my ascent? If
n — by way of signal, darken your lights for a mo-

h some difficulty they deciphered the scrawl, and in-
proceeded to carry its advice into execution.
y Mandeville's buoyant spirits, those nurses of ready
ıggested, as she herself said, laughingly, "as many re-
ı as a romance." They drew up the ladder, and secured
ttaching the rope to the three heavy arm-chairs.
ur deliverer will, at all events, not look his character if
weighs these huge masses of architecture rather than
ıre."
signal was given by shrouding the lights. One mi-
surprise, and a dark shadow appeared at the window.

A strong grasp forced aside the iron stanchions — a tall slight figure sprang into the room.

"Mr. Spenser! the very hero for an adventure!" exclaimed Lady Mandeville.

"Miss Arundel!" exclaimed the cavalier, his eye naturally fixed on its chief object of interest.

"We must wait to finish our astonishment," said Lady Mandeville.

"Indeed," returned Cecil, "time is precious. Have you courage to descend a ladder of rope? I think I can guarantee your safety."

Pausing one moment to secure the chairs more firmly, Spenser again approached the casement.

"My young companion," rejoined Lady Mandeville, "shall go first — my nerves are the more serviceable of the two."

Emily trembled to such a degree that Cecil supported her with difficulty to the boat, where the ladder terminated, and was kept firm by some stranger. However, the conviction on his mind was, that nothing could be more graceful than timidity in a woman. Lady Mandeville followed; and three minutes was the utmost time that elapsed before their little boat was floating down the stream.

The strictest silence was preserved. At length the stranger said, in very patois-sounding Italian, "We can use our oars now."

"How did you come so opportunely to our rescue?"

"I will give you," returned Cecil, "no recital just at present. We must row for our lives, as they say on the Thames when they are rowing for 'the cup and the kiver.'"

The light dip of the oars alone broke on the silence. Lady Mandeville was more anxious now the danger was over; and Emily was too much exhausted to speak: besides, to tell the truth, disappointment, however unreasonable it may seem, was the uppermost feeling in her mind. When she saw a young cavalier spring into the room, she immediately made up her mind that it was Lorraine. A young lady's lover is always present to her imagination; and, of course, exaggerating in her own mind both the difficulty and honour of the adventure, she felt as if Edward had been actually defrauded. If not the *most* unreasonable — that would be saying too much — a girl *in love is* certainly the most unreasoning of human beings.

The tide of the narrow stream was with them; Cecil and his comrade rowed vigorously; and all danger of pursuit was rapidly decreasing. But that each of the party were too much occupied for external observation, the eye might have dwelt delightedly on the still beauty around. The deep river, where the oar dipped, but plashed not — the gloomy outlines of the steep banks, whose old trees seemed gigantic — the dark sky overhead, where two or three small but bright stars shone their only light, so far and so spiritual — the gleam of the tapers, which, from the stream's running in a straight line, was still visible from the casement of the old castle, though now diminished to a small bright point — the obscure which they were penetrating — for, from the increasing height of its banks, the river grew darker and darker — all made one of those exciting scenes where the imagination, like a landscape-painter, colours from nature, only idealising a little. A bend in the river shut out the castle light: the boatmen paused on their oars.

"All path by the river ends here on their side; and we are now as safe as fish in the sea when there's nobody to catch them," said the same coarse voice as before.

Cecil now commenced his narrative, which was soon told. Attracted by the extreme beauty of the wild and little-known southern part of Naples, he had been wandering there for some weeks — so he said; to which may be added, he was making up his mind whether Miss Arundel would think him a welcome visiter at the villa. We always hesitate where the feelings are concerned — and he loitered away a whole day of uncertainty when only within a couple of hours' ride from their house. This, he stated, was occasioned by the great beauty of the place and its environs.

About sunset, he was leaning on the remains of an old wall, which had once probably surrounded a Roman encampment, and now served as a line of demarcation between two villages, as jealous of each other's claims as near neighbours usually are. While he was deliberating whether he should ride over to the Mandevilles or not, a man, a stranger — though by this time he was well acquainted with most of the peasants — came up and spoke to him. This is not so impertinent in an Italian as it is in an Englishman — or it is not thought so, which amounts to the same thing. Cecil, therefore, civilly

replied to his question, which was one almost as general as the weather, viz. the time. Still the man lingered, and at last said, "The Signor Inglesi does not seem a cavalier that would leave his own countrywomen in trouble without helping them."

"Why, that must very much depend on the nature of the distress."

No Englishman was ever yet so young, or so adventurous, as not to give one first thought to the imposition which he always expects — and for which he is, notwithstanding, never prepared. To make the shortest of the story, as mysteries are of no use now-a-days — from long habit, every reader always foreseeing their end — this man was one of Giulio's companions. Francisco had assisted in the abduction of Lady Mandeville and Miss Arundel, and was now on his way to fetch a priest, already gained over by the enterprising professor of curls and carbines. But

"Envy will merit, like its shade, pursue;"

and genius, though it cannot communicate itself, can communicate its example. Francisco saw his companion after he had assumed the picturesque costume which was to annihilate the young Englishwoman's peace of mind. In the fulness of his glory he folded his cloak round him, suffered the white plumes to droop over his curls, polished and perfumed with the most fragrant oils, and, turning from his mirror to his friend, said, "I think my chance is a very tolerable one: instead of running away with the lady, I might have left it to her own good taste to have run away with me."

Giulio was not the first "talented individual" whose vanity has been, primarily, an inconvenience to others, and then to himself. Called hastily away for a moment, Francisco tried on the cloak and plumed hat his comrade had left on a bench beside: he folded his arms, and walked to the glass — "I am sure I look quite as well as he does." To this conviction succeeded the doubt, why should Giulio marry the beautiful and rich English girl? But Francisco had no invention — he could devise no expedient by which he could step into the other's place. A thousand old grudges rose up in his memory — the reward lost its value in his eyes — and he arrived at the sure conclusion of the envious, that if he could not make, he *could mar*. The last finish was given to his displeasure by

being sent for the priest while his companions sat down to supper. Off he set in one of the worst possible humours, and exaggerated to the utmost what he termed his comrade's luck.

Now, the difference between good and bad intentions is this: — that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action — and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected.

Francisco was considering Giulio's good fortune, as if it had been taken away from himself, when he caught sight of Mr. Spenser. A thousand plans floated in most various ingenuity through his brain, which finally settled into one. Without knowing who his countrywomen were, Cecil naturally entered most eagerly into any plan for their deliverance. His first proposition, to ride post to Naples, was overruled by Francisco, for the ostensible reason, that it would be too late next day before they could reach the castle: the private reason was, that though he wished to disappoint Giulio, he did not wish to betray his companions — whose futurity, if surprised, would inevitably be the galleys. There is honour among thieves, though it does admit of divers interpretations.

The very adventurousness of the plan he suggested accorded well with Cecil's temper. The only difficulty his companion considered great, was, how to establish a communication. Luckily Spenser, among the resources with which he had attempted to kill Time, had once had a whim of shooting him. His archery dress of green, and the silver arrow — which he did not win from looking at the lady, who held the prize, instead of at the mark — occurred to his memory; and we have seen how successful his scheme of sending an arrow as a messenger proved. They made free with a boat belonging to one of the peasants — formed a rude but safe ladder of rope — and dropped down the stream, which Francisco knew so well as to make the darkness of no consequence, but as an advantage.

The light in the window indicated the room. Cecil entered, and saw, to his astonishment, old acquaintances. We cannot guard against dangers we do not suspect; and the escape of his prisoners formed no part of Giulio's calculations.

In the mean time, the whole party proceeded in safet down the river. "We must land here," said Francisco pausing. "I will fasten the boat to the roots of the ol chestnut, and half an hour's walk will bring you to the villa.' So saying, he struck a light, and, firing a torch made of th green pine-wood, led the way.

Shivering with the cold night-air on the water, both ladie found the good effects of exercise; and Lady Mandevill while she followed the dark figure of their guide, bearing th pine-splinter, whose deep red glare threw a momentary bright ness over the heavy boughs and dusky path, felt all that excit ment of spirits natural to one who had an innate taste f adventure, but from which her whole life had been entirel removed.

Poor Emily felt only fatigue; and while she accepte Mr. Spenser's assistance with all the gratitude of utter exhau tion, said faintly, "I will rejoice over our escape to-morrow. And Cecil — though he observed that the little feet, seen di tinctly as they trod in the bright circle made by the torc took faint and uncertain steps, and that the hand placed on h arm obviously shewed it clung in sheer helplessness — som what forgot, in the pleasant task of assistance, his pity for h sufferings.

In the meantime, the servants, who had returned to t villa, had, of course, thrown the whole household into co fusion. A messenger was immediately despatched to Lo Mandeville, whom, from his master's having left Naples, l managed to miss on the road. However, he comforted hin self by giving very particular accounts of how his mistress h been barbarously murdered by banditti; and the good ci talked incessantly of the murder, till set right next day by t greater marvel of the escape.

An accident to one of his carriage-wheels delayed Lo Mandeville, who did not arrive at home till just before da break. To his no small surprise, lights, voices, &c. were i dicative of any thing but "tired nature's sweet restorer;" a yet, when he drove up to the door, no one seemed willing admit him. His arrival produced one general outcry — th silence — then whispering. "Are they all gone mad?" H had an opportunity of answering his own question, for t door was at last opened; and really the scene of confusion witnessed might have justified a reply in the affirmative.

: servants were collected together. That there is
numbers, always holds good with the lower classes
f thieves or ghosts. They had, obviously, none of
ı in bed — all looked foolish and frightened — and
or three had been evidently having recourse to
:onsolation. The nurse had left her own regions,
ɔungest child was asleep on her knee.
oment Lord Mandeville entered, all set up some
culation, of which "Oh, my lady!" — "murdered!"
he burden. The eldest boy, pale with late hours,
:d up with the horrible narratives which every one
contributing, sprang into his father's arms, and
the utter exclusion of all speech.
nobody hold their tongue? — one of you tell me
happened. Where is Lady Mandeville?"
lered!" said a dozen voices at once.
so bad as that, quite," said a voice, and in came
ıdeville herself, to the still greater alarm of the
, who took it for granted it was their mistress's
e to tell their mistress's murder.
ɔor little Frank," as the child made but one spring
und from his father's arms, and rushed with a scream
to his mother.
est Ellen, what does all this mean?"
, thank Heaven, I am safe at home," and, catching
and's arm, Lady Mandeville, for the first time,
ysterically.
words from Mr. Spenser did a great deal towards
much in a little time; and in five minutes the
had subsided sufficiently to allow the party to re-
ey were very hungry: in half an hour they were
ınd a supper-table, in all the delightful eagerness of
d talking. Lady Mandeville narrated the scene of
t hair-dresser's declaration, while her auditors were
etween amusement and indignation — Lord Mande-
most amused, and Mr. Spenser most indignant.
ext day, procuring a sufficient escort, they rode to
astle, which at first appeared but a mass of ruin;
they forced an entrance, but discovered only traces
e occupiers, not themselves. In one of the lower
re some remains of food, and in the upper the

three arm-chairs; a bottle of perfumed oil also lay broken on the floor.

"Another loss, in addition to what was bestowed on the river last night: pity there are now no water-nymphs to profit by the benefaction."

They returned home, where they found the butler in great distress. Signor Francisco had taken advantage of last night's confusion to decamp, not only with the ducats that had been liberally bestowed on him, but also with two pieces of valuable plate.

"Truly, Mr. Spenser," said Lady Mandeville, "your friends are of a questionable character."

"Now, after such an adventure," rejoined Cecil, "it is your duty to be romantic; instead of that, how worldly is your last speech! first you use my friends, then you abuse them. For my own part, I shall always feel grateful to Francisco," he looked at Emily, "though he did walk off with your silver spoons."

"Do you know," said Lord Mandeville, "I cannot help pitying the bandit *coiffeur*—his design was as brilliant as the mock diamonds that decorated the hand he offered. They say ladies always forgive the sins which their own charms caused; now, own the truth, Emily, are you not flattered by this homage *à vos beaux yeux?*"

"Nay," replied Emily, "don't you think it was rather *les beaux yeux de ma casette?* I trembled for my pearl necklace, not for my heart."

"Now, out upon you, Frank, to suppose Emily could be flattered in any such way. But I have noticed in all you gentlemen the same *esprit de corps*. It matters not who offers it, a woman must be supposed to be gratified by your selection. Take the 'meanest of your ranks'—

> "Vain, mean, and silly,
> Low-born, ugly, old,"

and he will make an offer to the Venus di Medicis, could she step from her pedestal into dazzling life. And what is worse half his fellow-men would say, 'well it was a compliment.'"

"I merely made an individual application of a general rule. *All women* love flattery — ergo, Miss Arundel liked it."

"*Now*, mercy, Heaven, upon our ill-used race!" replied

Lady Mandeville; "the force of flattery is, I am convinced, very much overrated. People would far sooner suppose you silly than themselves, and take for granted the compliment they have paid must be received. For my part, how much of my vanity has been mere endurance! I confess myself much of the Macedonian's opinion, — 'I would wish for the prize in the chariot race, if kings were my competitors.' You all know the anecdote of the dustman who requested permission to light his pipe at the Duchess of Devonshire's eyes. Now, I should have been more displeased with the dustman's venturing to know whether I had eyes or not, than pleased with the compliment."

"Miss Arundel, I beg your pardon," said Lord Mandeville, laughing; "I will never ask whether any abduction flatters you, unless run away with by the Sublime Porte."

It is worth while to have an adventure, were it only for the sake of talking about it afterwards.

CHAPTER IV.

"Alas! for earthly joy, and hope, and love,
Thus stricken down, even in their holiest hour!
What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove
Who live to weep the blasted tree and flower!
O, woe, deep woe to earthly love's fond trust!"

MRS. EMBURY.

"Thou wert of those whose very morn
Gives some dark hint of night,
And in thine eye too soon was born
A sad and soften'd light."

T. K. HERVEY.

If ever Circumstance, that "unspiritual god" of Byron, took it into his head to put Wordsworth's theory of "how divine a thing a woman may be made," into practice, it was in the case of Beatrice de los Zoridos. Her early childhood had been passed among the wild mountains of her native province—whither Don Henriquez had conveyed his family: one attack had been beaten off from his luxurious home in the valley; that cost him dear enough—another might be fatal. Besides, the security of the mountains to those he loved most would send him forth an unfettered warrior against his country's enemies.

But what took Lorraine three weeks to learn, may be told in three minutes.

Margaretta Fortescue was the very sweetest little sylph that ever was spoiled by being a beauty and an only child. The last of one of our noblest Norman families, who, from professing the Catholic faith, lived much to themselves—a whole household seemed made but for her pleasure. The first suspicion that even a wish could exist contrary to her own, was when she fell in love with the handsome and stately Spaniard Don Henriquez de los Zoridos, who had made their house his home during his visit to England. The high birth, splendid fortune, and answering creed of her lover, overcame even the objection to his being a foreigner.

Margaretta was married; her parents accompanied her abroad; and for four years more her life was like a fairy tale. Its first sorrow was the death of her father. From her great to her small scale Fate repeats her revolutions. Families, as well as nations, would seem to have their epochs of calamity. Thus it proved with the Zoridos. The sunny cycle of their years was past, and the shadows fell the darker for their former brightness.

The French invaded Spain, and their path was as that of some terrible disease, sweeping to death and desolation all before it. Don Henriquez's house was attacked one night; the French were beaten off for a time, but not without much bloodshed. A chance ball laid Mrs. Fortescue a corpse at her daughter's side. Beatrice was wounded, though but slightly, in her very arms; and when daylight dawned on the anxious household, to one half of them it dawned in vain. Zoridos saw that no time must be lost: the enemy would soon be down upon them in overwhelming numbers. A summer-house near, which had been fired, served as a funeral pile—any thing rather than leave even the dead to the barbarity of the invader. Henriquez himself was obliged to force his wife from the body of her mother. A few necessaries were hastily collected—for valuables they had neither thought nor time. Zoridos placed the insensible Margaretta before him on his horse, and rode off, without daring to look back on the happy home they were deserting for ever. Beatrice's nurse followed, with her husband and the child. In better days, a daughter of the nurse had married a young mountaineer, whose remote cottage owed

ery comfort to their master's fair English bride. There ey resolved to seek for shelter. A few days saw them in, least, safety. But Zoridos was not the man to remain inac- e and secure at a time when it was so imperative on every aniard who wore a sword to use it. His plans were soon med—his wife's frantic entreaties were in vain—and he scended into the plain at the head of a gallant band of erillas.

Soon after his departure, it became evident, not only to the rse, but to every individual in the cottage, that the lady's nd had received a shock, not her health. For days together e did not know them—spoke only in English—addressed r nurse, Marcela, as her mother—and played with the little atrice as if she were herself a child, and were delighted with ch a living plaything.

The first interval he could snatch, Don Henriquez hastened the cottage. His wife did not know him, shrunk away in iable terror from the arms that he wore, and, as if all late ents had passed from her memory, only seemed to know that e was spoken to when addressed as Miss Fortescue—by ich name she invariably called herself. That night the rk and lonely rocks, where he wandered for hours, were the ly witnesses of Zoridos' agony. The next day he was at e British camp. A week's intended halt permitting such an sence, he prevailed on an English surgeon to accompany him the mountains. His opinion was only too decisive. Quiet d kindness might ameliorate, but never restore. The only ance he held out was, that when circumstances enabled them return to their house, familiar scenes, and accustomed dress, ight awaken some touch of memory—though nothing could er recall the whole mind.

To such a blow as this, death had been merciful. Similar stes, similar pursuits, had bound Zoridos to his young English ife—his mind had been accustomed to see itself mirrored in rs, only with a softer shadow. He had been used to that eatest of mental pleasures—to have his thoughts often vined—always entered into. And now—the intelligent d accomplished woman was a weak, and even worse, a merry ild. The affectionate wife looked in her husband's face as that of a stranger, from whom she shrank with fear. The t with no memory, the future with no hope.

The bitterest cup has its one drop of honey; and the of reciprocal affection was roused in Zoridos by the frantic delight of his infant girl at seeing him agai clung to him—hid her little face in his bosom—sat sti silent, with that singular sympathy which children ofte to the grief of their elders—and only when overpowere sleep could she be removed from his knee.

Months passed on. The unfortunate Margaretta was to consider Zoridos as her husband, and Beatrice as her and gradually to feel for them the affection of habit. her mind seemed to have gone back to her childhood: recollections, her amusements, her sorrows, and her belonged to that period. And once when Zoridos b home for Beatrice a large doll he had obtained from the of an English officer, her mother seized it with a scr delight, and made dressing it a favourite employment.

Months grew into years before they dared return t home; and it was not till after the battle of the Pyrene Henriques and his family again took possession of mansion. No trace was left of either its beauty or l His embarrassed affairs quite precluded Don Henriquez' of taking his wife and daughter to England. A few were made habitable; and Zoridos gave his time and att to the education of his child, which, from the extreme s in which they lived, devolved entirely upon himself.

Time passed without much to record till Beatrice r her sixteenth year, when the system of oppression and tion enforced in his native province called imperatively o Henriquez to take his place in the Cortez. A few we bold remonstrance ended with the imprisonment of th obnoxious members, and a heavy fine on their property.

At sixteen Beatrice found herself in a large desolate with scarce resources enough for mere subsistence, her in an unknown prison, her mother imbecile, and herself w friend or adviser. Zoridos had always foreseen th daughter's position must be one of difficulty, and h endeavoured to prepare for what he could not avert. free spirit of the mountain girl had been sedulously raged; she had early learnt to think, and to know the v *self*-exertion. To privation and hardship she was accus *She* had read much; and if one work was food to the

poetry of her imagination, and the romance nursed in her solitary life,—another taught her to reflect upon her feelings, and by the example of others' actions to investigate her own. She was now to learn a practical lesson—lessons which, after all, if they do but fall on tolerable ground, are the only ones that bear real fruit.

One day, Minora, the daughter of the old guerilla who had served with her father, came up with the intelligence that a detachment of soldiers, galloping up, had detailed their business, while pausing for wine and directions in the village. It was to levy the fine, and search for suspected persons—in other words, to pillage the house. Beatrice looked at her mother, who was busy sorting coloured silks for her daughter's embroidery. Who could tell the consequences of another alarm, where the first had been so fatal? Her resolution was instantly taken. A few weeks since, with the view of supplying Donna Margaretta with a constant amusement, Beatrice had fixed on an open space in the thicket for a garden, and had there collected bees and flowers, and framed a little arbour. The way to it was very intricate, and the place entirely concealed. If she could but prevail on her mother to remain there, her security would be almost certain. Hastily placing a little fruit in a basket, and catching up a large cloak, she proposed their going to eat their grapes in Donna Margaretta's garden.

"She will never stay there," said the old man.

Beatrice started—a sudden thought flashed across her mind—she turned pale and hesitated; at that moment the foremost of the soldiers appeared on the distant hill; she rushed out of the room, and returned with a small phial and a wine-flask which she placed in the basket.

"Leave those," said she to Pedro and her nurse, who were clearing away a little remnant of plate; "to miss the objects of their search would alone provoke more scrutiny. Follow me at once."

The garden was reached before the soldiers rode up to the house. The wind blew from that direction, and brought with it the sound of their voices and laughter. The misery of such sounds was counterbalanced by the certainty that the same wind would waft their own voices, or rather Donna Margaretta's, *voice* away from the house. Still Beatrice, who

knew the extreme restlessness of her parent's disorder, felt convinced she should never be able to prevail on her to remain quiet. To be discovered by the soldiers would be death and insult in their worst forms. The whole province had been filled with tales of their reckless brutality towards those suspected by the government. One course remained—it was one she trembled to pursue. She had brought a little phial with her—it contained laudanum. It had been used by her father, who frequently suffered from a wound he had received. She had often dropped it for him. But she knew it was poison—she could not foresee what its effects might be upon her mother in her state, if she were to give her too much. Her blood froze in her veins at the thought. Donna Margaretta grew every moment more restless and angry at not being allowed to return to the house. If prevented by force, the screams she sometimes uttered in her paroxysms of rage were fearful, and must inevitably be heard. Besides, there was the chance of her evading their vigilance, and she would then fly, like an arrow, to the threatened danger.

"I must try the only hope I have—God help me!"

Beatrice went to the fountain, and in the wine and water mixed a portion of laudanum: her mother seeing the glass, asked for it eagerly, and drained the whole contents. All her efforts were now to be exerted to keep her unfortunate parent amused. With a strong effort she mastered her agitation—she helped her to gather flowers—she made them into wreaths for her hair—she pointed out her image in the fountain, and Margaretta laughed with delight. After a while she complained of being fatigued. Beatrice thought, with an agony of apprehension, of the sleep that was quickly coming over her. In a few moments more, Donna Margaretta was in a profound slumber.

The two servants, the moment their mistress was quiet, seized the opportunity to depart: Marcela to seek a neighbouring village, whither two of the domestics had gone to attend the festival of St. Francis, and warn them against an abrupt return: Pedro to their own village, to learn, if possible, what was likely to be the stay of the soldiers. Evening was coming on fast, and not a moment was to be lost. Beatrice could hardly force herself to tell them not to return if the least peril was in the attempt. They departed with the utmost caution—scarce

rustle among the leaves told her she was alone. The next wo hours passed in listening to every noise—the waving of a ough made her heart beat audibly—or in watching the placid leep of her mother.

The last small red cloud mirrored in the fountain disappeared —distant objects were lost in obscurity—the shadows seemed s they do seem at nightfall, almost substantial—tree after ree disappeared—the fountain and the nearer shrubs looked ke fantastic figures; she fancied she could see them move. Even these became invisible; and the darkness was so entire, hat, to use the common but expressive phrase, she could not ee her hand. Still, voices came from the house, in singing nd shouts. It was evident they intended to pass the night here, and were consuming its earlier part in revelry. The ope she had hitherto entertained of their departure was at an nd.

To spend the night in the open air was nothing to the ountain-bred girl. She crept close to her mother—the oss and heaped-up leaves were soft and dry—she leant ver her, and felt her warm breath on her cheek; she then nelt beside, and prayed earnestly in the English tongue. 'here was superstition, perhaps, in this—but affection is uperstitious.

At length the sounds from the house ceased—strange, she issed them; the utter silence and the darkness were so arful in their stillness! A single star—a tone from a miliar voice—she would have blessed. How long the time eemed! As the night deepened, all her efforts against sleep ere unavailing: more she dared not. Amid such utter arkness, the chances were, that if she left her mother's side, he might not again find her place. Sleep did overcome her —that feverish, broken sleep, which renews, in some fantastic anner, the fears of our waking. Even this was disturbed. Vas it a sound in her dream, or some actual noise, that ade her start up in all that vague gasping terror which ollows when abruptly roused? All was still for a moment; nd then a flash, or rather flood of lightning glared away the arkness—the fountain for an instant was like a basin of fire —every tree, ay, every bough, leaf, and flower, were as distinct as by day: *one second more*, and the thunder shook the *ery ground.*

Beatrice perceived that it was one of those awful storms which gather on the lofty mountains, and but leave their mighty cradles to pour destruction on the vales below. Flash succeeded flash, peal followed peal, mixed with the crashing branches, and a wind which was like a hurricane in voice and might. Suddenly the thunder itself was lost in the tremendous fall of an old oak, which, struck by the lightning, reeled, like an overthrown giant, to the earth. It sank directly before the spot which sheltered the fugitives; some of its boughs swept against those of the ilex over their heads; a shower of leaves fell upon Beatrice, and with the next flash she could see nothing but the huge branches which blocked them in.

But even the terror that another bolt might strike the very tree over them, was lost in a still more agonising dread. How could her mother sleep through a tumult like this? Beatrice touched her hands—they felt like marble; she bent over her mouth, but the arm prevented her touching the lips; and the attitude in which she lay equally hindered her from feeling if her heart beat; but the upper part of the face was as cold, she thought, as death. "Great God! I have killed my mother." She bent to raise her in her arms—she might thus ascertain if her heart beat; again she paused and wrung her hands in the agony of indecision. She had heard, that those whom noise could not wake were easily roused by being moved. If she, to satisfy her own fears, were to wake her mother! Beatrice trembled even to touch her hand.

The storm had now spent its fury, and was succeeded by a heavy shower. Fortunately, the thick shelter of the leaves protected them: and the rain that fell through though sufficient to drench her own light garments, would do little injury to the thick cloak which enveloped her mother. It was too violent to last; but a long and dreary interval had yet to pass before day-break,—haunted, too, by the fear of her mother's death, which had now completely taken possession of poor Beatrice. At last a faint break appeared in the sky; it widened, objects became faintly outlined on the air—shadowy, indistinct, and sometimes seeming as if about to darken again; a slight red hue suddenly shone on the trunk of the ilex, and light came rapidly through the branches. Beatrice only watched it as it fell on her mother; her face was now visible—it wore the placid look of a sleeping

child; again she felt her warm breath upon her cheek. For the first time that night, Beatrice wept, and in the blessing of such tears forgot for a moment the dangers which yet surrounded them.

She now perceived that they were quite hemmed in by the fallen tree—she could see nothing beyond its boughs. Those boughs were soon to prove their safety. About two hours after daybreak, she heard sounds from the house, voices calling, and the note of a trumpet. She listened anxiously, when, to her dismay, the sounds approached. She distinguished steps, then voices—both alike strange. They were the two officers of the detachment, loitering away time till their men were ready.

"'The inhabitants were off like pigeons," said one.

"I wonder if they had any concealed treasure—I wish we had caught them on that account," was the reply.

"Small signs of that," observed the first speaker; "besides, the war, we know, ruined Don Henriquez."

"They say his wife was beautiful: I should like to have seen her. I owe the Hidalgo an old grudge. Well, if he gets out of his dungeon—to do which he must be an angel for wings, or a saint for miracles—he won't find much at home."

Again the trumpet sounded; it seemed to be a signal, for the speakers hurried off, and Beatrice at last heard the trampling of the horses gradually lost in the distance. She waited yet a little while, and then, her mother still appearing to sleep soundly, she thought she might leave her for a few minutes.

With some difficulty she forced her way through the boughs. What devastation had a night effected! flowers torn up by the roots—huge branches broken off as if they had been but leaves, and two or three trees utterly blown down—showed how the little garden had been laid open to its late unwelcome visitors. With a rapid, yet cautious step, she proceeded to the house. Not a human being was near, and she entered. What utter, what wanton destruction had been practised! The furniture lay in broken fragments—every portable article had been carried away—the walls defaced, and in one or two places burnt. There seemed to have been an intention of firing the house. What she felt most bitterly yet remained. There hung the blackened frames of her father and her mother's *portraits, but the* pictures had been consumed.

But Beatrice knew it was no time to indulge in lamen
In the kitchen yet smouldered the remains of the fire, a
she soon kindled to a flame, and nourished it with wood
was scattered about. A step on the threshold made h
up in terror: it was only Pedro. A few words explaine
mutual situation. He had been unable to return, b
watched the soldiers depart, and had come from the
with provision and offers of assistance. Both went
arbour; and while with his axe and the assistance of a
he opened a path through the boughs, Beatrice ent
watch the slumber she now most thankfully desired to
She bathed the face of the sleeper with some essence,
her in her arms, and called upon her name. As if to
her for her last night's forbearance, Donna Margaretta
with the first movement, and opened her eyes. Still, s
evidently oppressed by sleep, though cold and shivering.
and his companion carried her to the house—a cou
formed by the fireside—and Beatrice never left h
thoroughly warmed and awakened. It was evident th
at least, had sustained no injury.

Beatrice rushed into the next room to throw herself
knees in thanksgiving. Fatigue, distress, loss, were all ab
in one overpowering feeling of gratitude. But the r
was too strong: her nurse now arrived; and when B
threw her arms round her neck to welcome her, for t
time in her life she fainted.

The young Spaniard had now to commence a course o
daily exertions, the most trying of all to one whose
hitherto had been those of imaginative idleness—mo
passed over a favourite volume, evenings over her lut
interrupted by attention to her mother, of which affectio
a delight. Now the common comforts, even the necess
life, were suddenly taken from them. Their valuabl
mostly been carried off; and rent and service were
optional with the peasantry. Long habit, and the remem
of protection, still more that of kindness, met their rew
all possible assistance from the village. The little plat
from its concealment, had escaped, was sold at once.
produce was sufficient for the present; and Beatrice re
by the smallness of the demands on the tenants of her
to leave as little encouragement as possible to the avari

ght tempt them to seize such an opportunity for ending ir Hidalgo's claim.

She dismissed all the domestics except the nurse and her band, and an old negro, who, bred from infancy in their vice, had not an idea beyond. She took every thing under own direction. A small part only of the house was empted to be made habitable—a small part only of the den to be cultivated, and that soon became an important nch of their domestic economy. Their honey and grapes, m the care bestowed on each, found a market at the town, ich was a few leagues distant. They were equally fortunate their wine; and the lamentations of Pedro and Marcela over downfall of their master's house, mixed with a few hints its degradation, were lost in the silent conviction of the real nfort attendant on these new plans.

With two especial difficulties Beatrice had to contend. The t was, to induce old servants to believe that a young mistress ld know better than themselves: and this was an obstacle hing but a temper as sweet as it was firm could have over- ne. The other was, to reconcile Donna Margaretta to the of accustomed luxuries. Like a child, she attached the a of punishment to privation. The loss of the embroidered er to her chair, and the beautiful cup for her chocolate, and wearing a coarse dress, were subjects of bitter lamentation. is was the more painful to the daughter, from her feeling t these trifles were all the pleasures her parent was capable enjoying.

The first great disorder of the house somewhat reduced, atrice devoted every leisure moment to her embroidery; and s well repaid for her trouble by the scream of delight with ich her mother saw her chair covered with silk worked with brightest coloured flowers. One improvement succeeded other: the floor, was spread with matting—the vine, sacri- ng its fruit to its leaves, served for a curtain—the walls were rned with some of her drawings—her mother's flower- den was restored—and many months of comparative com- t elapsed. The work she had begun for her mother, by its tinuance became also a source of revenue. Pedro improved a salesman; and divers ornamental additions made Donna rgaretta very happy.

Still, the uncertainty of her father's fate kept Beatrice in a

state of anxious wretchedness. One morning she had wand farther into the wood than was now her wont—for she but little time by day for solitary reflection — when she startled by a figure cautiously stealing out from the thick br wood: a moment more, and she was in her father's arms. the happiness of their meeting was soon broken in upon b precariousness of their situation. Don Henriquez was flying from a dungeon, which he had escaped with a pric upon his head. "Surely, dearest father," exclaimed Beat "you would be safe in your own house; secluded in son the uninhabited rooms, your wants could be so easily supp I would be so prudent, so careful—and your old servants, cannot doubt their fidelity?"

"But I doubt their prudence. A single suspicious circ stance—a single careless word, reaching the village, w bring inevitable ruin on us all. Your poor mother and y self are at present unmolested—God keep you so! Bea the lives of too many are now linked with mine for me to any avoidable risk. I have been here since yesterday have lingered about our old haunts in hopes of meeting and depart to-morrow with daybreak."

"And you have been here for hours, and I knew it n

"This is no time for my little mountaineer to weep. you likely to be missed?"

The certainty that, even now, her presence was wante home—the impossibility of evading their notice for some h to come — all rushed upon Beatrice's mind.

"What shall I—can I do? To stay with you now inevitably occasion a search—Alas! my dearest father, do not know what an important person your Beatrice is at h You dare not trust even Marcela?"

"Impossible—you know her chattering habits—she c not keep a secret if she tried."

The truth of this Beatrice had not now to learn.

"To-night, then, my father—you know the old oak, w you used to call our study—I will be there by eleven o'c —I cannot come by day without exciting wonder."

"Alone, and at night?—impossible."

"The very loneliness makes our security. There is m *light* enough to shew my way—there is nothing to fear, *own* dear father!"

"And, Beatrice, endeavour to bring some food. I must ely on you for supper."

A hasty farewell, whose sorrow was lost in its fear, and Beatrice ran home in time to be scolded by Marcela for keeping linner waiting. An old servant dearly loves a little authority — and as for the matter of that, who does not?

The day seemed as if it never would end; and as the evening losed her anxiety became intolerable. Donna Margaretta, lways unwilling to go to bed, was even more wakeful than isual. Then Marcela fancied that her child looked pale, and egan to accuse her late sitting up as the cause. At last she ras alone, and every thing buried in the most profound quiet. Vith a beating heart, but a quiet hand, she took the little asket of wine and provision. How thankful did she feel that heir stores were all in her keeping!

Once out of the house, she darted like a deer to the wood. 'he new moon gave just light enough to shew the way to one 'ho knew it well; and Beatrice was with her father almost efore she had thought of the dangers around them. Eagerly he displayed the contents of her basket: there was some dried ieat, hard-boiled eggs, a small loaf, and a piece of honeyomb; also some olives, and two or three cakes of chocolate. Beatrice felt heart-sick to see the famished voracity with which er father ate — it was the first time he had tasted food for hree days.

Each had much to tell — the child, a tale of patient and ffectionate exertion, every word of which was rewarded by a lessing or caress. The parent had to record a strict imrisonment, and a hazardous escape, aided by a party with whom he was now linked.

Don Henriquez had sought Naples in the first instance: a not of exiles had there laid a daring plan for revolution, which, n their country's liberty, involved their own restoration. Zoridos' talents and activity pointed him out as a fit agent. He returned to Spain, and was now on his way to join and ake command of an insurrection, whose success was to be the ouchstone of their countrymen.

The night passed rapidly — the morning star shewed the iecessity of parting — a few minutes more, and the smugglers with whom Zoridos was to travel would arrive. With the icute hearing of anxiety, each fancied they could discern in the

distance the tramp of the mules: still Beatrice clung passionately to her father. "Beatrice," said he after a moment's reflection, "you have lately shewn a readiness of expedient, and a resolution which even I could not have expected from you. You may safely be trusted. This packet contains important intelligence to those to whose sacred cause I stand pledged. The effort about to be made may fail, and these papers be lost. If in the course of two months you hear nothing farther of me, convey them, if possible, to Naples, but by a safe channel. As an inducement, if one be needed, the man to whose care it is addressed will know my fate, if known to any one on earth."

Beatrice took the packet with a mute gesture of obedience, but words choked her while parting again with her father, and for a service so full of danger. But the sound of the mules was now close upon them. "Go — go —they must not see you. God bless you, my best beloved, my excellent child!"

A farewell, which had yet a thousand things to say, passed in a moment. Beatrice gave one long, last look—agitation lent her speed— she ran swiftly through the forest—and, unseen and unheard, gained her own room.

The next two months passed in the restlessness of feverish expectation; but day after day, week after week, and no tidings of Don Henriquez. The packet now haunted Beatrice: its own importance—the hope of learning somewhat of her father—the danger of their situation, whose resources every hour was lessening—the conviction that she had not a creature on whom she could rely—for, besides Pedro's natural stupidity, he was ignorant of the Italian language; and to trust him with the pass-word taught by her father, might risk the safety of many,—all tended to increase the distress which surrounded her. Her deliberations ended in resolving to be herself the bearer. She might leave her mother to Marcela's care—a pilgrimage would account for her absence in the village—and a masculine disguise seemed, indeed, her only protection against the worst difficulties of her route. Pedro's illness prevented the execution of this project; and Lorraine's appearance suggested another. An Englishman would run no risk. Could he take, or transmit the packet for her?

CHAPTER V.

s love foolish, then?' said Lord Bolingbroke.
Can you doubt it?' answered Hamilton. 'It makes a man think more of
er than himself. I know not a greater proof of folly.'"

Devereux.

IEVING, as I do, that falling in love goes by destiny, and
, of all affairs, those of the heart are those for which there
ıe least accounting, I have always thought, that to give
ɔns for its happening, is throwing the said reasons away—
ıste much to be deprecated in an age where reasons are in
great request. It is not beauty that inspires love—still
is it mind. It is not situation—people who were indif-
ıt in a moonlight walk, have taken a fit of sentiment in
adilly. It is not early association—indeed, the chances
·ather against the Paul and Virginia style. It is not dress
ɔnquests have been made in curl-papers. In short—to
ıythological in my conclusion—the quiver of Cupid hangs
ıe girdle of Fate together with her spindle and scissors.
eatrice had, even in her short and active life, perhaps
med of a lover. What Spanish girl, whose lute was
liar with all the romantic regions of her own romantic
, but must have had some such dream haunt her twilight?
for the matter of that, what girl, Spanish or English, has

But Beatrice was too unworldly to dream of conquest—
ɔroud to fear for her heart—and too much accustomed to
ise a lover amid the Paladins of olden time, to associate the
ıg Englishman with other ideas than a claim to hospitality,
a vague hope of assistance. She was now to turn over a
leaf in the book of life—to learn woman's most important
n—that of love.

ot one person in a thousand is capable of a real passion—
intense and overwhelming feeling, before which all others
into nothingness. It asks for head and heart—now
y are deficient in both. Idleness and vanity cause, in
cases out of ten, that state of excitement which is called
g in love. I have heard some even talk of their disappoint-
ts, as if such a word could be used in the plural. To be
ıed in *love, forsooth*—why, such a heart could bear as
r *crosses as a raspberry* tart.

But Beatrice loved with all the vividness of unwasted and unworn feeling, and with all the confidence of youth. Proud, earnest, and enthusiastic, passion was touched with all the poetry of her own nature. Her lover was the idol, invested by her ardent imagination with all humanity's "highest attributes." Undegraded by the ideas of flirtation, vanity, interest, or establishment, her love was as simple as it was beautiful. Her life had passed in solitude, but it had been the solitude of both refinement and exertion. She was unworldly, but not untaught. She had read extensively and variously. Much of her reading had been of a kind unusual to either her sex or age; but she had loved to talk with her father on the subjects which engaged him; and the investigations which were to analyse the state of mankind, and the theories which were to ameliorate it, became to her matters of attraction, because they were also those of affection.

Natural scenery has no influence on the character till associated with human feelings: the poet repays his inspiration by the interest he flings round the objects which inspired it. Beatrice had early learnt this association of nature with humanity. She was as well acquainted with the English literature and language as with her own; and the melancholy and reflective character of its poetry suited well a young spirit early broken by sorrow, and left, moreover, to entire loneliness. The danger of a youth so spent was, that the mind would become too ideal—that mornings, passed with some favourite volume for the dropping fountain, or beneath the shadowy ilex, would induce habits of romantic dreaming, utterly at variance with the stern necessities of life.

But Beatrice had been forced into a wholesome course of active exertion. Obliged to think and to act for herself—to have others dependent on her efforts—to know that each day brought its employment, her mind strengthened with its discipline. The duties that excited also invigorated. The keen feeling, the delicate taste, were accustomed to subjection, and romance refined, without weakening.

Love is the Columbus of our moral world, and opens, at some period or other, a new hemisphere to our view. For the first time in his life Lorraine loved—deeply and entirely; for the first time he had met one in whose favour his feeling, his imagination, and his judgment, equally decided. He

wondered, with all the depreciating spirit of a lover, that he had ever thought any woman tolerable before.

Lorraine's own talents were too brilliant for him to underrate those of another; and the charm was as delightful as it was new, to see his thoughts understood, his views reflected in a mind, whose powers, though softened, were scarce inferior to his own. Her conversation, when she did speak, had a peculiar fascination: it was evident she was not in the habit of talking. There was an eagerness, a freshness, about her speech, as if the rush of feeling and idea forced their expression rather for their own relief than for the impression of their hearer. Its singularity was, in truth, its entire absence of display—she spoke, as she listened, for pleasure; and a great mass of information, with a naturally keen perception and excitable imagination, were heightened by the originality given by her solitary life. It was delightful to have so much to communicate, and yet to be so well understood. Then the contrast between the two gave that variety which attracts without assimilating.

Beatrice was grave; silent, except when much interested; reserved, save when under the influence of some strong feeling; with manners whose refinement was that of inherently pure taste and much mental cultivation, touched, too, with the native grace inseparable from the very beautiful: self-possessed, from self-reliance, and with a stately bearing, which—call it prejudice, or pride or dignity—spoke the consciousness of of high descent, and an unquestioned superiority. The pride of birth is a noble feeling.

Lorraine on the contrary, was animated—more likely to be amused than excited—with a general expression of indifference not easily roused to interest. His manners had that fine polish only to be given by society, and that of the best. His thoughts and feelings were kept in the background—not from native reserve, but from fear of raillery—that suspicion of our hearers which is one of the first lessons taught in the world. His habits were luxurious—hers were simple; he was witty and sarcastic—she scarcely understood the meaning of ridicule; his rules of action were many—as those rules must be on which the judgments of others are to operate—hers were only those of right and wrong. A whole life spent in society inevitably refers its action to the general opinion. Beatrice, as yet, looked not beyond the action itself.

Days, weeks passed away, and Edward lingered in the neighbourhood. Marcela, like most nurses, thought her child might marry an emperor; and, as an emperor was not at hand, the young, rich, and handsome Englishman was a very good substitute. With Donna Margaretta he was an unbounded favourite: she was just a child—and gentle and genuine kindness never fails to win the love of children. Beatrice knew his footstep at a distance that might have defied even the acute listener of the fairy tale; and yet, with even such long forewarning, would blush crimson deep on his entrance. Lorraine would loiter, and ask for one more of her native ballads; and then think, how could it be late, when he seemed but just to have arrived?

Young, loving, and beloved—how much of happiness may be summed up in a few brief words!—All great nonsense, I grant; and at this conviction most lovers arrive in a very few months. But if it would sometimes save much sorrow, it would also destroy great enjoyment, could we think at the time as we do afterwards. Yet there is a period in the lives of most, when the heart open its leaves, like a flower, to all the gentle influences;—when one beloved step is sweet in its fall beyond all music, and the light of one beloved face is dear as that of heaven;—when the thoughts are turned to poetry, and a fairy charm is thrown over life's most ordinary occurrences; Hope, that gentlest astrologer, foretelling a future she herself has created;—when the present is coloured by glad yet softened spirits, buoyant, though too tender for mirth. Who shall say that is a selfish feeling which looks in another's eyes to read its own happiness, and holds another's welfare more precious than its own? What path in after-time will ever be so pleasant as that one walk which delayed on its way, and yet ended so soon? What discourse of the wise, the witty, the eloquent, will ever have the fascination of a few simple, even infantile words—or of the still, but delicious silence which they broke? Why does love affect childish expressions of endearment, but because it has all the truth and earnestness of childhood? And the simplicity of its language seems the proof of its sincerity. Or is it that, being unworldly itself, it delights to retreat upon those unworldly days?

Go through life, and see if the quiet light of the stars, the *passionate* song of the poet, the haunted beauty of flowers, will

ever again come home to the heart as they did in that early and only time.

Now, let no one say that I am trying to make young people romantic. While I acknowledge that the gardens of Iran exist, I beg leave also to state that they lie in a desert—appear but for a moment—and then vanish in their beauty for ever. Every fable has its moral; and that of love is disappointment, weariness, or disgust. Young people would avoid falling in love, if—as some story-book observes—young people would but consider. When Cromwell sent his ambassador to Spain, under circumstances which somewhat endangered his head, he encouraged him by stating, "That if his head fell, that of every Spaniard in his dominions should fall too." "A thousand thanks," returned the diplomatist; "but among all these heads there may not be one to fit me."

What he said of heads may also be said of experience—there is a large stock on hand: but somehow or other, nobody's experience ever suits us except our own. Love rarely keeps its secret: it did not in the case before us. Beatrice was ignorant of her feelings: with no rival to enlighten, no vanity to insinuate—with the most romantic of ideal beliefs on the subject, love never entered her head with reference to herself. She was happy without analysing the cause; nay, her very happiness blinded her. Accustomed to think of love as it is depicted in poetry,—poetry which so dwells on its sorrow, its faithlessness, its despair,—she recognised no trace of love in the buoyant feeling which now to her touched all things with its own gladness.

Lorraine was more enlightened. Whether it be from knowing that he has to woo as well as win a man rarely loves unconsciously. Besides, he had all the knowledge of society, much of observation, something too of remembrance. A woman's heart is like a precious gem, too delicate to bear more than one engraving. The rule does not hold good with the other sex: indeed, I doubt whether it be not an advantage for a lover to be able to contrast the finer qualities of one capable of inspiring a deep and elevated attachment with the falsehood or the folly he has known before. However, as they say, to justify political revolutions, it was impossible such a state of things could last: and one afternoon the little fountain had its own silvery music broken by those sweetest human sounds

—a lover's passionate pleading, and his mistress's whispered reply. There is an established phrase for the description of such occasions. "The conversation of lovers being always uninteresting to a third person we shall omit its detail."

Contrary to the fashion of the present day, I have a great respect for the precedents left by our grandfathers and grandmothers; I shall therefore follow their example of omission. Insipidity, though, is not the real cause of such dialogues being left to die on the air, and fade from the memory. The truth is, to those in the same situation all description seems cold, tame and passionless; while to those who have never known or outlived such time, it appears overwrought, excessive, and absurd.

That evening Beatrice narrated the whole history of her past life. Her love she had avowed; but her hand must depend on the delivery of the packet, and on her father.

"I feel an internal conviction that he lives; and he must not come to a desolate and deserted home, and find that his child has forgotten him for a stranger. Take the packet to Naples, make every inquiry: if my father live, we may be so happy in your beautiful England."

"But why not go with me? Why delay, nay, risk, our happiness? Young, isolated, as you are, surely, my sweet Beatrice, your father would rejoice in your content and safety."

"The God to whose care his last words resigned me, has been my guide through dangers and difficulties. I am still secure in such reliance. You know not my love for my father, when you bid me separate my destiny from his — to think not of his wishes — and to be happy, while he perhaps is wretched and suffering. I will at least endeavour to learn his will; and, dearest Lorraine"—the colour flushed her cheek, like a rose, at these words — "the sweetest song I have sung was the saddest, and it spoke of a broken vow and a broken heart. I would fain put the love you tell me is so true to the test. Is there such change in a few weeks that you dread to try?"

The dispute ended as disputes usually do when a lady is really in earnest in the will she expresses to her lover. Lorraine took charge of the packet — was intrusted with the pass-word — and prepared to take his departure reluctantly enough, but still with much of excitement and interest in his expedition.

From the eloquent descriptions of the daughter, he had im-

bibed no little admiration of the father. It must be owned, that Beatrice's character of him was rather his *beau-idéal* than himself. Don Henriquez was a brave and honourable man, with a degree of information rare among his countrymen; but he was not at all the person to be placed in uncommon circumstances. He had seen enough of England to have caught impressions, rather than convictions, of the advantages of a free people; and a good constitution seemed equally necessary to the nation and the individual. But his ideas of liberty were more picturesque than practical. He dwelt on the rights of the people, without considering whether that people were in a state to enforce, or even recéive them. He declaimed on tyranny like an ancient, on information like a modern. He forgot that, for change to be useful, it must be gradual; and while enlarging on the enlightened intellect of the present time, he overlooked the fact, that our ancestors could not have been altogether so very wrong, or that society could not have gone on at all.

He had a vivid imagination—and this threw a charm, rather than a light, around the subjects it investigated. He was one of those who feel instead of think, and therefore invest their theories with a reality incomprehensible to a calm observer. Hence, it seemed wonderful that what was so tangible to himself was not equally so to others; and from being surprised that our opinions are not understood, is an easy step towards being angry.

His views were narrow, because they were impassioned. Moreover, he had a natural flow of eloquence—a gift which deceives no one more than its possessor: there is a difficulty in believing that what is so very easy to say is not equally easy to do. Like many orators, he did not take into consideration, that a good argument is not always a good reason; and that, unfortunately for the peace of society, and fortunately for debaters, there never was yet a contested point without excellent arguments on both sides of the question.

Don Henriquez was, besides, a vain, and therefore a restless man. The earlier part of his life had been spent in a career, for which, above all others, he was suited—that of a bold and active Guerilla chief: but the quiet and loneliness of the succeeding peace was perfectly intolerable. He talked in the most beautiful manner of devoting himself to the education of his

child; but unfortunately Beatrice was too young to comprehend the extent of the sacrifice. Having only his own opinion by which to estimate his talents, no marvel it was an exaggerated one.

Don Henriquez would have been a happy man in England: he would have taken the chair at public dinners, and said the most touching things about alleviating the distresses of our fellow-creatures: he would have delayed as much as possible the business of county meetings, by shewing how much better it might be done: he would have given dinners to politicians, and called it supporting his party—and dinners to a few successful authors, and called it encouraging genius: he would have been in the opposition, and made some eloquent speeches on retrenchment and reform, and the newspapers next day would have complimented the honourable member for Cockermouth on his brilliant and patriotic display: he would have died, *matériel* for a well-rounded paragraph in the obituary, without having retarded or advanced one single circumstance in the great chain of events. But, alas! for the mismanagement of fate—he was quite out of his place in the Cortez of Spain: he dilated on religious toleration to those in whose ears it sounded like blasphemy—on the blessing of knowledge, to those with whom intellect and anarchy were synonymous—and on the rights of the people, to Hidalgos, who were *preux chevaliers* in loyalty to their king.

Zoridos soon became an object of suspicion to the government. Besides, like most brilliant talkers, he generally said more than he meant; and, not being in the habit of very closely analysing his thoughts, his expressions often admitted of two constructions. His eloquence ended in his arrest.

A happy man was Don Henriquez during the first week of his confinement. Execrable tyranny—infamous oppression—incarcerated patriot—victim in the glorious cause of liberty—was enough to console any one. Henriquez was also a lucky man; for, just as his situation lost its novelty, and he begun to think suffering in the cause of his country rather tiresome, if it lasted too long,—a fellow-captive opened to him a plan of escape, on condition of his joining some patriots in an insurrection.

Don Henriquez's bravery was well known; and, as is often the case with new acquisitions, his talents were over-estimated.

He was first sent to Naples to learn what assistance might be expected from the Carbonari there. A great many signs were agreed upon — a great deal of talking took place — and Zoridos returned, as we have related, to organise a revolt in the mountains.

His situation was certainly bad when he met his daughter in the wood; for, exaggerating his importance, he also magnified his danger, and took such pains to avoid suspicion, that he created it. So carefully had he shunned the villages, that he missed one of his stations; and by the time he arrived near his own house, there really was some danger in approaching it. Besides, a conspirator's is a melo-dramatic character, and he was desirous of giving due effect to his part.

The philosophy of atoms has some truth in it. What exceedingly small motives make the great whole of a fine action! Henriquez loved his child dearly; but, with the true selfishness of display, he forgot her anxiety, in his desire to impress upon her the full importance of his position. A natural feeling for her lonely and neglected condition, and the thought of a home that seemed very happy now he was banished from it, both conspired to make his interview in the wood a very sorrowful parting. Unhappiness with him always invested itself in a fine phrase, which is a great consolation. We always bear a dignified misfortune best.

The speech he made after supper to the smugglers, under whose escort he was to travel, would have brought down three rounds of applause in any meeting ever yet held at the Crown and Anchor. It began with his principles, proceeded with his feelings, and wound up with his suffering.

"Yes, gentlemen, my house is in ruins; my homeless wife —my deserted child—know not where to lay their heads. I am an exile from my native land—the sword of the executioner waits for the blood of the victim of oppression; but I disdain the fetters of the tyrant, and defy his power. I live or die for the cause of my country."

The muleteers were greatly struck — first, because we usually think that very fine which we do not quite understand; secondly, they were rather grateful to a gentleman who exerted himself so much for their entertainment; and thirdly, the king and the custom-house officers, liberty and French brandy *duty-free*, were, somehow or other, entirely associated in their minds.

It is a singular thing, that it never occurred to Don Henriquez that his misfortunes were very much of his own seeking: if he had not gone to the mountain—(Liberty is a mountain-nymph—is she not?), the mountain would never have come to him. He had been under no necessity of becoming a member of the Cortez, and still less of talking when he got there. Neither did that very obvious truth suggest itself, that if his plans for illuminating and ameliorating the human race were so excellent, he might first have tried a portion of them on his own estate—reformed his own house, before he tried to reform the world.

It will readily be supposed that Lorraine took a different view of the case, and, after two or three lingering days, prepared to set forth in search of his intended and injured father-in-law. Farewell—it is a sorrowful word enough at all times, never yet pronounced with indifference even by the indifferent: what then is its pain to those who love—to those whose eternity is the present? It is so very hard to exchange certainty for hope—to renounce to-day, in expectation of to-morrow. But that Beatrice had from the earliest period been accustomed to think of others' claims, not her own, she never could have resigned the lover who stood beside her for her distant father.

The dew shone like frost-work, as the sun touched the silvery leaves of the olive—every step left its trace on the grass, as Beatrice trod the little wood-path which led to the road her lover must pass. One moment she paused—it was so early, and a blush of feminine timidity rather than pride gave the colour of the morning to her cheek, as she thought—"If I should be first." But Edward was at the old cork-tree before her. What could any lovers in the present day say, that has not been said before?—trees, rivers, sun and moon, have alike been called upon to register the vow they witnessed. These parted as all part; many a gentle promise, which rather satisfies itself than its hearer—many a lingering look—many a loitering step—and at last one sudden effort expected by neither, and all is over. Beatrice gasped for breath, as the trees hid Lorraine from her sight; there were two or three hurrying steps, as if they forced their speed; a rustling of the boughs, and all was still—even the beating of her heart. It was as if the whole world had lost the life which animated it, during the long, the melancholy day which fol-

lowed. In partings those who go know not half the suffering of those who stay. In the one case, occupation strengthens, and novelty engages the mind. Lorraine's journey necessarily, at times, diverted his attention. Sunshine and exercise are equally good for the spirits; besides, at night, fatigue made him sleep; however, he dreamt about Beatrice a good deal, and, like Caliban, wished to dream more. She, on the contrary, was left to utter and unamused loneliness, and to small daily duties, distasteful from interrupting those dreaming moods in which strong feeling loves to indulge. Well, I do not know how it may be in the next world, but most assuredly that sex denominated by poets the softer, and by philosophers the weaker part of creation, have the worst of it in this.

CHAPTER VI.

"I do not often talk much."—*Henry VIII.*

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll find ye anither luve,
And ye sall be his bride."—*Scots Song.*

"THE ancients referred melancholy to the mind, the moderns make it matter of digestion—to either case my plan applies," said Lady Mandeville. "I am melancholy, or, in plain prose, have a headach, to-day; therefore I propose putting in execution our long-talked-of visit to the convent of St. Valerie: if of the mind, contemplation will be of service—if of the nerves, a ride will be equally beneficial."

"'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,'"

replied Mr. Spenser.

"You are improving," returned Lady Mandeville. "I dare say by the time your cousin, Helen Morland, is able to appreciate compliments, you will be able to pay them in 'good set terms.'"

How very unpleasant a few words can contrive to be! It was very disagreeable to be reminded of his cousin. Though Mr. Morland was the last man in the world to have acted on such a *wish, Cecil was* aware of his uncle's desire to see his

favourite nephew and his daughter united. Now, for his very life could he picture Helen but as he last saw her—a very pretty child, whose canary was an important object. It was also very disagreeable to perceive that Lady Mandeville was not in his interests, aware as he was of her influence over Emily. For, what with a little absence—an absence passed in solitude and exaggeration—and a little opposition, enough to excite, but not enough to deter—an adventure romantic enough to make falling in love almost matter of necessity—with all these together, young Spenser had *progressed* considerably in his attachment.

Emily was very pretty, with a quiet gentleness that left much to the imagination, and also a sweetness which was a good beginning for it to work upon. Besides, though attached to Lorraine with all the depth and earnestness of first love—which, after all, is the only one that has those high ideal qualities ascribed to love—she could not be always "sadly thinking" of him. She thought of him whenever she saw any thing beautiful in art or nature—love links itself with the lovely: she thought of him when she sang the songs he had liked, or that she thought he would like: when they spoke of affection before her, it ever recalled her own: she turned the page of the poet as the mirror, which gave back her feelings: in short, she thought of him when she was sick, sullen, or sorry. Still, there were times when the natural gladness of youth burst into mirthfulness, and

"Her brow belied her, if her heart was sad."

At such times Cecil was quite sure he was in love. Constancy is made up of a series of small inconstancies, which never come to any thing; and the heart takes credit for its loyalty, because in the long-run it ends where it began. I doubt whether the most devoted fidelity would bear strict examination as to the short reposes even the most entire fealty permits itself.

Lady Mandeville, if not the keeper of Emily's conscience, took some care of her constancy. She had quite made up her mind, that a marriage between Miss Arundel and Mr. Lorraine was the most eligible thing in the world for both parties; and when a mind is once made up, it is very tiresome to have to unmake it. No wonder Edward had hitherto escaped heart-

whole. She even exaggerated the taste whose delicacy was refined almost to fastidiousness; but that very taste would be in favour of the great improvement which had taken place in Emily. Lady Mandeville did full justice to it, and a little more—for it was her own work. Like most persons whose vivid imagination applies itself to actual things, instead of abstract creations, she gave a reality to her schemes that seemed to make failure an impossibility; and having once settled that Emily would be very happy with Lorraine, it was an absolute impossibility to allow her to be happy with any one else.

Lorraine was a great favourite—Spenser was not. The indolence which Cecil had rather permitted than indulged—for, Heaven knows, it was no indulgence at all—had at first prevented his offering that homage to which she was accustomed; and now, when he did offer it, it was marked, suspected. His admiration of Emily interfered with her arrangement; and the very circumstance of Lord Mandeville's encouraging him was any thing but an advantage: a woman must be an angel to endure being worsted in domestic tactics. Not that Lady Mandeville enacted the part of confidant—

"Cato's a proper person to intrust a love-tale with;"

besides, Emily's feelings were quite deep enough for silence. But Lorraine's memory was kept alive by slight recurrences to his opinions, and frequent allusions to the chances of meeting him. However, bright sunshine and a rapid drive did a great deal for the good-humour or spirits, whichever you like to consider it, of the party on their way to St. Valerie.

All convents built in what we call the dark ages, show singular good taste in the selection of their various situations; if there was a fine view to be had, their site usually commanded it.

The convent of St. Valerie was on the very summit of a small hill, whose abruptness added to its height. A thick copsewood of dwarf oaks, intermixed with one or two slender chestnuts, covered the side even to the sea, from which it was separated by a narrow slip of smooth sand, over which, in a calm day, the small waves broke in scattered foam, something like the swelling of the unquiet human heart. The other side of the hill, whether from nature, or art of days so long past as to seem *nature* now, was much less steep, and, if more

luxuriantly, was less thickly wooded, and with trees of larger size and more varied sorts. Through these wound a very tolerable road.

The convent was a white building, with a chapel of great antiquity, and gardens of much beauty. The last notes of the anthem were dying into tremulous silence as they entered, and a long black train of dark and veiled figures were gliding through an opposite portal, whose massive doors closed heavily, almost hopelessly, on them. At the upper end, raised by a single step from the other pavement, stood a statue of the Virgin—one of those exquisite conceptions to which an artist has given the beauty of genius developed by the labour of a life—one of those forms, which the modeller may frame, and then die.

Sculpture never seems to me like the representation of human life: its forms—pale, pure, and cold—have the shape, not the likeness of our nature. I always personify a spirit as a statue. Paintings, however idealised as to beauty, still give the bright eye, the rosy cheek, the glossy hair, we see daily. Portraits are but the mirrors of lovely countenances. Sculpture is the incarnation of beings whose state seems higher, because calmer, than our own. The divinities of Greece owed half their divinity to the noble repose with which their sculptors invested them. The characteristic of the picture is passion—that of the statue power.

From the chapel the party proceeded across the court to the garden, except Emily. Like all persons whose feelings are awakened through the imagination, Emily was peculiarly susceptible of outward impressions. She lingered in the chapel, watching the cold gray light—for the windows fronting the north let in daylight, but not sunshine—the white floor only marked by inscriptions whose worn letters told that the living trod over the dead—the white walls, where the carved tablets were also sacred to the memory of the departed. The extreme silence oppressed her with a sense rather of sadness than of calm. She looked on the tombs, and thought how they had been wept over. She held her breath, to be more deeply conscious of the stillness; and the beating of her heart seemed to remind her how little part she had in such quiet.

Some slight chance usually rivets the attention: it did so now. On one of the tablets were inscribed various names of an apparently large family, the dates of the different deaths

ıgularly near to each other. Emily felt as if her own solitary ıation had never weighed upon her thoughts till now. Many are kind to me, but none care for me." Youth, with affection an impulse and a delight, judges others by itself, d exaggerates its claims.

Strange it is that people (unless in the way of ostentation) ver value the blessings they possess. But if life has a ppiness over which the primeval curse has passed and harmed t, it is the early and long enduring affection of blood and bit. The passion which concentrates its strength and beauty on one, is a rich and terrible stake, the end whereof is death; the living light of existence is burnt out in an hour—and ıat remains? The dust and the darkness. But the love ıich is born in childhood—an instinct deepening into a inciple—retains to the end something of the freshness beıging to the hour of its birth: the amusement partaken—the fling quarrel made up—the sorrows shared together—the nishment in which all were involved—the plans for the ture, so fairy-tale-like and so false, in which all indulged: so ıe it is that love's slightest links are its strongest!

There is something inexpressibly touching in the story of hmael, the youth who was sent into the wilderness of life th his bow and his arrow, "his hand against every man, and ery man's hand against him." Even in our crowded, busy, d social world, on how many is this doom pronounced! hat love makes allowances like household love?—what takes interest in small sorrows and small successes like household 'e? God forgive those (and I would not even say forgive, ıre not Divine mercy illimitable,) who turn the household ar to a place of strife! Domestic dissension is the sacrilege the heart.

Emily looked on the death-stone, and thought only of her cle—he who had been to her as a father—a father in early ıdness—in allowance for failings—in anxiety for her future delight in her present—to whose affection she owed gratile a thousand times beyond that due for "the bitter boon, r birth." Gratitude, forsooth!—it ought rather to ask giveness. She remembered how her childhood had grown into youth, how happily!—recalled her first leaving home then *it was that she turned* a new leaf in the book of life. ? *thought over her disappointment* at first, her after brief

enjoyment—her eyes opening at once to love and sorrow. How much had happened since then!—how much of mortification, how many vain hopes had flowered and then fallen! And yet her heart was still feverish with vague anticipation. With a sick, sad foreboding she thought of returning to England—to Edward Lorraine's country—but not with joy. Emily seemed to herself to have no longer spirits for hope. The quiet of the grave was scarcely too deep for her present mood.

At this moment the stillness of the chapel itself was broken "by a confusion of tongues." First, a coarse and corporeal laugh—that which rises loud at a practical joke; a smaller, shrill, and undecided one—of the sort with which young ladies reply to a compliment equally above their merits and comprehension; also a foreign tongue, like "Iser, rolling rapidly;" and a drawling, yet dictatorial voice, loud above the rest, evidently patronising the prospect:—these "did overload the air." In came the family party, the Higgs's. Mrs. Higgs instantly knew Emily. "Lord, lord, miss, who would have thought of our meeting in these here outlandish parts!"

Emily recognised her companion of the steam-boat, and replied with a good-natured inquiry, asking how she liked Italy?

First glancing round to see whether she was observed—a needless precaution, Mr. Higgs, "her eldest hope," having put himself into a position (even on paper we cannot call it an attitude) of enthusiasm before the statue of the Madonna—while the two daughters were assuring an Italian count, as they called him, that they should like monstrously to be nuns, and he, as in duty bound, dwelt upon the loss which the world would thereby sustain:—"Like Italy?" said Mrs. Higgs—"not I; I hav'n't had a meal fit for a Christian this three months. Why, Lord love you, they are as dirty as ducks—you know what dirty animals ducks are—they'll eat any thing—not but what they are very good roasted, but it's all the difference being dead and alive."

"A very just distinction," said Emily, while her companion paused to take breath and a peppermint lozenge.

"You should go into the kitchens here," resumed Mrs. Higgs. Poor woman! her daughters never allowed her to talk, for fear of her disgracing them—so, as she herself used to

observe, a little rational conversation did her good. "You've no notion of the dirt, or you'd never eat nothing: but dear, dear! I dare say you don't take on about these things yet—you must when you're married. I mind what the Bible says, 'a virtuous woman's a crown to her husband'—many a crown have I saved mine. Not that Mr. Higgs need look after a pound even, now—but, as I tell my girls, it is as well to lay up for a rainy day."

"Have you seen Rome?" asked Miss Arundel.

"Bless you! there was nothing to see—not a shop fit to spend a penny in—and as to comfort, they hav'n't a notion of it. Bob there—I mean Mr. Robert Higgs—has such a taste for the fine arts—he didn't inherit it from me, though—that he would make us go poking about all the great cold rooms to see picturs and staturs. As for those poor staturs, they always set me shivering—they look so like human creaturs froze to death; I am sure, had I been at home I would have got up a subscription for some cheap flannel for them. You may get very good flannel to give away for sixpence a-yard at the Lunnun Emporium. But, Lord! Lord! one might as well be out of the world as out of Lunnun."

"You have stayed longer on the Continent than you intended."

"It was all on Carry's account—she would go sailing on the lake—what do ye call it?—bless my old head! it never remembers them foreign names—with a friend of ours, Mr. Simcoe—a very nice young man, but melancholic-like—and, being a great poet, he never knew what he was doing just at the time. You know, Miss, genuses are never like nobody but themselves. Carry and he were very sweet upon each other; and as his father was a comfortable man, and could afford to make his son a gentleman, Mr. Higgs and I thought his son's genus would wear off—and young people needn't be crossed in love when there's money on both sides—so Carry and he used to make a deal of love to each other. Poor fellur! he wrote her halbum all full of such beautiful verses—and she used to plait her hair, and dress, and do all sorts of things to please him. She always used to wear a veil, for he could not abide a bonnet—he said it was so unpoetical-like. Well, well—to make short of a sad story—one evening they would go on the lake, though there was a great big black cloud coming

up; but Mr. Simcoe said it would be just like the *Coarse-hair*, or *Courser*, or some such name, and spouted some poetry—which, after the sad accident, Mr. Higgs and I learnt by heart, as a warning to our young friends. But, somehow, we never, though we took a world of pains, could remember more than the first two or three lines—for we are too old to begin our schooling over again, and we were neither of us any great shakes at book learning—but two lines will do for an example—a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse." So saying, Mrs. Higgs repeated the following lines in a most Sunday-school tone:—

> "Ay, let the vild vinds vhistle e'er the deck,
> So that them arms cling closer round my neck:
> The deepest murmur of this mouth shall be,
> No sigh for safeness, but a prayer for thee."

Here Mrs. Higgs's voice sank into "tears and forgetfulness." "It isn't, Miss, so much want of memory, as that I am overtaken by my feelings. But, Miss, before I go on with my story, you musn't think nothing of the arms round the neck, because that was only in poetry—you may be pretty sure I should never have allowed no young man whatsumever to take such a liberty with my daughter. I just name this, because, if I did not explain, it might be bad for poor Carry's next chance."

Emily instantly assured the confiding but careful mother, that she entertained no doubts of Miss Caroline Higgs's perfect propriety of conduct; and Mrs. Higgs resumed her narrative.

"Well, into the boat they got. Mr. Simcoe was quite a sailor. I remember he told us he had been on seven-and-twenty parties of pleasure to Richmond. They did look so nice—my daughter had on her best green silk and a white lace veil (real thread) thrown over her head. Mr. S. had a large straw hat, and striped jacket and trowsers, and his shirt fastened at the throat by a brooch with Carry's hair, for he was always quite above wearing a neckcloth. Dear, dear, they went away singing,

> 'Oh, come to me as soon as daylight sits;'

and well, Miss—the boat overset. Mr. Simcoe (poor Benjamin—as we have called him since—he never could abide it during his lifetime) was drowned; and my daughter was brought home wet to the skin, and all the colour gone out of *her* green silk—quite spoilt."

Here Mrs. Higgs paused for a moment, and drew out a huge red pocket-handkerchief, with which her face was for some minutes confounded. Emily, really shocked, remained silent, till her companion, who found talking very efficacious for her complaints, went on again.

"Besides all her sorrow, Carry had caught cold; for she had been in the water, only had got picked up by a boat that was passing, and she was very ill: so, as I said before, she has been the cause of our staying in these here foreign parts. The doctors said the climate was so mild. I am sure we should have been a deal warmer in our own parlour, with a good coal fire, and carpets and curtains. Here, all you can get is a little charcoal in a box — for all the world like a warming-pan, without a handle, and with holes in the top. We've had no Christmas pudding — the boys have been left at school — and people may talk what they please about sunshine and Italy: my say is, that a winter in Rome is no joke."

Emily duly sympathised with her; but, remembering the laughing she had witnessed, could not resist asking, "If Miss Higgs had got over her disappointment?"

"O Lord, yes! it was five months agone. You know a new nail always drives out an old one. Carry got another lover: he didn't, however, turn out very well, for he hadn't sixpence; and, of course, our eldest daughter couldn't have nothing to say to him. But it served to divert her from the thoughts of her grief; and we can look out for a proper husband when we get home; and that's one great reason why I wants to get back to the Square. Carry isn't so young as you'd think: but, bless me, she'd cut my tongue out if she thought I was talking about her age. You won't say nothing about it, will you?"

Emily vowed all imaginable discretion. Mrs. Higgs, who had not enchanted with her discourse any listener's ear so long for many a day, felt, as she herself expressed it, the very cockles of her heart warm towards her pretty and patient listener.

"I hope, my dear, I shall see you in Fitzroy Square: I won't make small beer of you, I can tell you. We'll get up a bit of a dance for you, for we know lots of nice young men."

A cold *shiver ran* over Emily at the very idea of Mrs.

Higgs's "nice young men." Her son at that moment came up, by way of a specimen. "By Jove, mother, we thought we had lost you! rather a large loss that would have been." Seeing that the cause of her lingering was, however, a lady, and one who was both pretty and young, Mr. Robert Higgs, who was an admirer, or, to use his own favourite phrase, "always the humble servant of the ladies," thought, to employ another of his little peculiarities of speech, "his company would be as good as his place;" and, with that quiet, comfortable conviction of his own merits, which sets a man most and soonest at ease, he coolly addressed Miss Arundel:—"Quite, as our great bard says,

'Like patience on a tombstone shivering with sorrow.'

Beautiful lines those of Byron. Don't you admire him, ma'am?"

Mr. R. Higgs considered poetry an infallible topic with young ladies. Emily, however, did not feel that the courteous attention which his mother's age made in her eyes indispensable, at all necessary to be extended to her very forward son.

Mr. Higgs only thought—"Poor thing, dare say she never heard of Byron — knows nothing of poetry — I've been too deep for her;" and forthwith commenced on a lighter subject.

"So, this is a nunnery. I wonder, ma'am, how you'd like to be a nun! — shut up — not allowed to see one of our perjured sex — I suspect you'd be a little dull!"

At this moment Mr. Spenser entered. I am sent, Miss Arundel, in search of you."

Emily took his arm with a readiness which enchanted Cecil, and left the chapel, bowing civilly to Mrs. Higgs, who, accustomed to her daughter's eternal flirtations, thought she might hold her peace as soon as a young man came, and had from her son's entrance been silent.

"A very plain and vulgar young woman that," said Mr. Robert; "but you always are picking up such horrid people."

"Lord, I thought her such a very pretty-spoken young lady!"

"Well, I don't; and you know I am a bit of a judge. But, come, let's join my sisters, and be jogging home. I *feel* very peckish — I made but a poor breakfast."

"Dear, dear, we shall have no dinners worth eating till we

get to England. I quite long for our good Sunday smell of a piece of roast-beef and a Yorkshire pudding."

The feeling, says some writer, which turns in absence to our native country, is one of the finest in our nature. True; but it takes many forms. One exile sighs after the fair meadows of England, and another after its mutton.

CHAPTER VII.

"You would say something that is sad—Speak!"
* * * *
"I'll come by Naples."—SHAKESPEARE.

But we must again return to Spain, where a new subject of anxiety diverted Beatrice's attention—her mother's illness. She had soon not a moment she could call her own. Poor Donna Margaretta's situation was the more pitiable, as she both suffered and complained like a child. The remedies her case required it was next to impossible to induce her to take. One day she would be in the strong and angry excitement of fever, the next in the fretful despondency of ague. Now she would, even with tears, ask for the wine and food most hurtful, and then turn with loathing from her needful nourishment. With some difficulty, by appealing to his humanity, an old medical practitioner, from the nearest town, was prevailed on to visit them; thus doing for pity what he had refused to do for interest.

"My good child," said the old man, after seeing his patient, "I might have staid at home; the poor lady is far beyond all human assistance—a little care and a little kindness is all she will want on this side the grave—just let her do what she likes."

It was late, and he hurried to mount his mule, but not till—for his heart was touched by her desolate and deserted condition—not till he had told Beatrice he would always be glad to render her any service. Whether Donna Margaretta connected any vague idea with the stranger, or whether it was the mere instinct of weakness, it is impossible to tell, but from that day a strange terror of death fell upon her; she could not bear to be left for a moment—she would wake in

the night and implore Beatrice piteously to save her. This impression was, however, as transitory as it was violent. As she grew weaker, she grew calmer and more affectionate. She would lean her head for hours on Beatrice's shoulder, only now and then applying to her some childish and endearing epithets. She was soon too much reduced to leave her bed; they used to raise her head with pillows, and Beatrice would sit beside, her arm round her neck; and her poor mother seemed, like a child, happy in being soothed and caressed. There is mercy in affliction; Donna Margaretta's memory could only have awakened to sorrow, and she died without a pang or a struggle, so quietly, that Beatrice, in whose embrace she lay, thought it was sleep. Wishing to wake her at her usual hour for refreshment, she kissed her — the chill of the lips made her shudder — she leant over them for a minute — the breath had passed away for ever.

Donna Margaretta's death was a blessing, but Beatrice could not think so at the time; her few objects for affection had made that affection proportionably intense. She had lost the only being she could serve — the only one to whom her care and kindness were of value — and we all know how they endear the objects on which they are bestowed — the whole business of her life was gone.

Perhaps the worst pang of death is the burial. One touch of human weakness mingled with the young Spaniard's sorrow. She was proud — very proud of her high and noble birth. A hundred chiefs of her blood slept in the chapel of San Francisco. But since the confiscation of her father's property, the house adjoining it in the town, besides being a day's journey distant, was turned into a military depôt. She had no choice — her mother's tomb must be the green grass of the village burying-place. With added sorrow she had her interred there by torch-light — herself sole mourner. It was a relief to be unwitnessed. The two peasants who had assisted returned to the village — old Pedro and the negro, one of whom still retained his torch, attended Beatrice home — she followed the light mechanically. The agony with which she had watched the body laid in the earth — that fearful shudder which follows the falling of the mould on the coffin — the *pressing* down of the grass sods, as if the dead were conscious of their weight and soil — all this had subsided into stupor.

She felt that strange disbelief in its reality that always succeeds violent grief.

Weak creatures that we are, for the body to overcome the mind as it does! Beatrice slept that night long and soundly — the bitterness of sorrow, affection, and anxiety sank beneath fatigue. The awakening after such sleep is one of the most dreadful moments in life. A consciousness of something terrible is upon even the first sensation — a vague idea of the truth comes like the remembrance of a dream; involuntarily the eyes close, as if to shut it out — the head sinks back on the pillow, as if to see whether another dream would not be a happier one. A gleam of light, a waving curtain, rouses the sleeper; the truth, the whole terrible truth, flashes out — and we start up as if we never could dream again.

In losing her mother, Beatrice lost her great employment — to provide her with small indulgences, and such amusements as she could enjoy, had been a sweet and constant study. The homely associations of life are its tenderest. No tears were more bitter than those Beatrice shed over the beautiful purple grapes which she had so carefully dried for her parent. One consolation she had — a little English Bible became the chief companion of her lonely hours.

Don Henriquez had much of that indifference to religion too often termed liberality The bigoted beliefs of his native creed were the last he ever thought of impressing. Their country-house stood entirely by itself, and the few priests who passed that way belonged to mendicant orders. Beatrice, with the generosity inherent in her nature, readily filled their scrips; and the friars were not very anxious about the principles of one whose actions were so truly Catholic. But it was impossible for a girl who lived in the solitude of nature, and who had been early tried by sorrow, not to be religious.

There are some works of God which most especially seem the work of his hands, and some ills of humanity which seem most of all to ask aid from above. The mighty gathering of the storms on her native mountains — the thunder that shook the earth — and the lightning that in an hour laid bare the depths of the forest which had stood still and shadowy for years — the starry silence of the summer nights — the mystery of the large and bright planets, filled the young heart that was lifted up by their beauty with deep and solemn thoughts. Again,

her desolate situation — the dangers beyond her ability to foresee or to avoid, made her at once feel her nothingness and her need of protection. The holy page, read at first for its beauty, was soon resorted to for its power. Beatrice dwelt on the gentle promises made to the afflicted, and the words of encouragement spoken to the simple, till hope rose strong within her, and grew to be that clear and steady light "which hideth not its face in the time of trouble." Beatrice was a genuine Christian, if entire trust, deep humility, and earnest conviction, could make one. True, the Bible was almost the only religious book she had ever read, but she had indeed read it with all her heart.

She was leaning over the sacred volume one night, when a dark shadow fell upon the very lines she was reading. Beatrice looked up and saw a man standing before her; the huge sombero overshadowed his face, but the light of the lamp shone on a large and glittering knife in his girdle. She started from her seat; but mastering her fear in a moment, she stood, and, calmly facing the stranger, inquired his errand. The man laughed.

"Your father need not be ashamed of you; but if you had been frightened, it would have been at nothing."

"My father!" exclaimed Beatrice; "is he safe?"

"Safe enough, if he will but keep quiet; but I bring a note from him, and you had better read that than question me. I am not over-safe in these quarters myself. I have kept faith with him — mind that when you see your father."

Laying a soiled and crumpled letter on the table, the smuggler turned to depart.

"Is there nothing you will have — nothing I can do to show my gratitude?"

"I doubt," said the man, "whether your cellar be worth my risking a capture for its contents."

"At least," exclaimed Beatrice, "take this;" and she poured the contents of her purse into his hand.

"Four — five — six gold pieces!" replied he, hesitatingly — "I have been paid."

"Take them as a gift, and God bless you for the happiness you have brought me."

"A free gift! — many thanks to you, lady."

A slight sound — it was but the wind in the vine-branches —

startled the man; he laid his hand on his knife, and darted through the casement; in less than a minute all was as silent as before. Eagerly Beatrice opened the letter — it was from her father, and ran thus: —

"My beloved child, — The iron hand of despotism has quenched the last spark of liberty; hunted down like a wild beast, I am watching an opportunity to fly my degraded and enslaved country. Some far and foreign land must henceforth be the home of the unfortunate exile. Will my Beatrice soothe and share her parent's ill-starred lot? I am hastening to Naples — you know the address on the packet. I shall be at Senhor Pachetti's—join me there, if possible, with your poor mother. I know this will require equal presence of mind and exertion — surely I may expect both in a daughter of mine? Come with all the speed you can; I doubt not to be there before you, and shall be impatient in the happiness of the father to forget the wrongs of the patriot. God keep you, my sweet child.

"Your affectionate father,

"HENRIQUEZ DE LOS ZORIDOS.

"Burn this letter instantly."

Beatrice kissed the scroll, and held it over the lamp — it was too wet with her tears to burn rapidly. "Your poor mother!" — and must their first meeting be embittered by words of death? But she was too young to dwell only on the sorrow; her heart beat hurriedly and joyfully as she thought that her father and Lorraine must inevitably meet. Her first impulse was to make every effort to reach Naples, but calmer deliberation induced her to renounce this plan. Love increases a woman's timidity — the more she thought of Edward, the more did she shrink from so long and unprotected a journey. It cost her a sleepless night; but she resolved on staying in Spain till she either saw or heard from him — he and Don Henriquez, when they met, would decide on what course it might be best to pursue.

We waste a great deal of thought. As is usual in all cases of long deliberation, she did precisely the reverse of what she intended. The following afternoon she was wandering round what had been her mother's garden — all her life's sweetest associations were there — when she saw a peasant approaching.

Alvarez was the soldier who had so attracted Lorraine's attention the first evening he rode into the village, and during his stay he had found a home beneath his roof; Alvarez, too, had served under her father: a visit from him was, therefore, nothing uncommon; but to-day there was an appearance of haste and anxiety that augured any thing but good. Yet he hesitated; and a basket of pomegranates he brought from his little Minora, was evidently the ostensible, not the real cause of his coming.

"The Senhora must find the old house very lonely."

"Lonely and sad enough, indeed, my good Alvarez."

"Is she not afraid, now that the nights are so long and dark — has nothing occurred to alarm the Senhora lately?"

"We have nothing to lose — we leave fear to the rich — besides, I am a soldier's daughter; do you allow Minora to tremble at either robbers or ghosts?"

"But, lady, have you seen no one about the house whose appearance was calculated to excite suspicion?"

"I have seen no one to excite dread," replied Beatrice, with a slight accent on the last word.

"Pardon, lady, but was there a stranger about your house last night?"

Beatrice started — had her father's messenger been seen? to-day it could be of no avail, and distrust might bring on the very danger she would fain avoid.

"There was, Alvarez; from you I need not hide that he came from my father."

"My brave captain! — is he safe?"

"Safe, but now watching for an opportunity for flight."

"Now, the saints help us, not in this neighbourhood?"

"Far away, but where, even I know not."

"I will tell you all, Senhora. Pedro rushed in last night to the cottage where they sell wine, in a fright at some dark figure he had seen hovering about. I had my own thoughts, and, by old stories of his early cowardice, raised a laugh, and hoped the dark figure was forgotten. But there were others besides ourselves — two strangers, whose business here has puzzled us all; they left this morning; and from what they said at parting, the old house will be filled with soldiers before midnight. The idea is abroad that Don Henriquez has sought shelter here."

"Thank God it is not so," gasped his daughter.

"Are there any papers of importance?"

"None — none."

"Then, lady, collect any valuables you can hastily, and prepare for a retreat with me. Your arrest was spoken of — and you know rough measures are used when a secret is in the case."

The thoughts of torture, imprisonment, separation from all she loved, made Beatrice's heart die within her — almost helplessly she clung to the old man's arm. She loved, and to her life now was valuable.

"Nay, nay, my poor girl, you must not want the courage you had as a child. I have a plan. You have heard me tell of the cave where Minora and her brother were concealed: it is a good hiding-place yet. Meet me in an hour by the three ilexes in the wood, and I will answer for your security."

"But my nurse and Pedro" ——

"Do not, like you, incur danger. Don Henriquez would confide in his daughter, but not in servants whose characters for gossip the whole neighbourhood can swear to — leave them in ignorance: a secret brings its own risk, and their safety is insured by their anxiety. An hour hence at the three ilexes."

Alvarez went off without waiting for an answer. It is the luxury of parting, to wander round places haunted by our childish steps and hallowed by our childish thoughts, and to loiter beneath the old trees where we have not always stood alone. But this was no luxury for Beatrice. She caught a handful of late rose-leaves, and hid them in the folds of her dress — she turned one last look on the fountain — she could not have looked again for the world.

On returning to the house, her nurse asking her the simple question of what she was to do with the pomegranates, smote on her heart with a new and bitter feeling of deception. Hastily she collected together the few articles of value left: a chain of gold, a little ruby cross, her English Bible, and the unbroken sum of pistoles she had collected for her former journey. Fortunately, she met none of its other inmates as she left the house — she must have betrayed her purpose.

It was at least three miles to the ilexes; but she proceeded with a light fleet step, and gained the appointed place. It was *too late to retire* unperceived, when she caught sight of *he white veil of a female.*

Her anxiety was but for a moment — the girl turned, and there was all the encouragement of youth, health, and good spirits, in the bright black eyes of Minora.

"My father thought my absence would be less marked than his — so, if you will, Senhora, I am to be your guide to the poor old cave. Garcia and I were very happy there."

A narrow, almost imperceptible path led them through the thickest of the wood. Two or three times they had to creep under boughs which, but for the ease with which they gave way, would seem never to have admitted a passage before. Suddenly the trees were broken by some masses of gray rock, round which dwarf myrtles grew in great profusion.

Here Minora stopped, and took from her basket a little lamp made of horn. Striking fire from some flints laid ready, she lighted the lamp; and giving Beatrice the basket, bade her follow her. Lifting up a heavy and luxuriant branch of the myrtle, she showed what seemed the rough bare rock beneath; and asking her companion to hold the lamp also, with both hands she raised a large slanting stone — it showed a passage, into which Beatrice entered with some difficulty, together with her companion.

Minora first carefully replaced the myrtle-branch, then the stone, and taking the basket, bade Beatrice proceed along the passage, which was too narrow to admit of more than one at a time. This soon terminated in an open space, from which branched off several small paths. Minora now took the lead. "You will observe," said she, holding the lamp to the ground, "that the passage we take has a slight redness in the sand — the others lead to nothing."

A short while brought them to the cave itself. By the lamp was dimly visible their own figures, and what seemed the immense depths of surrounding darkness. There was a sound, as if of falling water. Minora first turned to a pile of wood, and, with Beatrice's aid, a very brilliant fire soon illuminated the cavern. It looked more comfortable than picturesque: the walls and roof were blackened with smoke — the floor was of a light dry sand — at one end was a huge arch, down which water kept constantly trickling, and beneath was a deep well, by the side of which was a ledge of rock, where any person might walk — beyond it was quite dark.

"There is a passage, but it terminates in a piece of water,

the rock soon comes so low that there is no getting ɔnd it; and though the smugglers do come here still, is not now their time—and you are as safe here as in the urial."

Minora heaped fresh fuel on the fire, and showed where e heath and dried goat-skins formed a very respectable ; while her companion sighed to remember that she herself once resorted to a similar expedient. Next she lighted e half-a-dozen fir-wood splinters—excellent torches, for ıse support some rude wooden stands had been inserted in walls—and pointed out in a recess a most ample supply.

Be sure you keep a good fire; and as I may do you more n than good by staying, I leave you to take what food you se from the basket. There's some honey, as clear as my amber beads. The good Madonna keep you, Senhora!" , affectionately kissing Beatrice's hands, the kind peasant ırted.

Beatrice paced up and down her dreary cave, every mo- ıt starting from her reverie, as the sound of the falling er startled her like a strange step. With a strong effort calmed herself, and, drawing one of the wooden seats to fire, opened the little volume, and read till all vain terrors departed, and even her natural anxiety was soothed into ent and sweet reliance on Him who suffereth not a sparrow all to the ground unheeded.

She had a little French watch,—Lorraine's only gift. had said, laughingly, to her the last evening they spent ther, "You shall have this to count the hours of my ab- e." He did not think how sweet a companion it would be. ıe, which we have no means of reckoning, is so dreadfully . How often, that night, did Beatrice refer, with a warm ıng of society, to the little glittering face over which the rs were passing! The weariest time of all seemed the ning after she rose. It was impossible to fix her attention ıny thing, while every moment expecting some intelligence ı without. At last she heard footsteps, and Minora came ıing before her father.

Ah, Senhora, we have been so anxious about you! If it been possible, I would have returned and spent the night ı you; for we said, to a stranger our good cave will seem

a little dreary. How did you sleep? See—we have brougl you some breakfast. I have some chocolate to-day."

"Many thanks for your intended breakfast; but, truly, yo yesterday's supply was sufficient. If I had expected visitor I could have feasted them in my cavern. But my nurse ar Pedro?"——

"Are well, and in our cottage. As I expected, the soldie came down, and"—here Alvarez made the usual pause narrators who have something unpleasant to tell. It usual happens that people by breaking, as they call it, their bad ne gradually, contrive to add suspense to our other miseries.

"What has happened?" said Beatrice, gasping for breat

"The fine old house, lady, it has been burned to tl ground."

Beatrice struggled for a moment; but it was in vain. Sl hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. Strange, tl affection which clings to inanimate objects—objects whic cannot even know our love! But it is not return that co stitutes the strength of an attachment.

"They questioned your nurse," said Alvarez, "till h poor head was even more bewildered than usual; but it w soon very evident she knew nothing of the matter. Ped knew even less; and at last the officer let them go. 'I would not have,' he said, 'the poor old creatures injured in ar way.' They were sent off to the village, and then the hou was fired."

"I am glad," sighed Beatrice, "my father did not see it.

"And now, Senhora, what is to be done about yourself? have seen enough of you to know it is far best to tell you t truth. In about a week this cavern will be no refuge for yo its old occupants will be here. You will not be safe an ho in my cottage."

"If," exclaimed Beatrice, "I could but get to the se shore, and embark for Naples!"

"Have you friends you could trust there? You are ve young, and"——

"I should find my father there."

"Very well—very good indeed. We may get to t coast; but to cross the wide sea, we know not whither, i dreary look-out. Now, Senhora, you and Minora are of height; her clothes will suit you, and you must pass as r

daughter for two days. I will go and see you on board myself. The neighbours trouble their heads very little about my outward journeyings. We will be off to-morrow."

"The kindness you have shown me will, I hope, never be needed by your own child. Nothing can be better than your plan. I will not speak to you of trouble: I take your assistance as frankly as it is offered."

"You will have but a rough journey."

"Oh, never fear me! I am mountain-bred."

"We will return home as fast as we can, Minora; you must come back with what the Donna Beatrice can best wear on her journey — no fine colours — the dark-feathered bird flies safest. The saints keep you, Senhora! Will you be ready to start by daybreak to-morrow?"

"One word, good Alvarez. You see" — producing her purse — "I am well provided for a journey."

"A good companion on travel; and, to tell you the truth, Senhora, the one we most wanted."

Again Beatrice was left to her loneliness, broken, however, by Minora's afternoon visit. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The young peasant left the cave, happy in the possession of a rosary of cut coral beads, which, after much blushing, smiling, and refusing, she had at length been forced to accept. She was also depositary of the golden chain, the produce of whose sale was to be devoted to the nurse's support.

That night was even longer than its predecessor. Anticipation is a bad sleeping draught. Moreover, the fear of being too late made Beatrice continually start from her anxious slumber. Long before the time she was up and dressed. Her new apparel consisted of a dark blue boddice and skirt, trimmed with a narrow red braid; a white linen veil, and large cloak of black serge, with a capacious hood; stockings of dark blue cloth — hempen sandals. A string of large black oaken beads completed her dress. Minora, with a true fellow-feeling, had placed her own little mirror at the bottom of the basket; and, it must be owned, Beatrice did take a rather satisfactory glance. Even in the very worst of situations, no woman is quite insensible to her personal attractions, or would willingly look worse than she can help. Small attentions, too, are *essentially womanly*.

Beatrice hurried her own breakfast, that there might be no

delay on her part, but prepared some of the chocolate for Alvarez, who was punctual to his time. "Why, I could almost take you for Minora," said the old man, on his entrance. "What! breakfast—and the chocolate made? Well, you know the old proverb, 'Meat and drink never hindered journey.' Very good it is too — though I had breakfasted — for, with your leave, Senhora, we did not give you credit for being half so ready."

A soft gray tinge, half mist, half light, pale as it was, dazzled Beatrice's eyes when she emerged from the cave. Two mules were in waiting: she sprang lightly upon the one intended for her. At first cautiously — from the broken path — and afterwards at a brisk pace, they commenced their journey. Beatrice's own embarrassment was its only difficulty. Accustomed to live in such unbroken solitude, the sight of the many strangers they met almost bewildered her. The light conversation in which Alvarez at times joined was like the language of another world. She fancied every person looked especially at her. How odd it is, that any secret or anxiety of which we are ourselves aware, we immediately think every one else suspects!

They arrived about noon at the sea-port, and alighted at a small inn, where Alvarez left her, with a rough charge, not to be staring about, under the care of a good-humoured but most talkative landlady. He had, at every place where they stopped, been as cross to his supposed daughter as a crabbed old gentleman could be, which served to account for her shyness, and for which he always begged pardon as soon as they were out of hearing. She waited a half hour of intolerable anxiety, when Alvarez returned. "Come, girl — I have found out your aunt — there, don't be looking behind — and draw your veil over your face. How slow you are!"

"Well, well," said the landlady, "he ought to take care of his daughter — she is pretty enough; but no good will come of his being so cross."

"We are very fortunate, Senhora," said Alvarez, as soon as they were in the street; "there is a felucca on the point of sailing to Naples — I have secured a passage, but we must not lose a minute."

They had scarcely time to get on board. Dizzy with the motion of the water, confused with the noise, terrified to think

she would be alone in a few minutes, — much as she wished to spare his anxiety, Beatrice could hardly force out her farewell thanks to Alvarez. Mechanically she watched him as he descended to the boat — heavily the sound of the oars smote upon her ear — she looked eagerly round, but every face was strange and careless: how bitterly did she feel that she was alone!.

"I guess how it is," said the captain of the ship, whose kind and even sweet voice contrasted strongly with his rough appearance; "you are not the first who has found a canvass sail safer than a silken bed. Poor child! you look very young for care or hardship. Well, you are secure enough here: if we cannot make you comfortable, at least we will try. In half an hour you will have a snug little cabin to yourself."

Beatrice had early learnt the useful lesson of conforming to circumstances: she thanked the captain cheerfully, and readily took a seat on some piled baskets. "Give me the child to hold," exclaimed our young Spaniard to a poor woman, whose increasing faintness made her terribly conscious of her inability and her charge. The poor creature murmured a few words, gave up the infant, and let her head sink on a coil of ropes. When the captain came to say that her cabin was ready, her first request was that her unfortunate companion might be conveyed thither also; and for some hours she most kindly and soothingly enacted the part of nurse to the child. Luckily for her, it was a good little sleepy thing. Overfatigue and exhaustion were evidently the mother's causes of illness. Alvarez, even in the brief space of time he had been absent, had stocked a sea-chest with many little comforts and necessaries. She took some wine and a piece of biscuit, and with some difficulty induced the invalid to swallow them, who, after slumbering for about an hour, awoke much revived. With a degree of gratitude almost painful to receive, she soon joined Beatrice in doing due honour to some eggs and coffee, which the latter, who had already made friends with a boy, who, too young for much work, was yet proud of showing his usefulness, had boiled.

A good action always meets its reward — so says the copybook: in this instance it said the truth — for Beatrice found her companion invaluable. She was the widow of a sailor, returning home to her friends at Naples. Active, and well

known to the sailors, she enabled the young and timid voyager to remain almost entirely secluded in her cabin, which she never left save for a little air in the evening.

It would have done those good who talk of common feelings as evil and coarse to mark the little attentions, the delicate kindliness, with which the sailors cleared a path for her steps, or made a seat of planks and sails for the young Spanish exile. Alvarez had told her history truly. He judged rightly, because he judged others by the better part of his own nature. Yet it was a weary and sad voyage. Beatrice had never lived in luxury, but she had in refinement — the refinement of nature, solitude, and intellectual pursuits. She had dwelt in stately rooms, whose torn tapestries and shattered furniture were associated with noble and stirring memories; her lute, a few books, and gentle cares for her mother, had filled up her time. Her eyes had dwelt on the stately forest and the dark mountain; her step was accustomed to the silver dew and the fragrant heath. She had been used to familiar faces, and had hitherto reckoned time but by the falling leaf or the opening flower. Now her room was a wretched cabin, the size of a closet, and that, too, rudely formed of boards. The incessant noise, the loud voices, the savour of the pitch, which seemed to be part of every thing she touched — the strange faces, the faint sick feeling that perpetually stole over her, made her indeed pine for the wings of the dove that nestled in the trees of her native woods.

If it were not for romance, reality would be unbearable: nevertheless, they are very different things. Beatrice had often thought, with a passionate longing, of the eternal ocean, the mighty mirror of the stars and the sunshine of heaven — she had listened to the autumn wind sweeping the depths of the dark woods, and marvelled if its sound resembled the stormy murmur of the waves: but, now that she was at sea, most devoutly did she pray to be on shore, and wept with very delight when they saw land.

I doubt whether any minor on his travels, sleeping in his carriage on deck, secure of being awakened by his valet at the proper moment for being in ecstasies with the lovely bay of Naples, ever approached its shore with greater indifference as to the prospect than Beatrice. She was much too agitated to *observe it,* and watched the crowd on the quay with mingled

terror and anxiety. The idea that Lorraine might be among them was uppermost in her mind. A vague hope of her lover's presence is always floating in a woman's mind; and though Beatrice said she hoped to meet her father, she thought she might perhaps meet Edward too.

Her companion had promised to be her guide to Signor Pachetti's, who, she was somewhat surprised to learn, was a gold-beater on the Strada. Still, with the natural feeling of one who has lived in seclusion, it seemed impossible but that a crowd so immense must contain those she sought. With brief but earnest thanks she quitted the felucca, and her last few coins were left with the sailors of the boat. Clinging to, rather than leaning on, the arm of the woman with her, Beatrice's head swam with the confusion of meeting so many eyes. With what envy did she see her companion rush into the arms of an old man!—"*il mio padre,*" exclaimed she, and gave him the child. Some hasty words passed between them, and in a few moments they were traversing a narrow street which led to the Strada, and soon stopped at a small, mean-looking shop.

Taking leave of her kind companions, who seemed very reluctant to go in, Beatrice entered alone. A harsh voice, in an unfamiliar language, demanded her business. How strange does another tongue sound in our ears! Though perfectly acquainted with Italian, the question was thrice repeated before she comprehended its meaning. Glancing hurriedly around, to ascertain if they were alone, she approached the thin, miserable-looking being whose figure began to emerge from the surrounding darkness; she leant forward, and, in a whisper, pronounced the pass-word taught by her father. The old man hastily pulled down his spectacles from their sinecure office on his forehead, and looked at her with an expression of most angry amazement. "Now, the good St. Januarius help me! but it is my opinion that all the world are gone mad. Women and mischief, women and mischief—when were they ever separate?"

"I shall trouble you but little," said Beatrice, her pride and her presence of mind rising together: "I am the daughter of Don Henriquez de los Zoridos: my father is here, I believe, and it is at his bidding that I have come."

"Don *Henriquez here*!—no, indeed: evil was the hour

that ever I listened to any of his wild schemes! Why, the insurrection he went to head, and which was to change the whole face of affairs in Spain, was blown away like a swarm of musquitos. Zoridos has, I dare say, been killed — I have heard nothing of him — I know nothing about him."

"A fortnight," said Beatrice, "has not elapsed since I heard from my father: he appointed to meet me here, as at the house of one who knew his secrets and held his property."

"Property!" said the man hastily, and with a more civil manner — "I never denied it — I am a safe person to trust. So the Don has escaped? I hope he's by this time sick of conspiracies. One wax taper, two wax tapers, to the good Saint Januarius, to set me free of these luckless Carbonari! No good comes of change. How has the world gone on so long, if every thing needs altering now? But you, Senhora, what do you want with me?"

"Protection in a strange city till my father's arrival — or till I can hear from my friends. Fear not that Don Henriquez will spare his reward."

"Well, if this is not too bad!"

But what the new speaker, a woman, thought too bad, was not destined to be expressed at this moment; for, Signor Pachetti hastily dragging his most unwilling companion into some room behind, their words were quite inaudible. In a few minutes they reappeared. Signor Pachetti introduced the female as his wife, who desired the Donna to walk in — in a tone which sounded as if she had said, walk out.

The evening had now closed in, and a little earthenware lamp dimly lighted a small close room, where a table was laid, apparently for supper. Her hostess pushed forwards a chair, and, after examining the contents of a closet, sat down also. The husband, who had employed the interval in closing the shop, re-entered, and likewise drew a chair to the table. A hungry-looking hag brought in a dish of fried fish; and supper began in the most profound silence, only broken by Signor Pachetti's occasionally offering to help his guest, which he did in a hesitating voice, and every word accompanied by a deprecating glance at his wife, who returned it with one of those dark frowns which are the black clouds that foretell a domestic *tempest*.

Beatrice now found herself in that most painful situation —

an unwelcome visitor — knowing that she was an intruder, yet utterly unable to help herself. Supper was scarcely over, when her hostess rose — "I suppose the stranger sleeps here — you can come this way." So saying, she lighted another lamp, and showed her unfortunate guest to a room, the dirt and misery of whose appearance was as new to her as it was wretched. Without a word, she set down the lamp, and slammed the door — the very eloquence of anger to the vulgar.

Disappointment too great to bear — vexation at the timidity which had prevented her asking about Lorraine — anger at her reception — dismay at her situation, overcame all her resolution, and it was long before she even struggled with her passion of tears. The absurdity would have lightened the insult, could she have suspected that her hostess was jealous, not inhospitable. Jealousy ought to be tragic, to save it from being ridiculous.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You're very welcome." — SHAKESPEARE.

"Yet the charmed spell
Which summons man to high discovery
Is ever vocal in the outward world,
Though they alone may hear it who have hearts
Responsive to its tone. The gale of spring,
Breathing sweet balm over the western waters,
Called forth that gifted old adventurer
To seek the perfumes of spice-laden winds
Far in the Indian isles."
Cambridge Prize Poem: the North-west Passage. G. S. VENABLES.

"DON'T you, Mandeville, take an especial interest in your young plantations, and say to yourself, 'How much more taste I have in the disposition of oak, elm, and beech, than my ancestors had!'"

"To what does this allusion, whose truth I confess, tend?" said her husband, smiling.

"Why, I want you to sympathise with me in my rejoicing over Emily's improvement; you know I set it all down to my own judicious advice and exquisite example."

"You need not put on a deprecating look; I am not going to find a single fault. Emily is wonderfully improved — she

has lost all that was painful, and retained all that was pleasing in her timidity; and to her own natural graces she has added divers acquired ones, for which I do confess she is greatly indebted to you; and then she is so very much prettier than I ever gave her credit for being."

"That is," said Lady Mandeville, "because now you always see her dressed to advantage."

"Nay, Ellen, you will not tell me that a pretty gown makes a pretty woman."

"It does a great deal towards it; but you gentlemen always run away with some vague idea of white-muslin and cottage-bonnet simplicity, which you call dress—which in reality ought to be numbered among the fine arts, and requires both natural and cultivated taste. Now, Emily had the one, but wanted the other. During her first season she was left to her own inventions — the heaviest of misfortunes to a young damsel. Lady Alicia was just 'ivorie neatly fashioned;' and Emily came up to town a domestic darling and rural beauty. Her self-estimate was at once true and false—true, as regarded the really pretty face she did possess; false, as regarded the effect to be produced by the said face. She was not so much vain, as convinced of her own importance, from having been all her life the principal object in her own circle; finding herself suddenly of little consequence, she shrank back into all her natural timidity, and left London with a great stock of mortification, a little sentiment, and having acquired more knowledge than wisdom."

"Wisdom," observed Lord Mandeville, "is only knowledge well applied."

"My pretty *protégée* was very little likely to turn hers to much account. Remember how we found her — living in the most entire seclusion, cherishing grief like a duty, nursing all sorts of fancies 'vain and void,' neglecting herself, indulging in the most morbid sensibility, and having every probability of wasting the best days of her life in sickly seclusion, and either dying of a consumption, or, when she came to the romantic age in woman — I mean between forty and fifty — marrying some fortune-hunter who could talk sentiment, or resembled her first love. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* A beauty and *an heiress* — coming out under my auspices! think of the *effect* Emily Arundel will produce next season."

"Why not marry her at once to Cecil Spenser?" said Lord Mandeville, abruptly.

There is a most characteristic difference in the way a man and a woman take to introduce a desired topic: the one, like a knight, claps spurs to his steed, and rides straight into the field; the other, like an Indian, fights behind cover, and watches her opportunity; the knight often misses the enemy, the Indian never. Lord Mandeville was more abrupt than ingenious.

"I marry Emily to Mr. Spenser!" said the lady, with a most meek air of utter inability; "really I do think she may be allowed a choice of her own. I cannot take her feelings, as well as her ringlets, under my charge. You give me credit for authority which I not only do not possess, but should be sorry to acquire."

"Well, Ellen, you must have your own way: but this I must say, Emily Arundel is a girl of whose strong feelings I think even your penetration is scarcely aware."

"Truly I am one very likely to encourage romance in any young lady! Did you ever know me to patronise moonlight walks, or talk even forgivingly of cottages and roses? and have I not a natural antipathy to honeysuckle?"

"'And raillery takes the field for reason:'

it is vain to argue with a woman: just like walking in London on a rainy day, for every step forward, you slide back two at least; and even as the mud slips from under you, so does her mind. I wish, Ellen, you were a little more reasonable."

"You should have thought of that before you married me; but now your misfortune is irreparable,

'Till gentle Death shall come and set you free.'

And there is the carriage; so now for our drive — I want to make some purchases in La Strada."

How very satisfactory those discussions must be, where each party retains their own opinion! Presentiments—those clouds, indicative of change, which pass over the mind — what are they? They come, and they come not. Who shall deny but that some events "cast their shadows before;" while others, and those, too, the great ones of our life, come suddenly and without sign:

"As ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity?"

Surely some presentiment ought to have informed both Emily and Lady Mandeville of the event that day was to bring forth. It came not; and they set off for the gay shops of La Strada, as if only a few yards of riband had depended on that morning. They were all in the very act of returning to the carriage, when who should emerge from a small, mean-looking jeweller's shop but Edward Lorraine! Emily saw him first — how soon we recognise the object uppermost in the mind! — she did not, however, even attempt to speak — her cheek grew pale — her heart seemed to stop beating—she almost felt as if she wished him not to recognise them: the next minute they all met, and Lady Mandeville was the first to exclaim,

"Mr. Lorraine! now what chance brought you here?"

"A most fortunate one," replied Edward; and mutual and cordial greetings took place, — though there was something very satisfactory to Cecil Spenser in Emily's silence, and cold and distant bow. There are a great many false things in this world, but none are so false as appearances.

"Of course you will accompany us home," said Lord Mandeville.

"I suppose you are just arrived."

"I arrived yesterday."

Inquiries of that small kind with which conversation after absence always commences among friends, occupied the way to the carriage. Lorraine was installed in the vacant place, the other two gentlemen following on horseback. Lady Mandeville was in the best of all possible humours — she was really glad to see Edward on his own, and delighted to see him on Emily's account. In short, to use the favourite newspaper phrase for all cases of escape, whether from fire, water, or mailcoachmen (we mean their driving), his appearance was "quite providential." She was only anxious about Miss Arundel's looks — they were irreproachable. The pretty little mouth, all unconsciously, had broken into "dimples and smiles," the eyes darkened and danced in their own delight, and their colour was like that of the young rose when it puts back its green hood from its cheek, crimson with the first kisses of the morning. A little judicious encouragement soon led her to take part in the conversation, — and the drive seemed ended almost before it had begun. Edward could not *help* pausing on the steps of the hall, to express his admira-

on of the great improvement in Emily. "What a lovely ·eature she is grown!" Lady Mandeville gave him the very veetest of smiles.

Their early dinner was ready; and some of the party, at ·ast, were very happy. Lord Mandeville partially forgot the ıterests of his young friend in the charm of Edward's con-ersation. Cecil was the only one who was in the "winter f discontent;" but it was very hard to be placed himself etween a French countess — young, pretty, and exacting the mount of such demands in full — and a Miss Arabin, an 'nglish heiress, whose designs upon him had grown from musing to alarming. He had not even the consolation of tting opposite to Emily; she was on the other side, between ıe Countess' husband — a man whom nothing abstracted ·om the glorious science to which, as he said, he had for ears devoted every faculty of his body and his mind, viz. ıting. To enjoy his dinner first, and afterwards to reflect on ıat enjoyment, comprised the whole of his estimate of table uties: as for talking, it was sometimes matter of necessity, ut never of pleasure. It was said he only married in order ı have a wife to talk for him; and if any one asked him how e did, his constant reply was, *mais demandez à ma femme.* 'here was no hope, therefore, of his distracting Emily's at-ntion from the handsome Lorraine on the other side. How human happiness ever to be arranged, when the same cause roduces such different effects? Emily's satisfaction was tterly irreconcilable with Cecil's. In the position of the table ıe could imagine no change for the better. Poor Cecil re-gned himself in despair to the gaiety of the Countess, and ıe sentiment of the heiress. He turned from the bright lack eyes of the one to the soft blue eyes of the other, and he ıcaped from a smile only to be lost in a sigh. Miss Arabin ıoked at him, *la bella Comtesse* laughed at him. Please to emember there are two ways of laughing at a person; and Iadame de St. Ligne had often had the pretty French madri-al applied to her:

> "Elle a très bien cette gorge d'albâtre,
> Ce doux parler, et ces beaux yeux;
> Mais, en effet, ce petit ris folâtre
> C'est à mon gré ce qui lui sied le mieux."

To be laughed at with eyes full of compliment, and a ıouth whose teeth were little seed-pearls, ought to have been

rather pleasant; but Cecil was not in a humour to be pleased. Miss Arabin, seeing he was graver than his wont, looked as sad as she conveniently could — gravity and sensibility being, with her, synonymous. She talked of withered flowers and blighted feelings — of the worthlessness of fortune when weighed in the scale of affection — and of the little real happiness there is in this world; till Cecil took refuge from them both, by being suddenly most deeply interested in a discussion carrying on opposite to him, about the facilities of going by steam to Timbuctoo. The consequence was, that Miss Arabin said he was such a coxcomb, and Mde. de St. Ligne that he was *si bête*.

"To me," remarked Lord Mandeville, "there is something very melancholy in the many valuable lives which have been sacrificed during the course of African discovery. But I believe that travelling is as much a passion as love, poetry, or ambition. What of less force than a passion could, in the first instance, induce men to fix their thoughts on undertakings whose difficulties and dangers were at once so obvious and so many? What but a passion (and the energy of passion is wonderful) could support them through toil, hardship, and suffering — all in the very face of death — and for what? But true it is, that of any great exertion in which the mind has part, the best reward is in the exertion itself."

"I do not know any thing," observed Mr. Brande, "that has more moved my sympathy than Bruce's position on his return home. After all he had suffered, and, still more, all he had overcome, to find, when he arrived in his own country, having performed one of the most extraordinary undertakings that was ever accomplished by a single individual, — to find, I say, on his return, that he was a by-word and a mockery; his honourable feelings as a gentleman insulted by disbelief of his assertions; and his own high sense of difficulties dared and overcome, laid in the dust by sneer and ridicule, which must have entered into his very soul, and left their own littleness behind."

"Or," returned Lord Mandeville, "what do you say to Columbus returning laden with irons from his own discovered world, which, to this very day, does not even bear his name?"

"Why, I say," exclaimed Cecil, "that I do not see the advantage of taking much trouble about any thing."

"I cannot agree with you," said Edward. "The imagination makes the delight of the exertion which itself supports. The feeling with which Columbus saw the gleam of that white-winged bird which avouched that land was near — the breath of leaves and spices, sweet airs whose sweetness was of the 'earth, earthy' — the dim outline of the shore becoming gradually distinct, as the night-shade broke away from the face of morning and a new world, — I do think that such a feeling might be weighed in the balance with thousands of disgusts and disappointments, and find them wanting, and not pressing down the scale."

"I believe," observed Lady Mandeville, "that our greatest enjoyments go into the smallest space: they are like essences — the richer the more they are concentrated. One drop of the attar condenses a whole valley of roses."

"But, sir," said Mr. Brande — who, being a traveller himself, considered that their injuries were personal ones — "look at the long years of obloquy and wrong, of taunts and doubts, which embittered Bruce's return home."

"I can only repeat, — think of his feelings when he stood by the three mystic and sacred fountains, and saw the morning sun shine on their deep waters, and could say to himself, 'I alone, and unaided, have done what kings, at the head of banded armies, tried to do and failed. I am the Alexander of the Nile.' I say of these fountains, what Scott says of a martial company,

> ''Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array.'

"Besides, do you hold as nothing his own consciousness of right?"

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Brande, "truth is a good thing — a very good thing — but one likes to have it believed; and a traveller has a right to his honours, as a labourer to his hire."

"Ah!" said Lady Mandeville, "I see how it is. Mr. Brande would like his Travels to Timbuctoo to go through some dozen editions — to enlist the whole alphabet after his name, as fellow of this society, and fellow of the other — honorary member of half the continental institutes — some score of silver and gold medals laid in red morocco cases on his table — his name to be affixed to some red or yellow flower never heard of but in a book, nor seen but in a print — or to

have some rock christened as an island in honour of hi also, to have his picture taken and engraved."

"Add to these, my lady," replied the traveller, laug "the privilege of telling my own stories after dinner un tradicted."

"I thank you," said Lorraine, "for reinforcing my favo theory, which maintains that a love of talking is the feature of the present time. Steam is not half so muc characteristic as speechifying."

"Our monopoly of talking," observed Lady Mande "is being transferred to you gentlemen. I saw some En newspapers the other day, and I must say, London just seems visited with the plague of tongues. Why, there i friend Mr. Delawarr, every evening—poor unhappy Wedne not now excepted—gets up and speaks at the rate of ten an hour, or, I should rather say, ten hours a mile, to jud the little progress he makes. When did any of us ever quarter so much?"

"The supply," replied Lord Mandeville, "in this does not create the demand. What woman could ever listeners willing to go such lengths?"

"There, now!" exclaimed Mde. de Ligne, "that sp is just your *belle alliance* of *persiflage* and politeness: ha what *vos autres Anglais* call witty speeches, are only Who but an Englishman would have thought of telli woman she would not be listened to?"

"Perhaps a Turk," replied Lord Mandeville.

"Ah, you see you are forced to seek a likeness to you among barbarians," returned the lady.

"Do you regret or rejoice at the prospect of returnin England?" asked Lorraine of Emily.

"I count the days. I have been surprised — delighte with a great deal that I have seen; but I quite pine to be the old hall, and be at home again."

"Ah, Emily!" exclaimed Lady Mandeville, "you are tensely English. I believe, in your heart, you think the so called of Sir John Arundel's chapel, which said ruins sist of a broken wall and some scattered bricks, are more turesque than all the mouldering temples, half marble and acanthus, to be found in Italy; and I am persuaded one reason why you want to be at home again, is to see if myrtle-tree is grown taller than yourself."

"I, for one," said Edward, "sympathise in Miss Arundel's reminiscences. I do not go quite the length of the modern philosopher, who asserts that our nature is not wholly sophisticated so long as we retain our juvenile predilection in favour of apple-dumpling; but I do think that the affection which clings to the home of our childhood—the early love which lingers round the flowers we have sown, the shrubs we have planted—is, though a simple, a sweet and purifying influence on the character. I cannot help thinking, that the drooping bough, the fairy-like rose, lend something of their own grace to one who has loved them and made them her companions."

"Now," ejaculated Lady Mandeville, "I expect to hear, as a finish, that you have fallen in love with some mountain nymph, who has found your heart weak and large enough to contain herself, crook, flock, simplicity and all."

"I plead guilty," said Edward, "to no such pastoral taste."

"A gentleman's idea of simplicity always amuses me," returned Lady Mandeville. "I have nothing to say against nature—and I have no doubt a lady made by her would be a very charming person; but where is unsophisticated nature to be found? where is the beauty, however rustic or rural she may be, without some touch of art? And if nature is to be modelled, let it be by refinement, grace, and education. Again I say, I laugh at your idea of simplicity. It always puts me in mind of the heroines in novels, from Sir Walter Scott's Di Vernon downwards. In order to give an idea of beauty unspoiled by art, the heroine's hat falls off, and her hair falls down, while she looks lovely in dishevelled ringlets. Now, they quite forget two things: first, that though the hat may come off, it is by no means a necessary consequence that the hair should come down too; and, secondly, if it did, the damsel would only look an untidy fright. And your notions of simplicity in real life are just as consistent."

"Do you not think," asked Mde. de Ligne, "that there are some faces which a simple style suits?"

"Agreed," replied Lady Mandeville; "but I hope you call such style only

'The carelessness yet the most studied to kill.'"

"How beautiful," said Mr. Brande, "is the simplicity of the ancient statues!"

"Yet they would have been," retorted Lady Mandeville, "just as natural in an uneasy or an ungraceful attitude; but the sculptor had the good taste to select the attitude most pleasing, the folds of drapery the most harmonious."

"Lady Mandeville only contends," said Edward, "that Nature should make, not a sacrifice, but an offering to the Graces."

"Few things have struck me more since my arrival in Italy," said Mr. Brande, "than the little real love my countrymen have for the fine arts; they may affect 'a taste,' but 'they have it not.' I should have wondered still more at this want, had I not felt it in myself. I have seen others hurrying, and I have hurried, from collection to collection, from gallery to gallery, with nothing but the fear of the future before my eyes — that future which, when we return home, makes it an imperative necessity to say we have seen such things. We rise up early in the morning, and late take rest—we crowd time and memory, for the sake of one pleasant remark, 'Well, I do declare it is quite wonderful that you could manage to see so much in so short a time!'"

"Our English taste for the fine arts," said Lord Mandeville, "may be classed under two heads—ostentatious and domestic. Our nobility and gentry buy fine pictures and statues as they do fine furniture, to put in fine rooms. They are indications of wealth — articles of luxury — bought far more with reference to what others will think, than to what we ourselves will feel. A gentleman fills his gallery with paintings, and his sideboard with plate, on the same principle. Then, as to objects of art that attain the greatest popularity among us — which are they? Portraits of ourselves, our wives, children, brothers, uncles, nephews, nieces, and cousins. We like paintings of horses, bulls, dogs, &c.; or we like small scenes from common life — children, especially if they are naughty— and a set of breakfast or tea-things are irresistible. In sculpture, who will deny our preference for busts, or our passion for monuments? What are the casts which enjoy most plaster-of-Paris popularity? Napoleon in his cocked hat — the Duke of Wellington — Tam-o'Shanter and Souter Johnny—though even these yielded in attraction to china Madame Vestris or *Liston* as broom-girls."

"The prettiest casts that ever found favour in our island

eyes," added Lorraine, "were the reading and writing Cupids. People bought them out of compliment to their own little chubby cherubs. 'Pretty dears!' I once heard a woman say — 'bless their nice little fat arms!'"

"Look at the enthusiasm," rejoined Mr. Brande, "about the works of art at Rome. The story of the barber — I have forgotten the artist's name — who flung himself at the cardinal's feet, and implored him to take away his life, but not the picture which had been painted beneath his roof, — is a simple fact. The very postilions rein up their horses, and point out to strangers, with a gesture of pride, the first glimpse of St. Peter's. It would be long enough before one of Mr. Newman's post-boys stopped on Highgate Hill to point out the cupola of St. Paul's."

"And yet," said Lorraine, "we are not without some sort of attachment to it — I do think we attach an idea of respectability to St. Paul's."

"Perhaps," returned Lady Mandeville, "from its vicinity to the Bank — to say nothing of its utility to set watches by."

"Our insular imagination is the exact reverse," observed Lord Mandeville, "of the Italians': theirs delights in outward impressions — ours dwells on internal impressions; theirs is the imagination of the ideas — ours of the feelings; they create a world — we exaggerate the influences of the one in which we live. Whether in painting or in poetry, we are egotists — we like what we can bring home to ourselves. Byron is our poet of passion — because it is passion we have felt, or fancied we have felt or could feel. Wordsworth is our poet of philosophy — because we all think we have practised, or could practise, his philosophy. The groundwork of the imagination of the Italians is fancy — that of the English is sentiment."

"It is curious to observe," said Mr. Brande, "the varieties of national character. The laws of the universe" ——

"Nay," exclaimed Lady Mandeville, "pray keep a discussion on the laws of the universe till we are in England — it will accord with the reigning whim. While reforming and settling as we are now doing, to arrange for the whole world will be a small matter. But such a weighty business is too much for this land of sunshine and rose — I move we do adjourn the meeting."

"It is an old privilege of mine," said Lorraine, "to bring my adventures to your feet. I have really been sufficiently romantic lately for recital. May I find audience 'meet, though few?" Lady Mandeville and Emily were standing side by side — both smiled acquiescence. "The balcony of the fountain is the very place wherein to enact a scene from Boccacio."

CHAPTER IX.

"Alas! the heart o'eracts its part; its mirth,
Like light, will all too often take its birth
Mid darkness and decay. Those smiles that press,
Like the gay crowd round, are not happiness —
For Peace broods quiet on her dove-like wings —
And this false gaiety a radiance flings,
Dazzling, but hiding not. And some who dwelt
Upon her meteor beauty, sadness felt;
Its very brilliance spoke the fevered breast —
Thus glitter not the waters when at rest." — L. E. L.

Who that had looked on that trio, as the young cavalier commenced his narration, but would have thought, "what a fairy-like picture of beauty and enjoyment!" The balcony was filled with young orange-trees, wearing the first white promises of coming spring, whose rich perfume blended with the violets heaped below. A little fountain flung up its sparry rain, which then fell on the leaves around, and there lay glistening. Grove and garden were wrapped in that rich purple atmosphere when day has caught the first shadow of night — its softness, but not its gloom. There was a glorious sunset on the other side of the house, but the sky opposite was clear and pale, and only edged towards the west by two or three wandering clouds, whose freight of colour softened from crimson to the faintest rose. A large window opened into the room, whose painted walls looked in the dim light as if life were in their graceful forms. A small statue of Hebe was placed on the balcony, and against that Emily leant, so near that the hues of her own cheek were reflected on the marble.

Lorraine had resolved, if possible, to interest Lady Mandeville in the beautiful but isolated Spanish girl. He had

.ved too much in society not to be solicitous about its opinion; nd was somewhat over-anxious that Beatrice should at once ake that place which would meet both her deserts and his vishes. The difference that there is between a woman's love ınd a man's! His passion may lead him, in the first instance, :o act in opposition to opinion — but its influence is only suspended; and soon a sneer or a censure wounds his pride and weakens his love. A woman's heart, on the contrary, reposes more on itself; and a fault found in the object of her attachment is resented as an injury: she is angered, not altered.

Briefly, as briefly as lover could well speak of his mistress, Edward recounted his engagement with Beatrice de los Zoridos; and never, certainly, was narrative less interrupted. Lady Mandeville dared not even look at Emily; and when under the absolute necessity of saying something, the very faculty of speech seemed to desert her. It looked so odd not to reply to Edward with all the kindness he had a right to expect; while it would be so cruel to Emily to congratulate him with any degree of warmth. To her utter astonishment, Emily actually was the first to speak. "Nay, Mr. Lorraine, you ought to canvass me; do you not know that all the gracious countenance Lady Mandeville can extend is mine by pledge and promise? I do not know whether I will allow her to grant the light of her favour to any rival next season — more specially to one so dangerous to the undivided effect I mean to produce, as this beautiful and interesting unknown."

Edward made some deprecatory reply; and Lady Mandeville recovered breath and presence of mind together.

"Positively," exclaimed Madame de Ligne, "I will admit no more of these divided councils — I am tired of monsieur votre mari, because he is tired of me. Mr. Spenser looks sad, and Mr. Brande stupid; Miss Arabin is in an attitude which there is no one to admire, excepting my husband, who is asleep. The saloon is lighted; and I heard some visitors come in as I left it."

Lady Mandeville rose, and drew Emily's arm within her own; she felt it tremble, and press hers convulsively. It was but a moment; the Countess caught Emily's hand, and said, "Come with me, *ma mignonne:* I have a fancy to-night *de faire des tableaux vivans,* and your services will be invaluable."

"I shall bring more willingness than ability," replied Emily; "but I will promise to do my best."

The whole party, excepting the two, adjourned to the saloon, which showed sign of the Countess's preparations by a large picture-frame, before which was hung a curtain. In a very brief space the curtain was drawn aside, and showed what seemed a tent. The subject of the picture was Roxelana receiving a present of the Sultan from a young Greek girl. The Countess personified the brilliant coquette to perfection. Half enveloped in a splendid cashmere — the letter of the Sultan flung beneath one very pretty foot, which a furred and scarlet slipper, "*bien plus Arabe qu'en Arabie,*" showed to perfection — a very white arm hung over a pillow of the sofa and round it — the other little hand was clasping an additional chain of gems, which were not so bright as the eyes that were fixed upon them in smiling and sparkling attention. As the Countess herself said, her personification of Roxelana was a triumph of the fine arts. Fortunately, the spectators could not look at one without seeing the other, or Mde. de Ligne would scarcely have been satisfied with the effect produced by her young companion.

Emily had on a long loose white dress, closed round the throat, with a narrow band of gold, and gathered round the waist with another band of gold, only broader. Her arms, enveloped in the large sleeves, were crossed, after the eastern fashion of homage, and she knelt a little in the background at the one end of the sofa. A crimson turban, worn low on the forehead, entirely concealed her hair; and the profile of her face was turned towards the audience. It was impossible to give a more exquisite representation of a young Greek girl, parted from the home of her childhood and her affections. With all the beauty, but none of the brilliancy of youth — the perfect outline of face — the marble-pale cheek, on which rested the long dark eyelash, curled and glistening with unshed tears — the rich relief of the crimson turban, which made the face look even more colourless — the white slender throat — the finely curved mouth, whose deep red seemed that of fever, and wearing

"The sweetness of a smile,
But not its gaiety;" —

the subdued and drooping attitude — nothing could more ac-

curately depict the "delicate Ionian" pining for her own free and mountain village.

The curtain fell, and in a few moments the fair pictures stepped into life. The Countess, to whom activity was enjoyment, and who imagined if people were quiet they must be dull, proposed proverbs. The one they selected for illustration was "*chemins divers—même bût*"—"divers roads, and the same end." The Countess and Emily were two sisters, each of whom affects an attachment to the cavalier she cares not for, to pique the one she prefers. Madame de Ligne, who always considered choice as her privilege, had a fancy for being sentimental; the livelier sister was, therefore, left in Emily's hands. Lorraine and Spenser were to enact the lovers; and the one or two subordinate parts were soon filled up by the rest of the company.

Both Madame de Ligne and Edward acted admirably. Spenser was out of humour, and took his Englishman's privilege of showing it: but Emily was the charm of the piece. Her vivacity appeared as graceful as it was buoyant; her gay spirit seemed the musical overflowings of youth and happiness; her eye and cheek brightened together; and her sweet glad laugh was as catching as yawning. It is utterly impossible to say more. The little piece was shortened by Madame de Ligne, who, having always looked upon Emily as a pretty painting, had only expected her to make a good side-scene and was more surprised than pleased by a display that cast herself quite into the background.

"Indeed, Ellen," said Lord Mandeville, earnestly, "our little Emily is overacting her part. I grant that Lorraine must be struck with her improvement; but, indeed, there is too much display for attraction."

"You are quite mistaken; but take no notice now," was the reply. "Is it possible," thought Lady Mandeville, "that I have all along been mistaken, and that Emily is really indifferent to Lorraine? Has she hitherto been withheld from expressing her real opinion from deference to mine, and from supposing him to be my favourite?"

This idea was only started to be rejected. A thousand slight but strong circumstances rose to her memory.

"I do believe she had a preference for him! but, alas! amusement is wonderfully in the way of constancy. Emily is

a very sweet creature, but it requires strength of mind for strength of attachment."

How little do even our most intimate friends know of us! There is an excitement about intense misery which is its support: light sufferings spring to the lips in words, and to the eyes in tears; but there is a pride in deep passion which guards its feelings from even the shadow of a surmise. 'Tis strange the strength which mingles with our weakness, that even in the suffering which sends the tear to the eye — not to be shed, but there to lie in all its burning and saltness — which swells in the throat but to be forced down again, like nauseous medicine; even in this deep and deadly suffering, vanity finds a trophy of power over which to exult. It is somewhat that speaks of mental command, to think how little the careless and the curious deem of the agony which, like a conqueror, is reigning in misery and desolation within.

"Leaving Naples early to-morrow," exclaimed Lord Mandeville, "and returning to Spain?"

"Yes," replied Edward, "and that must plead my excuse for hurrying away to-night."

"Well, I suppose," returned his host, "I must take no note of your departure;

> 'For well I wot unwelcome he
> Whose glance is fixed on those that flee.'"

"And, considering what I leave behind," said Edward, smiling, and looking towards the bright and gay-looking groups which were flitting through the saloon, "I ought to depart with the two following lines,

> 'And not a star but shines too bright
> On him which takes such timeless flight.'"

"I pity you so very much for leaving us," said Emily, with a sweet glad laugh; for she and Mr. Spenser had been standing near enough to hear all the conversation.

"I have a favour to ask of you, Mandeville," said Lorraine, drawing him a little aside, while he proceeded to recommend Don Henriquez to his protection and assistance, should he arrive in Naples before they left.

"I am so surprised," said Spenser, abruptly, "that Mr. Lorraine should be leaving Naples so immediately."

"Nay," returned Emily, "Spain is a very interesting

country, and it was only urgent business that brought him to Naples."

"I should like to know what it was," said Spenser, quite unconscious that he was thinking aloud.

"Never reproach our sex with curiosity," replied Emily; "see how curious you are yourself. I beg leave to tell you, it is something romantic and very mysterious; and that, to our feminine credit be it known, I am aware of the secret, and do not intend telling it."

"Really," said Miss Arabin, veiling spleen in smiles — its common veil, by the by — "I cannot allow you, Miss Arundel, to stand there flirting the whole evening," they had not been talking five minutes, "with Mr. Spenser. An Englishman is such a rarity here, that he ought to be public property."

Mr. Spenser wished the fair intruder at the devil, at least. Emily felt thankful to her; for Edward at that moment approached to say good night. The pulses of her heart were like the chords of an instrument strung to their highest pitch. She bade him farewell with equal kindness and gaiety, and turned away to waltz with one of their other visitors. She did not see him leave the room, but she heard the door close after him; that slight noise fell like a dead weight upon her ear. At first she listened without understanding what her partner was saying. Again the pride of concealment came to her assistance, and her gay voice and laugh startled Lady Mandeville. She looked earnestly at Emily — the bright eye, the flushed colour, the unusual vivacity, betrayed more than it concealed.

"I was wrong," thought she, "in supposing she felt little, because she controlled it — she has more self-command than I gave her credit for. The desire of hiding a disappointment is one great step towards conquering it altogether. My part must be to observe her as little as possible. I always did, and always shall, doubt the advantages of consolation. There's now a prospect for Cecil Spenser — many a heart is caught in the rebound."

At last the evening came to a close. Madame de Ligne was glad of it; for it had brought the disagreeable conviction, that Emily had produced more effect than herself. Spenser was glad of it; for he was not quite satisfied with Miss Arundel's gaiety. Lord Mandeville was glad of it; for his curiosity was waiting to be gratified — and curiosity, like a pow-

man, dislikes to be kept waiting. Miss Arabin was glad of it; for it would be some comfort to vent upon her maid the rage excited by Spenser's indifference. Lady Mandeville was equally rejoiced to see her guests depart; for she was both anxious and weary; and as she was under the necessity of telling her husband how completely mistaken she had been, the sooner it was told the better. So much for the enjoyment of such a pleasant party, composed of such delightful people!

"Emily, love," said Lady Mandeville, "you have exerted yourself so much this evening, that you must be tired — there now, go at once, like a good child, to bed."

Emily took the lamp: it was a relief, that Lady Mandeville evidently had no intention of being either consoling or confidential. She longed, yet dreaded, to be by herself — she felt as if another minute, and the throbbing head and beating heart could be subdued no longer. She left the room quiet and smiling.

"Thank God!" exclaimed she, as she found herself in her own chamber, "I am alone."

The proof that keen feelings are incompatible with happiness is shown in the fact, that the young commit suicide, the old never. The old have outlived that mental world we so misname in calling it a world of enjoyment; — they have outlived the feverish dreams which waste those keen hopes — the pelicans of the heart, feeding on the life-blood of their parent; — they have now no part in the excitement of success, whether in its desire or disappointment. Delicate food, the card-table, money, are the delights of old age; and do we, then, become content in proportion as our contentment becomes of "the earth, earthy?" Are the feelings that redeem, the aspirations that dignify our nature, only like the ancient tyrant's machine of torture, which, under the semblance of beauty, stabbed the bosom which clung to it? Who is there that has not, at some period or other, paused, as it were, upon existence, to look to the past with sorrow, the present with weariness, the future with loathing? and when has such pause been made but in youth?

The difference between past grief and past joy is this — that if the grief recurred again to-day, we should feel it as *bitterly* as ever; but if the joy returned, we should no longer *have* the same delight in it.

There are many paths to lead to this (as the little matrimonial maps call it) rock of disappointment. Emily had trodden but one — it was short and bitter enough — that of unrequited affection. Early solitude had increased the power of imagination — early indulgence had weakened her moral, as much as delicate health had relaxed her physical energy. Love, to a girl who has lived secluded from the world, is a very different thing from love to a girl who has lived in society: sentiment will be the Scylla of the one, as vanity will be the Charybdis of the other.

The keen feeling, the high-toned romance of Emily's character, had she been more accustomed to the harsh realities of life, or been placed in circumstances where exertion was a necessity, would have been sweet and kindly guards against the selfishness contracted in the world: but left to be that character's sole *matériel*, there was no strength to meet sorrow, no reality to ballast romance. A chain of small but unfortunate events had brought her into continual contact with Lorraine. Daily intercourse first gave attachment all the force of habit; — loneliness next gave all the refining exaggeration of utterly unemployed fancy; — and love had become to Emily an imaginary world, where thoughts, hopes, feelings, were all gathered and confided. The wreck was total — as total as that ever is which trusts its all to one argosy. The great happiness-secret, after all, is division. How dare we, in this vain, fleeting world, concentrate our whole freight of interest in one frail bark?

The night was oppressively hot — perhaps the weight at her own heart added to the oppression. She drew to the open window, purple with the night-shadows, made dimly distinct by here and there a distant star; the gulf beneath blended in the darkness, till but one atmosphere seemed both above and below, sometimes illumined by flashes of phosphoric light — meteors that might have suited sea or sky, and, broken by two or three ridges of foam, seen in obscurity, like lines of snow. Her first burst of passionate grief was over, and the relief it gave was over too; — the hysteric rush of long-suppressed tears is enjoyment, compared to the hopeless despondency which succeeds. Emily looked down on the calm deep waters, and wished that she were sleeping beneath them For her the wide world was a desolation; — she felt but th

misery of loving in vain, and the shame which heightens such misery.

Perhaps, from an innate desire of justification, sorrow always exaggerates itself. Memory is quite one of Job's friends; and the past is ever ready to throw its added darkness on the present. Every cause she had for regret rose upon her mind. She thought upon her utterly isolated situation; — the ties of blood, or of that early affection, which supplies their place, were to her but names. She had no claim of kindred, or even of habit, on any living creature — no one in the world whom she could say really loved her, or to whose love she had a right. True, Lady Mandeville had been kind, very kind — but she had so many others to love; and Emily, somewhat forgetful of the real affection ever shown to herself, thought but of the utter want of sympathy between their characters, and shrank from the imaginary picture of that gay temper and sparkling wit being turned against herself. And the next year was to be passed in all the gaiety of London! She was then to join in crowds — all the hurry, all the exertion of pleasure! To be subject to meeting Edward Lorraine, and perhaps his ——; but, even to herself, she did not finish the sentence. "Quiet, quiet," exclaimed she; "it is all I ask — not to be seen — not to be spoken to. Would to God I were with the only human being that ever loved me — in the grave!"

The remembrance of her uncle again brought the tears to her eyes; her face was hidden in her hands; slowly the large drops fell through her slender fingers. Life knows such tears but once.

At this moment the tones of music came upon the wind; at first faint, as if the soft notes had not yet travelled the air, but soon richly distinct in its swell and its softness. Emily had often before listened to that midnight hymn. By moonlight, the white walls and green cypresses were easily seen;— to-night, the dark outline of the little hill was rather fancied than visible. The sound was a sweet and familiar one to Emily; but in her present state of excited feeling, it came like a voice from heaven. It was as if a sign had showed her a place of rest. She thought on the dim light — the monumental repose — the silence of the small chapel — the still, shadowy garden — the veiled figures that have exchanged

ıe for repose, and offer to their God that heart of which world is unworthy. The last echo died over the waters; . Emily's resolution was taken.

Early the next morning, the party met at breakfast, all ıipped for an excursion to Count Orsini's exquisite villa. ɜy were becoming impatient for Emily's appearance, when ıessage was delivered, making her excuses for not joining m, under the feminine and frequent plea of a violent head-

.

ɔord and Lady Mandeville exchanged glances. "Had you better, Ellen," said he, drawing her into the recess of the ıdow, "go to her?"

'I think not. Between ourselves, solitude is the best ıedy for her headach. She is at present too much under influence of recent disappointment to control her feelings; to betray them will be to confide them — and a confidant the worst thing in the world. Vanity will, after a little e, come into play; and the grief that is concealed is half dued."

'Now, my dear Ellen, confess that you do not know what ay. You have, if not directly, yet indirectly, kept alive romantic fancy of Miss Arundel for Lorraine. You ıght of the match as suitable, till it almost seemed certain. ı were neither prepared for the disappointment, nor, I fear, the keenness with which that disappointment will be felt."

'There, now, do not make out the case worse than it ly is. Change of scene, and a new lover, are infallible ɜifics, always supposing there is no character for constancy ıe supported: if I witness the violent sorrow of to-day, I ose upon to-morrow the necessity of being sorry also. hurry — a wish not to disturb her, as she has the head-, so early — are valid excuses for not seeing her this ning. If there is depression, let us not seem to notice it; et us speak as usual of Lorraine. New objects, new ısements, will occupy her mind; and unhappiness, equally ıspected and unspoken, will die of its own nonentity."

'Well, Ellen, I suppose one woman knows best what the ings of another woman are; but I do think you might on with her."

'Reason on an affair of the heart!"

'heir conversation was now interrupted by the rest of the

party becoming impatient to depart. Leaving a kind message for Emily, Lady Mandeville stepped into the carriage, with spirits more depressed than she would willingly have admitted. Perhaps, had she seen Emily that morning, Miss Arundel's whole destiny might have been altered. But Life's great circumstances turn on its small ones. Could we see into the causes of all important events, we should often find that some small and insignificant trifle has been, as it were, their fate.

If any thing could have increased the bitterness of Emily's feelings, it was Lady Mandeville's leaving the house that morning without approaching her: she seemed so neglected, so friendless. She knew that the effect of yesterday's discovery was no secret to Lady Mandeville; and yet, for a few hours' careless amusement, she could leave her without one word of kindness or comfort. Emily's last, perhaps her most painful tears, were shed as she heard the carriages drive from the door. She was mistaken in accusing Lady Mandeville of unkindness; but both were wrong in their judgments. Emily's was unjust, as a judgment formed under one overruling feeling always is; and Lady Mandeville erred in applying a general rule to a particular case.

Which is it most difficult to judge for—others or ourselves? The judgment given in ignorance, or that biassed by passion—which is best? Alas, for human sagacity! and that which is to depend on it—human conduct! Look back on all the past occurrences of our lives;—who are there that, on reflection, would not act diametrically opposite to what they formerly acted on impulse? No one would do the same thing twice over. Experience teaches, it is true; but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again.

CHAPTER X.

" She shrank away from earth and solitude
To the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain:
Life had no ties — she turned her unto Heaven.

" Raised where the pine and hill o'erlook the sea,
Stands thy lone convent, fair St. Valerie:
It has an air of sadness, as just meet
For the wrung heart to find its best retreat."
L. E. L.

You know I always told you how it would be.
Common-place of Domestic Conversation.

was a small room, lined with wainscoting of the black oak, hly carved with that imagery—half fantastic, half religious which marked the works of our industrious and imaginative efathers. The height was quite disproportioned to the e; for the eye could with difficulty trace the rich colouring d fine outline of a group of angels, painted by some artist o had left a work, though not a name, behind. The ndow was large; but what with the branch of a huge cork-e that passed across, and the heavy folds of the purple cur-ns—a purple almost black—the light was nearly excluded. On one side of the room was a large coffer, whose carving s worn smooth and shining with time; and on the other s a cumbrous book-case, filled with large and silver-clasped nes. The only other articles of furniture were a small ble, and a heavy, high-backed chair, covered with black ge. On the table lay an illuminated missal and a silver ucifix. The Abbess herself was seated in the chair — pale, stracted, and with features whose expression, in repose at st, was severe.

The door opened; a bright gleam of sunshine shot into the om, but darkened instantly as the porteress admitted the sitor. The Abbess rose not from her seat, but motioned ith her hand to the stool beside her.

" A stranger and a foreigner," said she, turning a gaze ther earnest than curious on her evidently embarrassed est. " What dost thou seek from the servant of the Madonna?"

A moment's silence intervened, which was broken by the ranger's kneeling beside her.

" I come for *refuge*." The voice, though broken, was

sweet; and the Italian correct, though with the accent of a foreign land.

"Our Lady never yet denied her protection to the unhappy," replied the Abbess, who saw at once that the rank of her suppliant placed her among those to whom assistance is most readily accorded; at the same time, caution might be requisite. "Your voice is sad, but sincere. Let me look upon your face."

Another moment of hesitation, when a tremulous hand removed the bonnet and veil from a countenance whose momentary blush subsided into marble paleness. With the ready recollection of one who sees but few objects for remembrance, the Abbess recognised the young Englishwoman who had so lately visited her convent.

"I told you of the vanity of hope — have my words so soon proved their truth? What does a stranger — whose home is afar — whose faith is not as our faith — want of Our Lady degli Dolori?"

Emily clasped her hands passionately. "Peace — calm — a refuge from a wide and weary world, in which my portion is but sorrow. Home, I have none; — kindred, mine are in the grave; — no living creature will care for my solitude. I ask but a brief sojourn, to turn my thoughts to Heaven, and to die."

"We have here rest for the weary — peace for the bruised and broken heart; but your belief is that of your heretical island: you must have friends who will oppose your intent."

"Friends! I have no friends; at least, none whose care extends beyond courtesy. I cannot argue on points of faith; but our God is the same. Bind me by what vow you please. I am rich — I am independent. Will you shelter me? save me from a troubled and evil world?"

"It were a sin against Our Lady, did I not seek to save the soul she sends me. Come, daughter; henceforth we have but one shrine and one home."

Every individual has some peculiar taste. That of the superior of the Convent of la Madre degli Dolori was for authority. An only child, her sway in the parental house had been absolute, — that over the Count Cimarozzo, her husband, even more so. His death — some ten years before, in embarrassed circumstances, leaving her very much at the mercy of a distant relative, who inherited title and estate, and had, moreover, a lady-ruler of his own — turned the haughty

Countess's views to a cloister. Her own resolute desire of advancement, aided by the family interest, soon placed her at the head of her convent. Without rival or opposition, it may be doubted whether the Sister Cassilda was not a much happier person than the Countess Cimarozzo.

To increase the wealth and power of her convent was the great object of her existence. The rich English convert was indeed a prize. To give her agitation a religious impulse—impress her imagination with some solemn ritual—were the first steps to be taken. That day Emily was kept in a state of powerful excitement. The Abbess asked her no questions; but spoke beautifully and touchingly on the calm of a soul devoted to Heaven, and on the many perils and sorrows of life. She bade her kneel at her side during the service of the day. The deep, solemn tones of the organ, mingled with sweet young voices, filled the chapel.

Emily was now in that mood to which aught of sacrifice is relief; and when—her head almost dizzy with previous agitation, a frame tremulous with exertion, her senses overpowered with music and the faint perfume—the Abbess bade her kneel, and record, with a vow and a sign, her resolve at the altar, the feverish and excited girl was a machine in her hands. She knelt, though supported by the arm of the Abbess, which she yet grasped; a black robe was thrown over her form—a black veil over her head; the nuns crowded round to greet their sister; and Emily, as the Abbess herself hung the rosary and crucifix round her neck, heard her clear, melodious, but determined tones, bless her by the new name of Sister Agatha.

Pale, faint, they led her to a cell appointed to her use. That night it was within the convent that Emily heard the vesper hymn.

On Lady Mandeville's return, her first inquiry was after Miss Arundel; and great was her surprise on hearing that she was absent, and had been absent all day.

"But there's a note, my lady," said one of the servants.

It contained these few words:—

"I have turned from a world which has for me no attractions, and many sorrows. The calm of a religious life is surely *fittest for her who* has no tie, and no home. Forgive *me, my dear kind friend;* but what am I to you?—you have

a husband, children, friends—you are happy. I entre
as a last favour, make no effort to disturb my retreat. I
not—indeed I could not—go to England with you.
for quiet. Farewell—God bless you?"

The paper dropped from Lady Mandeville's hand.

"Good God!—what can be done? We cannot suf
to stay in the convent!"

Lord Mandeville took up the note, and read it t
twice, with an expression of as much grief, but less s
than his wife.

"To-night nothing can be done—you must see h
morrow. Ellen, she is too sweet, too good, too kind,
allowed to sacrifice herself thus."

Early next morning was Lady Mandeville at the gate
convent of Our Lady degli Dolori. Admittance to the
was easily obtained—that to Emily was matter of mor
culty. The rules of the Order—her own desire of sec
were alike urged. But Lady Mandeville was not to be
The marble paleness of her face more visible from the s
piece of black serge across the forehead; her figure e
concealed by the loose dark robe—she scarcely knew
on her entrance. Prayers, remonstrances, nay, repr
were alike in vain. The Abbess had not miscalculat
effect of the yesterday's ceremony—she knew it was no
ing, but its influence as a religious obligation was enth
to a degree. Weak in body, suffering under the reac
excitement, with a vague but strong sense of a solem
the desire of rest, the shame of retracting—all consp
keep firm Emily's resolve. Angry at length—though a
the very spirit of affection—Lady Mandeville rose to d
then, and not till then, did Emily seem to rouse fro
stupor. A thousand acts of kindness rushed at once up
mind—she threw herself on her friend's neck, and
scarcely audible voice called down every blessing from H
upon her and hers. Still she said farewell; and when
Mandeville returned to her carriage, she shed the bi
tears she had ever known.

Gentle, affectionate, full of those small courtesies
dearing in daily life, generally silent, but such an appre
listener, so unworldly, so young, and so lovely—
attached those with whom she lived, more than even

selves suspected. You passed her over among many — you loved her among few. The interest she excited was that of protection. Accustomed always to see her yield her opinion or her inclination, Lady Mandeville never suspected Miss Arundel of taking any decided step. But she forgot that when the very gentle do nerve themselves for action, it is under some strong and sudden impulse, and they then act usually in opposition to the whole of their previous bearing. Opposition is too new not to be carried into obstinacy. It has cost them so much to form a resolution, that they adhere to it with all the pertinacity felt for an uncommon and valuable acquisition.

A thousand times did Lady Mandeville reproach herself for feeding Emily's attachment. It is a dangerous amusement, getting up a little romance in real life — playing private theatricals with the feelings of others. "But who could foresee his going to Spain, and having his head turned by the black eyes of a pretty conspirator? I shall detest the name of patriot as long as I live. What business have they with daughters?" One of the most disagreeable parts of what was disagreeable altogether, was having to tell her husband of the non-success of her morning's expostulation. Not a shadow of blame could be thrown upon him, thereby cutting off one great source of consolation. Fortunately, it was equal matter of regret to both.

After listening patiently to divers plans for forcing the fair recluse from her retirement,

"Time will be our best aid; we can do nothing now; leave her," said Lord Mandeville, "to get tired of her monotonous seclusion — to feel how much she has sacrificed. She cannot take the veil for a year — next Spring we will visit Naples again, and I trust our foolish little Emily will have grown happier and wiser."

Where there is no choice, there must be submission. They had been very intimate with the English Ambassador's family, and to their care and interest they committed Miss Arundel for the present. Lady Mandeville's last act was to write a long, kind, and earnest letter to Emily, and the next day they sailed for England.

The letter never reached the address; and again Emily's heart *died within her* with the feeling of neglect and friend-

lessness. Circumstances close around us with a chain. The Ambassador was suddenly recalled; and she was left without a creature in Naples to feel interest in her fate. The Abbess was not one to neglect such an opportunity. She saw that Emily was only acting under the influence of strong, but temporary feeling. Old habits, old feelings, would be violent in their reaction — the present was every thing.

Three weeks after the departure of the Mandevilles, all Naples flocked to witness the profession of a young Englishwoman, a dispensation having been obtained for the novitiate. The love of sight-seeing is the characteristic of humanity — and a sight that involves aught of human sorrow or human suffering is a thousand times more popular than any display of human ingenuity or human genius. Fireworks that sweep the skies, with a rope-dancer that descends through them like a spirit, to boot, bear no comparison as a spectacle to that of a man hanged! And the most eloquent preacher that ever made the truth of religion come home to the heart, would see his congregation turn aside to witness the immolation of youth, hope, and happiness, in the living sacrifice of the cloister.

It was a cloudless day — one of those when sunshine wraps the earth as with a garment, and the clear air brings out every object in the bright and defined outline; every near wave in the bay was a cut and sparkling diamond, while those in the distance formed one broad sweep of unbroken light. The inhabitants most accustomed to the city looked back on its fairy beauty with delight. The green of the country — grass and tree — was of that soft fresh verdure so short-lived in a warm climate; but as yet not a hue was tarnished, not a leaf fallen. The sunny atmosphere was like wine — the spirits rose buoyantly beneath its influence. It was curious to mark the change as the visitors passed through the little wood of gloomy pines, in which the convent stood. The laughter ceased with the sunshine; the conversation gradually died away before the melancholy and monotonous sound peculiar to the harsh branches of the pines. As they approached the nunnery, many voices joining in the sacred chorus floated from the chapel: all crowded in; and more imaginative impressions were lost in the effort to obtain places.

The chapel was splendidly lighted, though day was carefully excluded. This passing from day to candle-light has a

gularly exciting effect. A thousand wax tapers burned in nour of the Madonna. Four beautiful children swung the ver censers before her picture, till a cloud of incense arose d floated in broken masses to the fretted roof, and the whole was heavy with perfume. On one side, motionless and led, stood a dark-robed group, the nuns themselves — so ll, and each individual figure so shrouded in black drapery, at it seemed more like a painting of life than life itself. t from them arose a strain of the most perfect music: that st exquisite of instruments — the human voice — exerted its utmost power, and tuned to its utmost sweetness.

The fathers of the Italian church well knew the people ey ruled; they knew the Italian susceptibility to sight and and; and they made music and painting the spells of their ay. All was hushed in the most profound silence when the bess led her proselyte to the feet of the bishop. For the t time, she was robed in all that taste could devise, or alth procure. As if to give every possible effect to the ne, the costume of the bride of heaven always slightly fers from the reigning fashion of the day. She was now essed in white satin, the border worked by the nuns in roses th leaves of gold; the stomacher was covered with precious nes; and a girdle like a rainbow encircled her waist: a arf, richly embroidered with many-coloured flowers and gold, l from her shoulders in well-arranged drapery. If the ters had given up dress, whatever became of the practice, theory was perfect. Her hair was simply parted on the ehead, supported by a single comb, and confined by a band of diamonds. Her face only was suffused with a slight icate crimson; and once or twice, as some necessity for vement occurred, the glowing colour gushed over neck, ns, throat, to her very forehead. Emily, in truth, was not all prepared for this theatrical display, or for the crowd it uld draw. The first glance round made her shrink into self with true English sensitiveness of public exhibition: thought that she was there the mark of gaze for hundreds stranger eyes stupified her; her cheek burned with blushes; l, trembling and confused, she obeyed the Abbess almost conscious of her actions.

They unbound the diamond circlet from her brow, and let wn her luxuriant hair — it swept the floor as she knelt.

and the air grew sweet with the fall of its perfumed lengths. Again an overpowering sensation of shame sent the blood to her cheek, and the tears to her eyes. They flung a dark robe over her, and she felt thankful — it was something of concealment. They shred the auburn tresses from her head; and the next moment her face was hidden in the black veil which was to cover it for ever. The chorus raised the glorious music of its triumphal hymn; the incense filled the chapel — its silvery cloud dispersed — but the new-made nun was already lost amid the group of her veiled sisters. The crowd soon separated — acquaintances formed into little knots to discuss the ceremonial and the topics of the day. That evening the young nun lay exhausted between life and death in a brain fever, while all Naples was ringing with the faith, beauty, and fervour of the English proselyte.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh, you know he does not dare say his soul is his own before his wife."
Treatise on Ordinary Experience.

Caterina Pachetti had been a very pretty women, which she remembered more to her own edification than to that of her friends. Whether from design or destiny, she had not married till youth was something on the decline, and then to a man some years her junior. Signor Pachetti was not at that time the rich man he afterwards became: of this his wife did not fail often to remind him. She forgot she had married from desperation rather than disinterestedness. There are two motives to every action, and two versions of every story. He had then had no dealings with conspirators. The opinions which attracted the attention of some of the Carbonari's agents towards him were confined to striking the barber with horror, and the macaroni-seller with dismay. His opinions were now altered, because he acted upon them. His conversations changed with his connexions; and it was impossible to find an individual less liberal in word or action than the secret and trusted agent of the Carbonari. Moore says, that

love

> 'Hath ever thought that pearl the best
> He finds beneath the stormiest water."

In this case business was of the same opinion as love. Pachetti's word was worth a thousand piastres any day; and his cassino on the coast had a very different appearance from his small dark house on the Strada.

The feeling which of yore made the old warrior desire to die in harness, is the same which chains the citizen to his counter. Early habit taking a less picturesque form, Pachetti always spent festivals and Sundays at his cassino, but certainly those days did seem intolerably long. Honest, if not liberal — a sure and prudent agent — his employers and himself had been mutually satisfied. A secret always carries its own importance; and while Pachetti remonstrated on their imprudence, and complained of the danger, his dealings with the Carbonari were, in reality, the enjoyment of his life. He used to vow two wax tapers to Santo Januario, to save a poor quiet trader from such wild doings, and then double the offering lest he should be taken at his word.

To his wife he was the most amiable of husbands: he was not very fond of contradicting any body — he never dreamed of contradicting her. In youth he never noticed her flirtations — in age he never controlled her expenses. Could mortal obedience go farther? Signora Caterina thought it could. Weak, yet cunning — vain, yet conscious of having outlived her attractions — with one of those tempers which we conceive to be the true interpretation of the old fairy tale, where out of the mouth of the party proceeded snakes, toads, locusts, and other pleasantries. Almost desperate for want of a complaint — nerves were not known at Naples — Caterina had a bilious fever — "some demon whispered, have a taste" for jealousy. She recovered on the instant, and jealousy was henceforth the business and the pleasure of her life. The jealousy founded on the affections is torture — that on the temper is enjoyment: —

> "There is a pleasure in the temper's pains,
> Only the temper knows."

It was some months before Signor Pachetti settled into a state of passive endurance: I am not sure whether at first he did not consider it as a personal compliment. But his wife *generalised too much* — her suspicions extended from sixteen

to sixty — and with this latter selection it was impossible to be flattered.

For the last few weeks, a press of business had confined him so closely to his shop, that, as few female neighbours ventured to set foot over her threshold, Caterina's vigilance had sadly lacked employment. The past fortnight had been one of sullenness, cold black looks, short snappish words, and those ingenious contradictions which sometimes vary the halcyon calm of domestic felicity. Beatrice's appearance was quite a godsend. Nothing is more inhuman than a bad temper. The forlorn situation of the young Spaniard only struck her hostess as enabling her to be insolent with impunity.

Weary, but too anxious for sleep, Beatrice gazed round the miserable little room: the walls, from which the plaster was mouldering — the cobwebs, that for years had been gathering on the rafters of the roof — the window, or rather opening, for window there was none, but a wooden shutter, which kept creaking backwards and forwards—the floor, discoloured with dirt—the wretched pallet — all struck her with a sick shudder of loathing and misery. Drawing her cloak round her, she opened the shutter, and, seating herself on a little wooden stool, the only seat in the room, she endeavoured to trace some plan of action. One hope she dwelt upon with mingled timidity and trust: "If Lorraine is in Naples, I have one friend at least." The high blood of her race mounted to the very temples at the thought of dependence even on her lover. Gratitude has nothing to do with love, more especially the imaginative love of a woman. She who would fain give the starry worlds to the object of her affection — it is a fine and beautiful pride which makes her shrink from aught of benefit from him. Once or twice her head dropped in momentary forgetfulness on her arm, but it was only to start again into full and bitter recollection. Towards morning she slept, completely overcome by fatigue. A shrill voice awakened her — it was that of her hostess, politely informing her, "Indeed they could not wait breakfast." Hastily Beatrice descended, drawing her veil close round her head to conceal her hair, whose massive plaits sadly wanted Minora's little mirror. Pachetti received her with a most obsequious bow, and gave her the arm-chair; Caterina stared at her without speaking; down they sat to breakfast.

Beatrice shuddered at the fried fish, swimming in oil, which was placed before her, and gladly filled a cup of water, of which, with a piece of bread, she commenced her meal. "Shame good food should be wasted!" muttered Signora Pachetti. Her husband offered some of the light wine to mix with the water. "I suppose I am not to be helped to-day: well, well, a man's wife is always the last person he thinks of," was the running accompaniment of his agreeable helpmate.

"I believe, Signor Pachetti," said Beatrice, "you have received a packet of much consequence from my father; its bearer ——" for her life she could not have pronounced the name.

"Yes, yes, quite true — by a young English nobleman."

"Do you," asked she, in a low and hesitating voice, "know whether he is in Naples?"

"Naples! — one would have thought our beautiful city had been Palermo (good enough for the Sicilians!), he was in such haste to leave it. He sailed for Spain again a week ago. He was very anxious about your father's escape. I suppose his Eccellenza Inglese was one of those, too, who want to set the world to rights?"

Sailed for Spain! Her heart died within her; unconsciously she grasped the cup of water — a feeling as of suffocation was in her throat — but her hand trembled too much to raise it. Strong as emotion is, small things control it: she caught Caterina's eyes fixed on her with an expression of discovery, and triumph in her disappointment; the tears were forced back, and her steadied hand raised the water to her lips. What an effort it cost her to swallow it! Her voice was somewhat lower, but it was calm, when she again turned to Signor Pachetti, who had been too much occupied with his fish for remark — "Mr. Lorraine — did he leave with you any directions?"

"He gave me the address of the great bankers here; they were to forward any news to London, whither he was to go after a short stay in Spain. He left a letter for your father, in case he arrived here after his departure."

"That letter I will take into my own charge — and I shall trouble you with another to the bankers. And now to proceed to my own arrangements: you have property of my father's in *your hands* — *I* must request an advance."

"I hope my husband will first take good care to know the truth of your story," exclaimed Caterina, whose anger had risen, as anger usually does, on its own encouragement. "A good trade this of a fine day, and a fool to deal with: I think I'll turn Spanish exile myself. You might find a better employment than making quarrels between man and wife. And as for my husband's money, I wish you may get it."

Beatrice rose from her seat perfectly aghast; her conduct, however, required but a moment's deliberation. "I know not," said she to Pachetti, with that quiet, calm tone whose authority is so absolute over passion, "whether your wife is indulging a customary licence of tongue. My business is with you, and you only. You should not have undertaken your office, unless prepared for its various exigencies. I will not deny that I came here with the expectation of receiving protection and assistance, where I have only met with inhospitable insult. But I have not now to learn that my own resolution is my best resource. Here, as in my own country, there are convents; and surely in one of them a noble Spanish maiden may find temporary refuge. I ask no further assistance, Signor, than to point out one which may serve for a present abode."

"A convent!—the best place too," muttered the incorrigible shrew—"a convent! your best possible plan! I was sure a lady of your noble birth and habits could never condescend to put up with our humble home. The convent of St. Valerie is close at hand. I know a little of the superior. There were new gold clasps put to her missal from our very shop—richly embossed they were. But the pension is high."

"It matters not," said Beatrice; "my stay will be but short, and my father will not grudge the expense of his child. Besides, I have jewels—you must be aware of the value of these," drawing forth the bright cross made from the choicest rubies of Peru.

"Keep it yourself, Donna," said Pachetti, who seemed to take spirit from Beatrice's firmness—"I have ample funds of Don Henriquez'—a liberal gentleman he is."

"I would wish to set off at once—I can myself tell the Abbess my story. I need only ask your services as guide and to confirm my statement."

Pachetti stepped with most ingenious adroitness out of the

room, and Beatrice was left to a *tête-à-tête*. The Signora, by silence to her guest, conversation to herself, and looks of mixed dislike and disdain, contrived to concentrate no little share of annoyance in the next hour. At length Pachetti returned, with information that she would be received at the convent of St. Valerie, and that a little covered carriage was at the door to convey her thither. Caterina received her salutation without a return, while her husband was profuse in his parting civilities. She paused for a moment in the shop to write an acknowledgment for the ducats she had received for present use, and to obtain the address of Lorraine's banker. Pachetti then handed her to the carriage, taking an opportunity of saying, in a most carefully subdued tone, "I shall be very glad to render you or your father any service or services. Caterina, poor thing! has not that blessing, an even temper; but she means very well. You know you ladies have all your little peculiarities."

"You ladies!"—the fire flashed into Beatrice's eyes at the words; however, she replied only with the thanks really due to his civility. Once, and only once, she drew aside the curtains of her vehicle, and then shrunk back in confusion at the number of people who turned the usual stare of the lazy on the passing carriage. They arrived at the convent-gate; and an old nun, who officiated as porteress, gave her in charge to another, who conducted her to the Abbess. The large wainscoted room, hung in a style with which she was familiar, raised her spirits into a sensation of home. The superior, a stately and pale, though still handsome woman, received her politely but coldly—the coldness of indifference, not of dislike. She asked a few unimportant questions, and, ringing a small silver bell, the summons was answered by a nun, to whose care she consigned Beatrice.

The sister hurried her away, with all the delight of a child who has got a new plaything. Her desire to show her the convent, and introduce her to her companions, was arrested by observing the faintness and fatigue under which she was sinking. With the kindest sympathy, she led her to the cell appointed for her reception, insisted on her lying down, helped her to undress, brought her some warm soup, and then left her to that quiet which was the greatest of luxuries. A soft, fresh air, but sweet as if it had just passed over flowers, came

from the open lattice; the young Spaniard drew one deep breath of enjoyment, and sank languidly on her pillow. In another moment she was asleep.

She slept for some hours. When she awoke, her apartment was filled with the warm crimson atmosphere of sunset—rich rose-stains fell on the wall and floor, which, even as she looked, grew fainter—and gradually the purple obscurity was only broken by the shadowy outline of a creeping and odoriferous shrub which had been trained round the casement. Suddenly a sound of music rose upon the air—it was the even-song of the convent; the notes of the organ and young sweet voices mingled in the hymn. The music—the fragrance of the flowers, whose odour was exhaling in the now falling dew—the languor of recent exertion—the sense of past dangers and present security—operated on Beatrice like the first and delicious stage of an opiate. All that was soothing in her hopes—all that was endearing to her memory, rose in their most fairy fancies. Beatrice listened till she lay and wept with delight.

A gentle hand now opened the door, and her former kind guide appeared. "You look much better, but you must not get up—to-morrow you will be quite another creature. You see I have not forgotten you: so eat your supper, and go to sleep again."

Some boiled rice, with some exquisite conserves, and a glass of wine, aromatic as if made of flowers—and Beatrice finished her repast with a conviction that never had there been any thing half so delicious. A gastronome ought to fast sometimes on principle; we appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally debarred from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

CHAPTER XII.

"L'absence diminue les médiocres passions, et augmente les grandes; comme le vent éteint les bougies, et allume le feu."—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

OUR first love-letter—it is an epoch in our life—a task equally delightful and difficult. No lover ever yet addressed his mistress, and no mistress ever yet addressed her lover, without beginning the gentle epistle some dozen times at least.

There is so much to be said, and which no words seem exactly to say — the dread of saying too much is so nicely balanced by the fear of saying too little. Hope borders on presumption, and fear on reproach. One epithet is too cold — another we are scarcely entitled to use. Timidity and tenderness get in each other's way. The letter is sent, and immediately a thousand things are recollected — those, too, we were most anxious to write — and every sentence that occurs is precisely the one we wish we had omitted. The epistle is opened and read — with a little wonder, most probably not a little vexation, at its constrained style. True it is that no first love-letter ever yet gave satisfaction to either writer or reader. Its delight is another question.

When Beatrice sat down to write, it seemed the most simple thing in the world, to inform Lorraine of her arrival in Naples — it was quite another matter when the letter came really to be written. Between design and execution in such cases, a wide gulf is fixed. She drew her little table to the window, and began: "Dear Edward" — that was a great deal too familiar — she threw the sheet aside. "Dear Sir" — that was as much too formal — the second sheet followed its predecessor. Then she resolved merely to begin by some general phrase. They say Mr. Rogers takes sixteen hours and as many cups of coffee to a sentence, on the strength of which he keeps his bed for a week. Beatrice bestowed nearly as much time, and quite as much thought, on her composition. It was written on her last sheet of paper.

"*To the Hon. Edward Lorraine.*

"Believing, as I do, that Beatrice de los Zoridos is not forgotten, I write a few brief lines to tell you of my present comfort and security. I am now in the convent of St. Valerie, Naples — our Lady be blessed for such an asylum! You will have heard from Alvarez all that took place in Spain. I met with much kindness on my voyage; and I was fortunate in having the widow of a Neapolitan sailor for my companion, who was also my guide to the Signor Pachetti. He mentioned your visit, and the safe arrival of the packet; he told me, too, how anxious you were about my father — God bless you, dear Edward, for it! Pachetti treated me with all

the civility in his power: it was at his recommendation I took up my residence here. I am delighted with the place—the carved wainscot of the parlour puts me so in mind of our own poor old house. I hope you went to see the ruins. I look anxiously forward to my father's arrival; till then, I can only offer those acknowledgments he will be so desirous to repeat. If I have not said what you like, pray you think for me, and believe the thoughts mine.

"With sincere expressions of gratitude,

"Your indebted

"BEATRICE DE LOS ZORIDOS.

"I know not why I should blush to write what I would not have blushed to say;—your little watch has been my constant companion. But a long absence is before us—a thousand things may happen—a thousand changes occur—I mean, you yourself may change. If so, do not hesitate to tell me. The weakness of repining—the meanness of reproach, would, I trust, be equally unknown to one whose memory would thenceforth be simple gratitude."

How easy it is to be generous about the inconstancy which in our secret self we hold to be impossible! The letter was despatched; and Beatrice had now only to adopt the habits of those around her as much as possible. The young Spaniard had been in many situations of greater difficulty, but in none more irksome. Hitherto her life had been one of active exertion; every day had brought its task; the household duties, the care of her mother, had made leisure sweet, in proportion to its rarity; a library of extensive, but miscellaneous reading—the best in the world for a strong mind; a beautiful country, through which her steps wandered free as the wind,—had made every evening marvel how the hours could have passed so quickly since morning. Now she had neither duties nor resources. The Breviary, or the Lives of the Saints, were very unattractive reading. Her naturally grave temper revolted from the small amusements of the nuns, who were such grown-up children, that confidence was impossible between them. Fortunately, Beatrice had never been accustomed to that indulgence which is certain to make the object suppose that all tastes and habits ought to give way to *its own*. Her early lessons of doing for the best, in circum-

stances she could not control, were now learned under a new form.

Her residence at St. Valerie had a softening and subduing effect upon her character. As yet she had acted under some strong excitement; she was now taught the necessity of action, whose reward was in its own exertion. She saw her companions happy in frivolous pursuits; she did not pretend that she could be happy also, but she drew from it a useful moral of the advantage of being employed. Observation, with no one to whom it could be communicated, induced the habit of reflection. For the first time she was in society whose members were indifferent, but kind. Accustomed to be loved, and to love, this general carelessness seemed at first want of feeling; she soon learned to think more justly. We have no right to expect more from others than we ourselves are inclined to give. If we were to love every one we meet, the very nature of love would be destroyed. Convenience, not affection, is the bond of society. The world is often taxed with falsehood, when, in reality, we should blame our own expectations. Courtesy from our acquaintance, kindness from our friends, attachment from those who make the small circle we love, is all we have a right to expect — and in nine cases out of ten it is what we really experience.

Beatrice soon made for herself a little round of occupations. She acquired a degree of musical science; she perfected her skill in embroidery; and she assisted Sister Lucie, her first acquaintance, in the preparation of those exquisite confections which were the pride of her life. She also learned to lay aside much of her natural silence and reserve; for society, to an affectionate temper like hers, soon made her wish to be liked. It is a most unkindly nature that can rest satisfied with its own approval.

But a yet higher advantage was derived from her stay at St. Valerie. The many religious observances by which she was surrounded — the folly of some, the emptiness of others — turned her thoughts, more than ever, to the sacred pages, whose perusal was now the chief employment of her solitude. Study and thought gave her religious feelings of an imaginative character. She saw in religion, not a mere refuge in the time of trouble, or a relief when the heart longed to pour forth its joy — not an expression of passionate gratitude, or still more

passionate sorrow; but the great rule of all action. Every other motive for good might fail, this divine one never. Gradually the fear of God became more present to her eyes; and the religion that had been a strong and beautiful feeling, was soon a firm and active principle. The more she studied that small English Bible, the more she was penetrated by its truth, and enlightened with its meaning. In the convent of St. Valerie that faith which became the guide and comfort of her future life was most strengthened and confirmed.

One morning, with an air of important intelligence, Sister Lucie entered her cell.

"If you will go down into the garden, you will see the young English nun, who has been so ill — she is out to-day for the first time. Make haste, for she will remain in the open air only a short while."

Beatrice had curiosity enough to lay down the silk she was embroidering, and hasten to the convent garden. Encircled by large old pine-trees, whose gloomy green has no sympathy with the seasons, with boughs whose unchanging foliage maintains a selfish triumph over winter, and stands, sullen and sombre, apart from summer, there was no outward sign of the garden within. It was a bright spring morning — a spring of the South, which only counts its hours by flowers. Many of the walks wound through thickets of myrtle, now putting forth its young and fragrant leaves; others were bordered by straight lines of cypress — those stately and graceful columns, like the pillars of some natural temple. In the midst was one immense cedar, worthy to have been a summer palace on Lebanon; beneath, sheltered by its huge boughs from the sun, was a well, whose square marble walls were covered with the entablatures of the Roman days, — oval compartments of figures, surrounded by a carved wreath of the palm. They had probably told some mythological fiction, now nearly effaced. Beside the well-head was a large stone cross, at the foot of which was a kneeling figure, said to be an ancient statue of St. Valerie. The beautiful bend of the form, the finely-shaped head, the delicate and Grecian outline of the features, and the flowing drapery, were suspiciously classical in their grace. Around was an entirely open area, and there the nuns had small separate gardens, where they cultivated flowers and aromatic herbs.

The young English nun was seated at a little distance; her black robe and veil contrasted strangely with the bright boughs over her head — it was a pomegranate-tree, bent to the very ground by its luxuriant weight of blossoms — those rich red flowers which burn in spring with the blushes of summer. She was quite alone; and Beatrice, hastily taking a few early violets, which she had planted in her own plot of ground, went and offered them to the stranger in English. A passionate burst of tears — her first answer — startled her with their excess of sorrow. She had only just succeeded in restoring her companion to some appearance of composure, when the nun, her attendant, returned: seeing Beatrice, she said, in a good-humoured tone of petition,

"You are young and idle — if the air does our invalid good, will you stay with her, and help her to return to her cell?"

"O, I like to be of use," replied Beatrice. "If not so good a nurse as yourself, I will be quite as careful."

They were again alone, and the young Spaniard gazed with great interest on her companion, who, after an eager glance round, said,

"You are not a nun — do you mean to take the veil?"

"Never," replied Beatrice; "I am only waiting the arrival of my father."

"Is he an Englishman, that you speak the language so well?"

"No: he is a Spaniard; but my mother was a native of your country."

"Would to God I had never left it!" and again the tears fell thick and fast; then, speaking with an expression of alarm, "I am so weak I scarce know what I say; but surely I need not fear treachery from you?"

A sudden idea flashed across Beatrice: she knew the importance attached to the English convert; she had heard of the haste with which her vows had been made; divers rumours had been afloat in the convent respecting her. Perhaps restraint had been laid on her inclinations; could she render her assistance? There might be danger in the attempt; but hers was not a temper to be daunted by danger.

"Your confidence," said she, kindly, after a moment's hesitation, "will be best obtained by my own. I am here

only a temporary resident — I am not even a catholic — and look to England as my future home. Can I serve you?"

"Alas!" replied Emily, for we need scarcely say it was she, "you know not how weak, how wicked I have been. I am very wretched, but I have brought it on myself; there is nothing now can be done for me; but we may speak of England; and, perhaps, when you go, you will bear a few kind wishes and vain regrets to the friends I shall see no more," — and again the tears fell in large drops from the languid eyelid.

Beatrice, who saw that the young nun's weakness was ill-calculated to bear these passionate bursts of sorrow, gently soothed her, induced her to walk, and, for the present, avoided conversation. The fresh air, the bright soft sun, and, still more, the relief of such a companion, revived Emily; and she returned to her cell so much better, that she might have been quoted as an example in any treatise on the benefit of exercise.

After this she and Beatrice took every opportunity of being together. The suspicion which watched her actions extended not to this intercourse. The Abbess was perfectly aware that, under the influence of strong feeling and false excitement, she had been led into a step she bitterly repented — this had been sufficiently betrayed during her fever. But the irrevocable vow was now taken — the convent had had its full credit for its convert — a very large pension was secured — her set of pearls had been offered to the Virgin — and St. Valerie might now consider her votary as quite safe. The superior, too, had made "assurance doubly sure," by intercepting the letters on both sides. A Spaniard, Beatrice's catholic faith, on the other hand, as it excited no doubt, attracted no scrutiny — the daughter of an exile poor and powerless, she was an object of no consideration, and her actions were as little noticed as things of no consequence always are — her friendship for the English nun provoked not even a remark. Only those who have lived weeks and months in, as it were, a moral desert, among beings with whom they had not a feeling or a thought in common, with only a cold and comfortless knowledge of superiority to console them for being utterly unappreciated — who have felt words rise to the lip, and then checked them from a conviction that they would *not be* comprehended — they, and they alone, can enter into

the pleasure of speaking and being understood, and making conversation a medium not only to express wants, but ideas.

Beatrice had lived too much in solitude not to be simple in her confidence. To those who have never been deceived, it seems so natural to confide in those we love. Besides, a happy attachment has such an enjoyment in its expression; and she was too young not to have a girl's pleasure in talking of her lover. No heart in early life was ever yet a sealed fountain. It is the unhappy love — the betrayed, or the unrequited — that shrouds itself in silence. But in the girl, young and affectionate, out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. The timidity of pronouncing the beloved name once overcome, it is a fond indulgence to dwell on expanding hopes, or to express gentle fears, for the very sake of having them combated. When Beatrice repressed her feelings, it was from pride, not from suspicion; and what pride could be roused by one so very sweet and gentle as Emily Arundel? for though called Sister Agatha in the convent, we shall preserve her old name.

The first week or two passed in the mere exchange of general thoughts, small but endearing courtesies, and in correcting Beatrice's English pronunciation. But their intercourse grew rapidly more confidential. It is a common thing to jest at the rapid growth and exaggeration of girlish friendships. Strange, how soon we forget our youth! True, they do not last. What very simple, serene, and sincere sentiment in this world ever did? We have soon scarcely affection enough for even our nearest and dearest. Instead of laughing at such early attachment, we might rather grieve over the loss of the unsuspicious kindliness that gushed forth in feelings now gone from us for ever.

A purple twilight threw its soft shadows around as they sat together by the casement, a dim outline of each other's figure only visible, when Beatrice began her history. It was too dark for either to distinguish the other's face; and when the young Spaniard sprung up in dismay at seeing her companion's head drop heavily upon her arm, she had not the least idea that her insensibility was occasioned by any part of her narrative. Remedies and relics were equally resorted to before she recovered, when every cause but the right one was assigned for her fainting.

Emily had thought she was accustomed to consider Lorraine attached to another; but that vague hope which lingers so unconsciously in the human heart, or not so much hope as uncertainty, that had as yet given no tangible shape to her rival, had ill prepared her to find that rival in her own familiar companion. Vain regrets; sorrow as passionate as it was bitter, ended in a feeling that could live only in the heart of a woman, young, affectionate, and unworldly. Lorraine, then, loved the young Spaniard, and "I," thought Emily, "may love her too." A patriot might take his best lesson of disinterestedness from feminine affection.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Often from our weaknesses our strongest principles of conduct are born; and from the acorn which a breeze has wafted springs the oak which defies the storm." DEVEREUX.

"We understand the whole city was in a state of revolution." — *Daily Paper.*

THERE was a singular degree of similarity and difference in the characters of Emily and Beatrice. Both had strong feelings, poetical imaginations — and both had lived much in solitude; but Emily's feelings had been left to her imagination, and her solitude had been that of reverie and idleness. Beatrice's feelings, on the contrary, had been early taught the necessity of restraint; her imagination, curbed by action, had only been allowed to colour, not create circumstance; and her solitude had been one of constant and useful employment. Both had much mental cultivation; but Emily's was accomplishment — Beatrice's was information. The one dreamed — the other thought. The one, only accustomed to feel, acted from impulse — the other, forced to reflect, soon formed for herself a standard of principle. Emily was governed by others — Beatrice relied on herself. Emily loved Lorraine as the first idol which her feelings had set up, an almost ideal object — Beatrice loved him from a high sense of appreciation. The English girl would have died beneath the first danger that threatened her lover — the Spaniard would have stood

the very worst by his side. Both were sweet in temper, gentle in step and voice, and refined in taste.

Emily's history was soon told, with the exception of a name; and their intercourse continued to be equally unrestrained and affectionate, with a single mental reservation. Emily marvelled how one beloved by Lorraine could ever have endured to separate from him; and Beatrice secretly wondered at the weakness which had renounced faith, friends, and home, for a passion which seemed wholly founded on imagination. True it is, that we judge of others' actions by our own—but then we do not make the same allowances.

Time passed away quickly, as time does when unbroken by any particular event. The restraint and superstitious folly of the convent were becoming every day more and more distasteful. Beatrice, too, had opened another source of remorse to her companion. Hitherto, Emily had never considered the rash step she had taken in a religious point of view. Like too many others, religion had been with her matter of general acknowledgment and general observance. She repeated her prayers, because she had been accustomed so to do; she went to church, because others did; but she had never looked to her God for support—to her Bible for a rule of action. There are more practical infidels from indifference than from disbelief.

Beatrice was at first astonished to find how little interest the English girl, who had been brought up in a faith so pure, so Christian, took in subjects that were to her of such vital importance. We ask for miracles: is not our own blindness a perpetual miracle? We live amid the blessings that Christianity has diffused through the smallest occurrences of our daily life;—we feel hourly within us that pining for some higher state, whose promise is in the Gospel;—our weakness daily forces us to look around for support;—we admit the perfection of the Saviour's moral code;—we see the mighty voice of prophecy, that spoke aloud of old upon the mountains, working year by year their wonderful fulfilment,—and yet we believe not, or, if we believe, we delay acting upon that belief.

Out of evil cometh good. The attention that might have been diverted—the conviction that might have been darkened *in the world*—were both given entire to the faith that dawned

on the subdued and enlightened mind of Emily Arundel. The Bible of Beatrice was their only religious book; but it was read with that simple and earnest belief by which the dark is soonest made light, and the crooked path made straight.

Beatrice saw, however, that her friend's health was rapidly declining. Almost hourly her slight form became more shadowy — her large bright eyes still brighter and larger — her cheek varied from a clear, cold paleness, to a rich but feverish crimson. Her beauty was like that which we image of a spirit, or as if it refined and became more heavenly as it drew nearer to its native heaven. She could also see, that with all the restless anxiety of an invalid, she pined for her own country. "If I could but die in England!" was her haunting thought; — a wish vain indeed; for Beatrice saw clearly that the victim was more closely watched than ever. She herself, too, was observed with something of suspicion. A note she sent to Pachetti was opened before her; and during an interview with him, an elder nun remained the whole time within earshot of the grating. Moreover, she had her own sources of anxiety. Nothing had been heard of her father; and though most ample time had elapsed for Lorraine's return to Naples, she had neither seen nor heard of him.

The principal events in life are generally unexpected. One afternoon, when Emily's being very unwell had been admitted as sufficient excuse for her absence from the service, the friends had gone together to the convent garden, which garden, it is necessary to observe, lay on the side of the hill: a flight of stone steps led into it, and it was separated from the convent by a wall and a paved court. Emily was too ill for any employment; but Beatrice had brought her embroidery. Seated beneath the shadowy cedar, the hour flew rapidly, when they were startled by loud and uncommon noises. A heavy trampling of steps — clashing as if of swords — several rounds of musketry — screams — shouts — rose in the direction of the court. Each started from her seat; but the walls intercepted their sight, till light and broken masses of smoke ascended, evidently from fire-arms. Faint with terror, Emily sunk against the tree.

"With whom are the Neapolitans at war?" exclaimed her companion, to whose mind the idea of foreign invasion naturally rose.

The sounds grew louder—the smoke became denser and darker.

"Gracious Heaven! they have fired the convent!"

A glare of flame now threw a fearful and wild light against the black body of smoke which hung over it. The firing ceased;—one loud shout rose, and then sank into silence. The clashing of arms was over; but the steps sounded louder and more hurried: they could distinguish a cry for water.

"At least," said Beatrice, "we will move from the fountain." With much difficulty, she half supported, half carried Emily behind a little thicket of the broad-leaved myrtle. "We are here secure from instant observation."

Even as she spoke, a party of men dashed down the steps. One, who appeared their leader, paused and looked round for a moment. His quick eye saw the well; and he approached, motioning with his hand for the advance of his followers, who were all carrying what seemed to be carpets, or rather tapestry. Beatrice now recognised the hangings of the refectory. They brought them to the well; and, apparently obeying the directions of their captain, plunged them into the water, and then hurried back with them saturated with moisture. The chief was following, when he was detained by a tall, dark-looking man, who appeared to speak earnestly; but his stopping made him turn his face to the myrtle thicket. In another moment Beatrice was in the arms of her father.

"Your appearance, madam," said the stranger, "is a most powerful argument in favour of my advice."

Advice generally does require some very powerful argument to be taken.

CHAPTER XIV.

"He abandoned all his schemes of policy, intent only upon the means of making, if possible, a handsome retreat from the disastrous situation into which his presumptuous confidence had betrayed him."—SYDENHAM.

It would have been very much below Don Henriquez's dignity to have escaped easily from Spain; and it was rather disrespectful of Fortune not to throw more impediments in his way than she did. He was as lucky in missing obstacles as heroes of

romance used to be in finding them. Many were the disguises he assumed. At one time he even meditated cutting off his mustaches; — that would have been "the unkindest cut of all." However, after a longer period of wandering than he had expected, he found himself in perfect safety on board a little trading-vessel bound for Naples.

He was landed at his own express desire, on a lonely part of the sea-coast; and his precaution was rewarded by being, in a most picturesque bend of the road, suddenly seized, his arms pinioned, his eyes blindfolded, and himself hurried into the presence of our old acquaintance, Giulio Castelli. An old acquaintance, too, was he of Don Henriquez, who, during his last soujourn in Naples, had found him an active and clever partisan.

Zoridos was immediately released — met with the most polite reception — and learnt that his friends in Naples had made their last speeches, some from very elevated situations. To this was added, that Naples was in a state of great discontent, and might still be considered a very promising theatre for a man of brilliant talents and enlightened opinions.

Henriquez was just now most desirous of learning something from Pachetti of his daughter and his ducats. Giulio, since his matrimonial speculation, had become more notorious, and better known personally, than is quite desirable for a gentleman who was looking back with longing eyes to that land of Cockaigne, England: so, one dark night, attended by one or two of his band, who intended leaving off business and turning *lazzaroni*, they all set off for Naples, which they found in an uproar. The truth is, the inhabitants of that languid and luxurious city wanted some little variety; and the minister (your great men have each their weak point) supported a favourite actress in the range of first-rate characters in the Opera — supported her against the united musical opinion of Naples. One night she sang worse than ever; and the next morning half the city rose up, demanding liberty and a new prima donna. A body of the *lazzaroni* also insisted on a lower price for lemonade, for the revolutionary movement was not serious enough for macaroni.

At this moment Don Henriquez arrived. It was too tempting an opportunity to be missed. He placed himself at the head of a company of people, who were prepared to do some great thing, though as yet they had not determined what. He drove

:k a body of soldiers, who, being disturbed in their morning's :p, were scarce awake—saw at once the commanding posi- n of St. Valerie—prepared to take possession of the hill— l sent Giulio to Pachetti's for five hundred ducats. He met :h some slight opposition from a few straggling troops; but .de good his post. Unluckily, the porch of the door-way ıght fire: this led to an incursion into the garden, and the ult has already been told. Giulio, who had loitered some- ıat on the road, was, however, early enough to follow Hen- uez into the garden. Even in the utmost happiness of sur- .se, Beatrice was not one to think only of herself: a hope of nily's escape instantly suggested itself.

"Dearest father, this way!" exclaimed she, hurrying him the thicket where Emily leant, too terrified and too bewildered : speech. "She is English—she pines for her own country. ın we not now aid her to fly?"

"Only too happy to be so employed. Surely, Don Henri- ıez, this claim upon your gallantry will be more powerful an that upon your patriotism—especially as the one may be some avail, and the other cannot," interrupted Giulio, who tended them.

Henriquez looked hesitatingly first at the convent, and then his daughter.

"Use your influence, lady, with your father; he is too brave man to throw away his life for nothing. A body of troops e now on their way: the rest of the city is quiet already. As passed through the court, sacrilege was the word, not liberty. he moment the soldiers are seen, the people will disperse, or few of the bravest may remain to pelt their leader."

'My poor Beatrice, is this our meeting?" exclaimed Zoridos.

"You see, Senhor, the case is desperate as regards fighting, ıd no one can blame the flight which is sheer necessity. I ıow this ground very well. This won't be the first nun who ıs found my services useful. It is now getting dusk; in half ı hour it will be dark. By that time we shall be on the shore; ıd Pachetti, with his usual discretion, told me there is a vessel ing about a mile from the coast, and bound for Marseilles. nce on board we are safe."

"Well, we must just fight our way through the court," said enriquez.

"*You would not* fight far, with a nun on one side, and a

novice on the other. No, no; follow me—and that as speedily as possible."

So saying he advanced to assist Emily, who instantly recognised the banditti chieftain. Faintly she sank on Beatrice's shoulder, scarcely able to utter her entreaties not to venture with such a guide. The recognition was mutual.

"I don't very much wonder at her fright. We have met before; but I owe her no grudge, and we must not wait for womanish fear. Don Henriquez, have I ever broken faith with you? Trust me now, and follow me at once."

Beatrice saw the necessity for instant action. "Emily, dear, you cannot fear my father"—and transferring the trembling girl to Zoridos, she advanced, and, accepting Giulio's offered aid, said, "I can well trust my father's comrade; let us lead the way."

"By the Madonna, lady, you shall be as safe as myself!"

Confidence is its own security. Henriquez finding Emily too terrified or too weak to move, took her up in his arms, and carried her like a child. They reached a remote part of the garden, and, partly forcing, partly cutting a way through some thick shrubs, they saw a door, whose hinges soon yielded to their efforts.

"I doubt," said Giulio, "whether this entrance will ever be as useful again as it has been. Well, I do not believe any one knew of its existence, save myself, an old priest long since dead, and a young count not likely to say much about it. So it will not be greatly missed."

It was now getting darker every minute—luckily their guide knew his way perfectly. In a very short time, the sound of the waves breaking on the sea beach was distinctly heard, the trees grew together less thickly, when suddenly their guide paused.

"Your dress will inevitably betray you, lady. We shall find a little boat waiting; but though their consciences are not very tender, I doubt whether the rowers will like carrying off a nun; and they will not hear of it on board our vessel. To aid an escape from the clutches of justice is a meritorious act; but from those of the church is quite another matter."

The whole party looked at each other in dismay.

"Leave me! leave me!" exclaimed Emily, to whom the idea of the danger she was bringing on her friends gave a

momentary energy. "Why should three lives be sacrificed or one so nearly spent as mine? Leave me!"

"Never!" replied Beatrice. "You had remained in the arden but for my persuasions. Quit us, my father—we can urely return to the convent—fright will excuse an absence, hich, from its return, will seem unintentional."

"And how are you to account for finding out the door? nd how are you to get back? I must try some better plan. tay you here—I shall be back in half an hour. You could ot have a better pledge for my return than this"—placing n the ground a bag, which, both from its weight and sound, eemed filled with metal substances. "Pray to every saint ou can think of, that the wind does not rise while I am gone."

Before they could answer, he had disappeared among the rees. The half hour passed in the most intolerable anxiety. Every rustle in the leaves sounded like the beginning of a reeze; the slightest movement of any of the party filled the thers with alarm; and Emily sat on a fallen branch and ept bitterly. At length a rapid footstep was heard: it was iulio.

"I have procured other habits. You must dress as quickly s possible. Let the tree hide the light on one side, my cloak vill do it on the other."

So saying he laid a packet on the ground, and struck a ight; while the cloak, which hung on the boughs, served at nce for a screen to the light and themselves.

All the colours of the rainbow seemed in Giulio's bundle. He had procured two peasants' gala dresses, which shone with carlet and blue. Hastily Beatrice performed both her own and Emily's toilette; for what with fatigue and terror, her companion was almost powerless: still their celerity excited he praise of the *ci-devant* professor of the fine arts.

"What a shame to cut off the nuns' hair as they do! No wonder they want to escape! Still I think yours will soon grow again"—addressing Emily, whose deficiency in, as the Macassar advertisements have it, "woman's chief adornment," was, however, hidden by a red kerchief knitted round her emples.

The light was extinguished, and they again set forth. A boat was in waiting, and they reached the side of the ship in *safety*. *After* a short parley, in which the word

"ducats" bore a prominent part, they were admitted on board.

It was a merchantman, laden with sweet wines. The accommodations were wretched enough—to Beatrice they seemed luxurious. A little cabin, the only one, was allotted to their use; and there Giulio begged permission to deposit his bag. He fastened it up anew. Still Beatrice was right when she fancied it contained the gold chalice of St. Valerie's chapel. Before morning they were out of sight of Naples. For the information of all interested in such matters, we beg leave to state, that the insurrection ended in a proclamation, setting forth, that, thanks to Santo Januario, the lemons promised to be especially productive, and that there was to be a display of fireworks in his honour at the next festival.

A Signora Rossinuola, with the face of a goddess, and the voice of an angel, made her first curtsy that evening to the Neapolitans. She was received with the most rapturous applause. Nothing was heard of next day but her shake and her smile. Her rival talked of an ungrateful public, and set off for England. The next year she outbid the Queen of Naples for a diamond necklace.

Essays are written on causes—they might be more pithily turned on consequences. The Neapolitan revolution ended in the departure of one actress, the *début* of another, and the escape of a nun. Well, the importance of an event is to the individual. One of Beatrice's first acts was to give Lorraine's letter to her father. It was filled with expressions of the most generous and devoted attachment, mentioned his intention of returning to Spain, there endeavouring to learn Don Henriquez's fate, and also to prevail on his daughter to unite her fortunes with his own.

It needed all Beatrice's exertion and submission not to sink beneath the most agonising apprehensions. Her time and attention, too, were occupied by the rapid and increasing illness of Emily, who, with that pertinacity with which an invalid adheres to some favourite idea, seemed filled but with the hope of dying at home. Don Henriquez was sufficiently tired of action to look rejoicingly forward to the security of England; Beatrice's heart was there already; and Giulio avowed his belief that it was the only place in the world where talent was properly encouraged.

CHAPTER XV.

" And it's hame, hame, hame,
I fain wad be—
Hame, hame, hame,
In my ain countrie." — ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Mais, maman — mais je viens ce matin de me marier." — *La Petite Madeleine.*

TAKEN by a pirate — undisturbed by an interesting ship-eck just in sight of port — our voyagers arrived at Mar-lles. Here Don Henriquez would gladly have made some ıy; but, at Emily's earnest entreaty, they embarked in other vessel for England. "You know not," said she to atrice, "how I pine to be at home again; every voice ates on my ear with a foreign sound — my eyes look round vain for some accustomed object — the very air I breathe ıs an oppression in it. I feel ill; but it is an illness that ıly asks for its cure familiar faces, and quiet and home."

Beatrice tried to smile and soothe; but her eyes filled with ars, and her voice became inaudible, as she watched Emily's verish colour die away into marble paleness, and felt how avily that slight and wasted frame leant on her for support.

"So young, so beautiful, so gentle — gifted with rank, rtune, and one so made to love and to be loved — and t dying — and dying, too, of that carefully kept grief hich seemed a thing in which she could have no part. las! Life — on what a frail tenure dost thou hold thy dearest ıd loveliest! Her heart has given its most precious self, ıd the gift has been either slighted or betrayed. And I," ought Beatrice — "I, who am so happy in the love I deem y own — how could I bear neglect or falsehood from Edward? appiness, thou art a fearful thing."

It may be questioned whether Beatrice found either the ıpport or the enjoyment in her father's society she expected. een in her perceptions, accurate in her conclusions, she ıuld not but see the hollowness of arguments whose strength as in their sound; and she could not but perceive the ɔsurdity of the small vanities which wore a giant's armour ll they fancied they had a giant's power. However, the recian painter's veil is as good for a parent's folly as for parent's grief, and Beatrice listened to some thousand-and-ne *plans for the* regeneration of mankind; and though she

drew in her own mind the conclusion, that as a universal conviction had never yet been obtained, so it never would,—she nevertheless wisely kept the conclusion to herself; while Henriquez thought what a very sweet creature she was; but then women were so very weak. "I did expect my daughter to have been superior to her sex."

One evening Emily had been prevailed on to try the fresh air of the deck. Like most invalids whose disease is on the mind, she was indisposed to any thing of bodily exertion; but, though she might reject Beatrice's advice, she could not refuse her request—and she took the place which had been so carefully prepared for her. The air was soft and warm, and she soon suffered the cloak in which she was wrapped to fall about her; when suddenly a passenger, whose crimson pelisse had quite illuminated the deck she was pacing, approached with the exclamation—"Well, now, Lord help this wicked world!—the lies people do tell!—and no manner of gain whatsoever. Only for to think, Miss, of meeting you here! Why, they said you had been crossed in love, and had turned into a nun; and instead of that, here we all are, sailing away for Old England. But, bless your pretty face! you look mighty ill!—I hope the crossing-in-love part of the story isn't true—I know it 's very disagreeable to young people; but, deary me, you 'll soon get over it—it 's nothing when you 're used to it. When I was a girl I used to sing,

'I am in love with twenty;
I could adore as many more—
There's nothing like a plenty.'

Lord love you! I never took on about any of them."

"Now don't say so, Mrs. Higgs," said a corpulent gentleman, thrusting in a face which looked equally wide and weak—"you know you'd have broke your heart if we two hadn't been made one."

"Broke my heart!—no sich nonsense—there were as good pigs in the market as yours any day. Not that I'm noways grumbling at the bargain I 've had of you—though you weren't my first love neither. So you see, Miss, to lose a first chance aint much."

Beatrice did not comprehend the dialogue, but she saw Emily look as if ready to sink into the earth, and she beckoned her father to help her companion to the cabin—at the same

time collecting her best English to explain that Miss Arundel was too ill for conversation. "All affectation," said Mr. Robert, who still resented her silence in the chapel.

Two, however, of the passengers in the vessel were very agreeably employed—they were making love. By-the-by, what an ugly phrase "making love" is—as if love were a dress or a pudding. Signor Giulio's fortunate star was in the ascendant. Miss Amelia Bridget Higgs was not, it is true, the beauty of the family; she was therefore the more grateful for any little polite attentions. And—to tell in a few words what took them a great many—Mr. Higgs, who had come to Marseilles to meet his family, landed his feminine stock with warm congratulations that they had not taken up with any frog-eating fellow abroad.

The old Greek proverb says, "Call no man happy till he dies." A week after their arrival in Fitzroy Square, Miss Amelia Bridget thought it good for her health to walk every morning before breakfast. "A very fine thing," observed Mrs. Higgs; "I am sure it used to be Job's own job to get her out of her bed."

One morning, however, Fitzroy Square must have been more than usually delightful: there was an east wind.

> "Amid whose vapours evil spirits dwelt;"

the poor little daisies and crocuses,

> "Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,"

seemed to implore their mother earth to receive them into her bosom again; the smuts, those "fairy favours" from the gnome queen of coal fires, fell fast and thick; and the laburnums looked so many practical Rousseaus denouncing the progress of civilisation.

"Why, I declare it spits," said Mrs. Higgs, gazing on those watery drops on the windows which indicate what the Scotch call mist, and the English rain. "Timothy, do go and tell your sister that the tea's quite cold, and we've eat all the prawns."

"I'm sure, Ma'," replied the boy, "you might send Jack—I've got my theme to do about being obliging, and I sha'n't have no time."

"Indeed," said Jack, who was what is called a fine manly boy, "I sha'n't go; my stomach always tells me when it's

breakfast-time—and Miss Biddy has got as good a clock as I have."

"What wicked boys you are!" exclaimed the irritated Mrs. Higgs; "all this comes of your edication."

"I am sure," rejoined Jack, "I don't want to be educated—I hate going to school."

"Ain't you ashamed of yourselves, you little ungrateful rascals? Don't you cost us a mint of money, that you may have the blessing edication?"

"I don't care," returned Jack.

"Don't care! you undootiful wretch, do you know that Don't Care came to the gallows?"

"Well Ma', if it's my fate to be hanged, I shall never be drowned."

"I'll be the death of you, Master Saucebox!" said Mrs. Higgs, rushing wrathfully forward; but the box on the ear was arrested by the sudden entrance of Miss Bridget Amelia and Signor Giulio Castelli. The young gentleman made his escape; but Mrs. Higgs's store of indignation was not so instantly to be assuaged, even by the oil of courtesy; though, by dint of eating two lozenges, getting her a glass of brandy during a gale, and seeing to the safety of a bandbox, Signor Giulio was rather a favourite. As to Mr. Higgs, he hated all those foreigneering people.

"A pretty time this is to come in to breakfast! The muffins are quite cold, I can tell you, Miss Higgs."

"Not Miss Higgs, but the Countess di Castelli," said Giulio, stepping gracefully forward.

The Countess took out her handkerchief.

"Our felicity asks but the paternal blessing to make it complete. Kneel, my Amelia."

"Lord, father, don't be angry, and begin to swear; but I've been and got married this morning."

"Not to that damned jackanapes of a Frenchman?" cried the father.

"Married, and got never no wedding clothes!" said the mother.

"I'll lock you up on bread and water for a year," said Mr. Higgs.

"To think of you going and getting married before your eldest sister. But you never had no manners," said Mrs. Higgs.

"Miss Biddy 's in for it now," whispered Jack.

Signor Giulio began an eloquent speech about his noble blood, his country's wrongs, and his fair Countess; and his lady began to cry. Tears did more than words. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Higgs could ever abide the sight of crying: their anger melted like barley-sugar exposed to the moist air —the young couple were forgiven—and the whole family spent the wedding-day at Greenwich.

At dinner, a dish of stewed eels made Mr. Higgs a little pensive, and he remarked, "that the fair sex slipped through your fingers just like eels." This innuendo was, however, all that disturbed the enjoyment of the day, whose hilarity, as the newspapers say of a public dinner, was prolonged to a late hour.

But all this in advance; and Miss Bridget and the Italian *professeur des variétés* are leaning over the side of the vessel. At length a dark line appeared on the horizon—it widened—assumed a broken outline, like an evening ridge of clouds—gradually the bold coast became defined—an element seemed restored to creation—and the green glad earth was visible to the gaze of the voyager.

Beatrice stood at the little cabin-window, her heart in her eyes, watching, but not for the beauty of the scene. No, though the steps of morning were even as angels' on the sea which grew bright beneath;—no, though the night had left the blush with which she rose from her pillow behind her on the clouds;—no, though the white cliffs stood out before her —stainless portals of earth's most glorious land;—she gazed upon it because it was the country of Edward Lorraine. "Edward, my own beloved Edward!" said she in English; and then hid her face in her hands, as if to shut out every object but that now present to her thoughts.

A slight noise in the cabin aroused her. She blushed to think how forgetful she had been of time. The coast was now distinctly visible; the town glittered in the sunshine—the Castle reared its head proudly on the height—a hundred ships floated in the Downs—a hundred flags were rising in the breeze.

"Oh, Emily, come!" exclaimed the Spanish girl, "and see your own beautiful country."

Emily, whose arousing from sleep had attracted Beatrice's

attention, rose from the sofa, and leaning on her companion's shoulder, shared the cabin-window. Once, only once, she looked almost as if with envy in the Spaniard's face—it was but for a moment, and she too turned to gaze eagerly on the shore. Her cheek coloured, her eye brightened, as she marked how rapidly they were approaching the land. Almost unconsciously, she stretched her arms forward, like a child to its mother. "Home at last—how I have pined for my home!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Sad and deep
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast."—MRS. HEMANS.

"Many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience fit."—MONTGOMERY'S *Pelican Island*.

ARUNDEL HOUSE was scarcely a day's journey from the seaport where they disembarked; and the voyagers easily yielded to Emily's entreaties that they would, for the present, take up their abode with her.

"How very beautiful!" exclaimed Beatrice, as, at the end they wound through the shadowy lane so peculiarly English. Truly, as the old proverb says,

"March winds and April showers
Had brought forth May flowers."

The first flush of the hawthorn blossom had given place to the luxuriant vegetation of the green leaves, amid which the red shoots of the wild honey-suckle twined, and from which hung a profusion of its fragrant tubes, like fairy trumpets. The dog-rose was decked with its delicate bloom, and a hundred frail but most fair roses contrasted the darker hedge. High above stood the ash-tree, its boughs covered with the toy-like bunches called "locks and keys;" and beyond spread the meadows, knee-deep with the verdant grass. At one turning in the road, the air became suddenly fragrant: the dew of the evening was falling on a portion of the fence entirely composed of briar, whose leaves are sweeter than the flowers of other plants.

The shadows fell long and dark from the antique house, as they entered the court-yard; and an old man, candle in hand, querulously asserted "that the young mistress was abroad."

Emily had, partly from fatigue, partly from thought — such thought as never yet sought language — been leaning back in the carriage; while Don Henriquez and his daughter conversed in whispers. She now roused herself; and, looking from the open door of the chaise, said to an elderly woman, who had come forward, apparently to countenance her husband's denial, "Have you forgotten me, Mary?"

"God bless her sweet face, it is herself!"

"Our young mistress come home!"

Little explanation was needed. The ancient servants were, with the usual effect of pleasurable surprise, quite bewildered. With a strong effort, Emily conquered whatever feelings might be struggling within; and, bidding her guests welcome, took Beatrice's arm, and led her after the old housekeeper, who mingled her exclamations of delight at seeing "Miss Emily again," with lamentations at having been taken "all unaware:" turning with an apologetic tone to Beatrice, to whom, as the stranger, she deemed some explanation due for the honour of the house. "The room does look mighty bare and cold; but you see, Ma'am, the curtains are taken down, and the chairs covered up: to-morrow you sha'n't know the place."

They entered the room, and the lights fell full on Emily's face. "Oh, Miss Emily!" ejaculated the poor faithful creature, who now saw the alteration a few months had produced.

A glance from Beatrice — for nothing is so electric as the kindness of sympathy — stopped the tide of bewailings that were gushing forth. "Poor child!" muttered the housekeeper; "but it's no good telling her."

"You must let me help you to nurse Miss Emily," said Beatrice: "I must resign my office by degrees; but being at home will do wonders for her."

"Nay," said Emily, smiling, "I shall want very little nursing now — I feel so well this evening."

Even sorrow for "the dear child" gave way before the "hospitable cares" on which the housekeeper was "intent." A bright fire blazed in the grate, the arm-chairs were wheeled round, a white cloth laid on the table — rather sooner than was necessary, but the delight of the old domestic's heart was the damask. Supper was brought in with apologies, thick and

travellers. A chicken had been broiled with mushr
mushrooms which had that very morning had the d
them; pork-chops, the smallest of the small, and the
of the white; some broiled ham, and peas which Ad
been out with the lantern to gather; also a cucum
freshest and most fragrant of salads; preserved apric
frosted amber; a basket of early strawberries and
Norway itself, that paradise of cows, could scarce boas
or whiter. Add to this, Madeira which had twice
beneath eastern suns—once in the grape, and once in th
and Port whose filmy robe of cobweb had, as old
boasted, outlasted many a silken dress. Now, reme
that what was hot of this supper was very hot indeed, a
was cold, cold as possible, it must be owned that travell
fared worse.

Don Henriquez was deeply impressed in favour of
glish nation; but Beatrice was chiefly rejoiced to see ho
being at the home for which she had so pined seemed
Emily. She had all day complained of severe and
pain; she now seemed not only at ease, but even compa
strong. The Spaniard thought of her companion's mor
and settled fate; rich, in her own land, near friends
day would bring to her side—at home in the house of

"To-morrow is my birth-day," said Emily; "how thankful I am to spend it at home! Mary, be sure you send word to Mr. Morton to breakfast here."

"But, Emily dear, you will tire yourself. If we mean," said Beatrice to the housekeeper, "to nurse her, we must oblige her to obey us: let us see, now, if both together have authority enough to make her silent and sleepy."

In a few minutes more the old woman was dismissed; but Beatrice was the first asleep. Restless, weary, fearful of disturbing her companion, Emily found on her pillow only the weariness of unrest. She grew feverish and impatient; at last, having ascertained, by leaning over her, that Beatrice was sleeping, she arose, and, wrapping her cloak around her, softly undrew the curtain. A gleam of light from the lamp fell full on Beatrice's face, and Emily hastily turned round to ascertain that she still slept. The hurried glance became a prolonged gaze, as she marked the perfect beauty of the face before her. The marble clearness of the skin was warmed with a rich crimson flush; the parted lips were like chiselled coral, and wore a sweet smile, as if their thoughts were pleasant. The long curled eye-lash rested on the cheek; and along the throat, where the blue veins, clear and azure, were filled with life, was a slight hair chain. Emily had often seen it—it was wrought by the sleeper's self, and to it hung the little watch given her by Edward Lorraine, beating quietly as the heart beneath it. It was a moment's impulse that made Emily, as she entered the dressing-room, hold the lamp to the glass. Earnestly she gazed on her own face—thin, pale,—eye and cheek had equally lost their lustre; her strange and haggard look startled even herself.

"I never was so beautiful as she is—and now"——

A feeling of hatred towards the young Spaniard entered her heart, and she sunk back on the sofa, while her breath came thick with the hurry of evil thoughts.

"I wish I had staid in the convent, so that she had staid with me. I might have turned her thoughts against him—told her he was cruel, false. Even now they might be parted." And Emily wished in her heart that the beautiful sleeper might never wake again. It is well for our weak and wicked race that our unrighteous wishes lack the temptation of power. *Who dare look into* the secret recesses of their soul, and number

their crimes of thought? But Emily was too kind, too generous, to allow her bad nature more than a moment's sway. The shadow of the demon passed over her, but rested not.

"My God, have pity and mercy on me! I dare not think my own thoughts. I—I, who love him so! how could I even think of happiness bought by his sorrow? And Beatrice, who has been to me even as a sister—a watchful and affectionate sister!"

The tears filled her eyes, and soon fell thick and fast; they came with all the gentleness of rain, and her softened mood brought almost happiness with it. The imagination for a while drew the future as with the wand of a fairy; but it was the future of others—though a future that owed much to her affection. Suddenly she rose from her seat, and, drawing a little table to the fire, began writing eagerly. Her hand trembled, and the damp stood on her brow in large drops with the exertion; and before her task was finished, her heart beat aloud. At length two papers were completed: one she folded and put in her desk—"I only ask till to-morrow:"—the other she tried to seal, but in vain—her strength was utterly exhausted. Her head swam with a strange and heavy pain—she dropped her face upon her hands to still the throbbing pulses—she gasped for breath—and on raising her face, her hands were covered with blood: it gave her, however, a temporary relief; but she felt too faint to move, and sunk back on the sofa. A light step entered the room—it was Beatrice.

"Oh, Emily, why did you not wake me?"

"Nay, I have not wanted you till now;" and throwing her arm round her companion's neck, she kissed her: it was a silent renewal of affection, as if she mutely asked her forgiveness for having envied her happiness. She was soon asleep; and Beatrice, now fully awakened by anxiety, watched over her unquiet slumbers as you would watch a feverish child. Once Emily started up—"Is my letter gone to Lady Mandeville?" But on Beatrice's assurance that it should be sent the first thing in the morning, she dropped her head back on the pillow and slumbered again.

The sunshine of summer, and the showers of spring, brought in the next day. White clouds wandered over the sky, like the uncertain aims of the weak and vain—and like them, too, often ending in darkness and tears. The wind stirred the

leaves of the old trees with a sound like falling rain — a melancholy voice that suited well with their gloomy shade. But in the garden was life in all its glad and bright hues: the early roses and the late violets opened their urns, exhaling in perfume the drops they caught, till every breath was pleasure; the laburnums, those prodigals of fleeting wealth, were covered with gold; and the Persian lilacs waved graceful as the Circassian maidens, to whom they are so often compared in eastern song. Emily resisted all entreaties to remain in bed; and the party had finished breakfast before Mr. Morton arrived. The coldness and severity of his air vanished as he gazed on Emily, who, after a moment's embarrassment, requested Don Henriquez and his daughter to take Adrian as a guide round the grounds.

They wandered for some time through the garden; at length they repassed the window. Emily was rising from her knee, and Mr. Morton's hand rested on her head, even as a father would bless his child. They caught sight of Beatrice, and beckoned her to come in. Mr. Morton passed her hurriedly in the hall, and she saw he was struggling to subdue a burst of bitter emotion. The trace of tears was on Emily's cheek; but she was quiet, composed, and less feverish. A moment after, Mr. Morton re-entered. But all parties conversed by an effort. Beatrice was anxiously watching Emily's extreme exhaustion. Don Henriquez, having nothing else to do — and an English house, moreover, recalling many early recollections —thought he could not take a better opportunity of being unhappy about the loss of his wife, whom, to speak truth, he had never had time to regret properly. Mr. Morton had ample matter for reflection in the altered looks of his early favourite; and the little attention Emily's increasing languor enabled her to bestow on any thing, was given to watching the hands move round the face of Beatrice's watch.

God of heaven! to think what every segment of that small space involves! — how much of human happiness and misery —of breath entering into our frail tenement of mortality, and making life — or departing from it, and making death — are in such brief portions of eternity! How much is there in one minute, when we reflect that that one minute extends over the world!

CHAPTER XVII.

"How near I am now to a happiness
This earth exceeds not. . . . . .
Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envy upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long." MIDDLETON.

THOUGH not, perhaps, taking such perfect poetry of expression, a similar train of thought passed across Edward's mind on the morning that he galloped through the woods of the fair Spanish province where dwelt "the ladye of his love." Leontio, in the drama, was very much disappointed in his reception; so was Lorraine. The last dark branches which intercepted his view gave way, and he saw a heap of blackened ruins. Scarcely aware of his own actions, he sprang from his horse. A single glance convinced him it could harbour no human habitant. With the rapidity of his own thoughts, he flung himself on horseback again, and, urging the animal to its utmost speed, the blood was on the spur, and foam on the bit, when he drew bridle at Alvarez' cottage.

Minora was there alone; and the instant she caught sight of the young Englishman, with all that tact by which a woman's feelings enable her to read those of others, she waited no question, but instantly exclaimed, "The Donna Beatrice is safe, but at Naples!'

Lorraine turned away his face for one moment, towards the fresh air of the door, before he answered her. Alvarez entered almost immediately, and minute and many were the questions and answers which filled up the next hour. His plan was soon formed: he would accept their hospitality for the coming night, and return the next day to Naples. During the latter part of the dialogue, Minora had been reducing to practice the theory of the French poet,

"Mais, après tout, il faut diner."

The little oaken table had been placed beneath the porch, which the vine was beginning to cover with its lithe and light tendrils, and its small glistening green leaves opening in that short-lived and delicate perfume which exhales from the early blossoms of the grape. She had fried an omelet, fragrant with aromatic

herbs; and her father filled a pitcher with claret, of the colour of the ruby, and the coolness of the pearl.

The sun set into one of those beautiful and purple evenings, which Langhorne has depicted as sweetly as poet well could—

> "Twilight with gentle hand did weave
> Her fairy web of night and day,"—

when Edward bent his steps to take a last look at a place haunted by Beatrice's earliest years, and of which every record would, he rightly deemed, to be so precious her memory.

Time destroys not half so ruthlessly as man. The roof was entirely gone—only a rude skeleton of the house remained in the scorched and falling walls—a few traces of the black and white pavement were still left near one of the windows. It had been Beatrice's favourite seat, for the sake of a vine which had clustered luxuriantly round. Great part of the tree had been burnt—a few green shoots were now expanding, but they trailed upon the ground. A large oak had been entirely burnt; and this, with the destruction of some smaller trees, had laid poor Donna Margaretta's little garden open to view. There stood the stately ilex—all else was changed. The bees had deserted the hives, which were overgrown with thick creeping plants, that effectually excluded the air; the fountain was choked up with rubbish; and a few bright flowers mocked with their glad colours the desolation around.

Edward turned mournfully homewards: the scene of destruction pressed heavily upon his spirits; it was too nearly connected with what his Beatrice had suffered. He felt impatient to extend towards her that security and protection which it is man's to give to the woman he loves. The distance to Naples seemed immeasurable; and again and again did he lament that he had ever been persuaded to leave her. The next morning the dew lay like silver on the leaves, when he bade Alvarez and his daughter a kindly farewell.

Minora gained by the visit—a marriage-portion, which made her lover's father as polite to the heiress as he had been cold to the beauty. He had negatived the features which his son had most eloquently pleaded; but he had nothing to say against the pistoles.

Edward had just turned out of the village, and was preparing to take the road to the left, when his further progress was intercepted by two cavaliers, one of whom politely requested

he would go to the right. He was so civilly arrested, that at first he was unsuspicious of the fact. He then did what people usually do in such cases—complied with what he could not resist.

One of the officers was tall and silent—the other short and communicative, and most particularly polite in his mode of information. From him Lorraine learnt that he was arrested on a charge of treason; and his obliging companion finished with observing, "I hope they will not hang so handsome a cavalier as your Excellency. I would recommend letting you off with a few years' solitary imprisonment. May I ask if the Senhor considers himself lucky? much depends on good fortune in such cases."

With this encouraging remark, they stopped at the house of the Judge of the district. Edward, as soon as he entered, saw that his case was hopeless. The judge was seated in a large arm-chair, by which stood a little black boy with a huge fan of white feathers: a flask and a silver goblet were on a table beside him, both empty; and their proprietor was looking round with the bewildered air of one just awakened from sleep. The shorter officer approached, and made some statements in a whisper.

"There, there, you have spoken; and I have heard quite enough. Strange that people should use so many more words than their intelligence needs! Bring the prisoner!"

Edward advanced.

"Young man, what were you doing at Don Henriquez de los Zoridos' yesterday evening?"

With a safe conscience Lorraine could reply "Nothing."

"Nothing! that's no answer—refuses to reply. Who did you expect to meet there?"

"Nobody."

"That's no answer either! What brought you here?"

"The beauty of the country—I am travelling for amusement."

"Ah, one of those wandering gentlemen who think every country better than their own—the very people for mischief. You saw Donna Beatrice when you were here before: where is she now?'

"I can scarcely be supposed to control that lady's actions."

"I don't consider that any answer either. Where is Don ariquez?"

"I do not know."

"Young gentleman, it is a maxim of mine always to say as little as possible, which saves a great deal of trouble. I have asked you all the necessary questions. Answer them to day with your tongue, or to-morrow with your head."

"Neither, if you please," said Lorraine, firmly. "I am a British subject, and have in no way interfered with your government. I cannot reply to questions of which I am ignorant. I place myself under the protection of the British Ambassador, and appeal to the Governor of the province."

"A great deal of unnecessary trouble. I take you at your word. I am sending despatches to our governor—you shall go too. I wish you a pleasant journey."

Again he said a few words to the shorter officer, and turned in his chair with the air of one prepared for a luxurious nap.

It was late in the afternoon when Lorraine arrived at the sea-port where the governor of the province resided. Don Manuel was exactly the poetical idea of a Spaniard: something like a portrait of Vandyke's—a clear olive complexion; large dark eyes, rather melancholy in their expression; coal-black hair and mustaches; a tall and noble figure; and that stately courtesy, which seems to say, "I owe it to myself to do no wrong."

Lorraine immediately resolved on what indeed was his only plan of conduct. The sleepy yet shrewd judge was the antipodes to confidence, but to Don Manuel he felt no hesitation in frankly stating his actions and their motives, from his first arrival in Spain to the present time. The Governor heard him with the most kindly attention.

"Truly, as a Spaniard and a gentleman, I can only say that at your age I should have acted even as yourself. My official situation is here at variance with my feelings. I cannot be blind to the advantages your detention may give to the pursuit of Don Henriquez. If I set you at liberty, you are in a condition to materially forward his escape. I must not trust you at Naples. However, all you will have to endure is a temporary restraint: it shall not be a very severe one."

For about a fortnight he remained prisoner on parole in the Governor's house. It would have been, under any other circumstances, a pleasant visit. One advantage was, that he *certainly derived* from it much juster views on the state of Spain

than he would ever have obtained from Don Henriquez. At length a vessel was to sail for England, and on board this the Governor informed him he was to embark.

"I am sorry," said Don Manuel, "to place such delay between you and Naples; but I consider it indispensable. My only consolation is, that no lady's constancy is the worse for being tried."

Edward thought he would as soon not have tried it. Nevertheless, for England he was forced to embark, and in England he arrived without incident or impediment.

We might sail round the world without an adventure now-a-days. Once in his native country, business obliged him to visit London; and at his banker's he found several letters from his brother, all full of regret, affection, and despondency. The contents of the last two were such as to induce him to depart forthwith for Etheringhame Castle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Memories of boyhood! how crowded and thronged are thy images — how pleasant, how painful! What has become of the companions of our studies, our sports, of our rivalries and reconciliations, of our sudden quarrels and more steady friendships? How remain the haunts of those early days? by what footsteps, and with what feelings are they trodden? The wood with its wild cherries — are the trees still there to tempt the adventurous climber? * * * * * Who now lives in the moment, and dreams, if ever dream come, of futurity, as of a vision of glorious enterprise and assured reward?" — W. Jerdan.

It was a broken but beautiful sky — one on which to look was to imagine. The eye could scarcely dwell on the mingling light and darkness, the infinite variety of shadows, that came down from heaven to cast their deeper semblance on earth, without conjuring up in the mind those analogies by which humanity loves to link itself with inanimate nature. There were those bright gleams which have so often been likened unto hope — those depths which have been so happily compared to futurity — those changes to which the heart says, "Such are mine own." The stars came out, few and scattered, and from the far parts of the sky. We hold not now the belief of old: we know that in their mystic characters

nought of our destiny is written. Philosophy has taught a lowly lesson to our pride; and no longer do we single out some bright and lovely planet, and ask of it our fate; till, from asking, we almost hope that Night will send on her winds some answer, whose words are from the mystic scroll of our destiny.

Foolishness of mortality! to deem that the glorious and the lofty star, which looked not on us who watch its beauty, should have been placed in that mighty firmament to shed its radiance on our birth, and chronicle in its bright page our sin, our suffering, and our sorrow! — and when have not these three words told the story of our life? And yet this linking that vain life to the lofty and the lovely, — what is it but one of the many signs of the spirit within us — that which day crushes, but kills not — that spirit which looks into space with the eyes of longing, which spurns the course it treads, and says to earth, "Thou art my dwelling, but not my home?"

Night is beautiful in itself, but still more beautiful in its associations: it is not linked, as day is, with our cares and our toils, the business and the littleness of life. The sunshine brings with it its action: we rise in the morning, and our task is before us; but night comes, and with it rest. If we leave sleep, and ask not of dreams forgetfulness, our waking is in solitude, and our employment is thought. Imagination has thrown her glory around the midnight — the orbs of heaven, the silence, the shadows, are steeped in poetry. Even in the heart of a crowded city, where the moonlight fell but upon pavement and roof, the heart would be softened, and the mind elevated, amid the loneliness of night's deepest and stillest hours; — in the country the effect is still more impressive. We accustom ourselves to look upon the country as more pure, more free, more happy, than the town; and it is from the wood and the field, the hill and the valley, that poetry takes that imagery which so imperceptibly mingles with all our excited moods.

The road, which wound rather round a hill than up it, was high and steep. On one side was a thick hedge, which shut out all from the horseman's view; but the other was bounded by a paling. Beyond it lay the sweep of a park, whose green was touched as if with snow by the moonlight, which grew clearer and lighter every moment, as the thick clouds broke

away. The silvery light, which at first only played on their ridges, gradually extended its dominion, like Persuasion to Pity, softening the dark heart of Anger. The black masses melted into soft white clouds, which went floating over air as if they rejoiced in their change.

The park was dotted with trees, all single, and of an immense size; and the wind just stirred their leaves with a soft sound, like the falling of summer rain. There is something melancholy in most natural sounds—the murmur of the sea—the dropping of water—the many voices of the wind, from that which only scatters a rose, to that which levels mast and flag with the wave; but Nature has no sound more melancholy than that rainy tone among the leaves: you listen, and then look, as if the shower were descending; but your extended hand catches not the drops, and the bough which is blown against your face leaves no trace of moisture behind.

We live in an age of fact, not fiction;—for every effect is assigned some simple and natural cause;—we dream no dreams of spiritual visitings; and omens are fast sinking into the disbelief of oracles: else what a mystical language is that of the leaves! No marvel that in the days of old, when Imagination walked the world as its own domain, every ancient trunk had

"One fair spirit for its minister."

The hamadryades have gone, like the golden fancies of which they were engendered—morning dreams of a young world scarce awake, but full of freshness and beauty. Yet often will the thought, or rather the fancy, come across me, that this wailing but most musical noise—heard in the dim evening, when every tree has a separate sound like a separate instrument, and every leaf a differing tone like the differing notes—is the piteous lament of some nymph pent within the gray and mossy trunk whence she may never more emerge in visible loveliness.

Edward—for he was the rider—now turned from the road, and entered the park by a small gate, which, however, opened on no actual road; but he was familiar with every old tree and grassy knoll within that wide domain. Childhood, more than any other period, links its remembrance with inanimate objects, perhaps because its chief pleasures are derived

from them. The hillock whose top was left with a flying step — the oak, to scale whose leafy fortress had in it something of that sense of danger and exertion in which even the earliest age delights — the broad sheet of water, whose smooth surface has been so often skimmed and broken by the round pebble, to whose impetus the young arm lent its utmost vigour — how deeply are these things graven upon the memory! The great reason why the pleasures of childhood are so much more felt in their satisfaction, is, that they suffice unto themselves. The race is run without an eye to a prize; — the oak is climbed without reference to aught that will reward the search; — the stone is flung upon the waters, but not in the hope that, ere many days, it will be found again. The simple exertion is its own exceeding great reward. Hope destroys pleasure *; and as life darkens around us, the eye is in perpetual weariness, and the heart in continual fever, with gazing beyond the present into its results.

Edward had now entered a grass avenue, over which the limes interlaced their yellow blossoms, pale in the moonlight, while their faint odour filled the air. How many kindly and affectionate thoughts thronged Lorraine's memory, as he rode slowly onwards! Shutting out the hot sun in summer, and the cold wind in winter, and lying apart from any of the more direct roads that crossed the park, this avenue had been a very favourite resort with himself and his brother. The hours that in other days had been here passed away! How many discourses of Algernon's freshened on his memory! — discourses on which his rich but melancholy imagination wasted its strength. Then he recalled the affectionate interest with which Algernon ever entered into his plans — how he had encouraged him with prediction, and shared with him in hope. "And how little," thought Edward, bitterly and sadly, "how little has sufficed to put discord and division

* This remark having been questioned by one to whose judgment I exceedingly defer, may I be permitted not to retract, but to defend my assertion? Hope is like constancy, the country, or solitude — all of which owe their reputation to the pretty things that have been said about them. Hope is but the poetical name for that feverish restlessness which hurries over to-day for the sake of to-morrow. Who among us pauses upon the actual moment, to own, "Now, even now, am I happy?" The wisest of men has said, that hope deferred is sickness to the heart: yet what hope have we that is not deferred? For my part, I believe that there are two spirits who preside over this feeling, and that hope, like love, has its Eros and Anteros. Its Eros, that reposes on fancy, and creates rather than calculates; while its Anteros lives on expectation, and is dissatisfied with all that is, in vague longings for what may be.

between us! A weary and evil experience is that c
But I ought to blame myself — I was unkind and im
We shall be the better friends for the future." And
spurs to his horse, in the eagerness of reconciliation.

He were no true lover who could ride the greensw
moonlight without thinking of her "the gentle lady
heart;" and from thinking how affectionately Algernon
listen to the history of his love, and Beatrice's infini
fections, he very naturally soon thought of those per
only. However, he was roused from this reverie by su
entering the drive which led direct to the house. H
sufficient indication that he was not the only visitor e
that night.

Lamp after lamp flashed through the thick branches
old chestnut avenue, as the various carriages drove
through the park.

"I can scarcely imagine 'a gay scene,' as the M
Post would call it, at the old castle. 'Oh Change, th
is Woman!' Nothing but a ball could have called for
roses and ringlets as I have seen glancing through
window," said Edward Lorraine.

> "A signal to his squire he flung,
> Who instant to his stirrup sprung;"

or, in less picturesque language, he beckoned to his
and asked him whether he had heard of any *fête* at the

"My lady gives a fancy ball to-night," replied the
and in immediate confirmation, a carriage rolled past
what heavily; for it was large and loaded, and thro
windows were seen a turban, a straw hat, and a g
mingled colours, which showed the wearers had been
their own devices.

"I shall make my way to Algernon's study. It
quiet there, at all events; and I can easily let him k
my arrival."

So saying, or rather thinking, he followed the windin
which led through the little shrubbery, every branch of
was loaded with blossoms. The pink May shook its
favours over him, the lilac covered him with a sweet and
shower, and the red-rose leaves fell to the ground like
he passed. The sounds of music came upon the wind -
a soft indistinct murmur, then the notes more distin

Edward recognised a favourite waltz, though as yet the branches closing thickly overhead prevented his seeing the castle. Many sweet instruments were blended in that gay Italian air — and yet at this moment it displeased the listener. The windows gleamed with light through the boughs — a small open space gave to view the left wing of the building — he could distinctly see the long range of illuminated apartments, figures moving to and fro, and the richly coloured fall of the draperies.

The path widened, and Edward hastily crossed the lawn to the room which he sought. There was light within, but the shutters were closed. "I must enter by the passage door." This had been left unfastened, and in another moment Edward was in the study — but it had been fitted up as a supper-room. That "haunted chamber," vowed to the sad recollections of the loved and the departed — made sacred by the tenderest memories of sorrow and remorse — a temple of the imagination — thus to be desecrated by the very coarsest part of festivity — the solemn turned to the ludicrous! There the last and loveliest likeness of the passionate and the beautiful — the dead Francisca — hung directly above white soup and white wine, blancmange and jelly. Truly, sorrow hath no more substance than a sandwich. How curious it is, too, that the regrets which spring from sentiment grow absurd when the least out of keeping with circumstance! Affections are as passing as the worthless life they redeem; and the attempt to give them memory, when their existence is no more, has often more of laughter in it than of tears.

Edward remembered all the melancholy associations which had so long been connected with the room. Well, there were now the supper-tables spread; and all the advantage of his quiet entrance was, that he was at first taken for a thief, attracted by the charms of silver forks and spoons. Most of the servants were new, and this slight circumstance was a vexation. In an old house we look for old servants. Edward thought the change must have been a bitter as well as a sudden one, that had thus dismissed service made grateful by long habit. However, one or two knew him personally; and with some difficulty he had a message sent to his brother — an unsuccessful one though, for the Earl was not to be found. "I *dare say,*" said a domestic carelessly, as if the subject were of

very inferior interest to some sweet-meats which were bei arranged, — " I dare say he is in the green room in the sou turret; my lord is so odd, he would sooner sit poking by hi self than ——"

What species of enjoyment was to form the comparis Edward did not wait to hear; for, hastily taking up a lan he hurried towards the south turret. He knew it well; a boy, it had been considered as his own domain. Perh something of affectionate recollection might have instiga Algernon's choice; but Edward only thought of one pass in the last letter: " Daily I give up points very dear to r because the pain of insisting is greater than the pain of ref ing; and I speak now of mere bodily weakness."

To reach the turret, it was necessary to cross a gallery fil with musicians and servants, looking eagerly down on the f tivity below. It commanded a view of the whole hall; a Edward for a moment leant over the balustrade. At first was a bright and gay confusion — colours only seemed to str the eye — gradually the figures stood out distinctly, and L raine could distinguish every face except the one which especially wanted. Yet his eye involuntarily lingered on scene; for he had caught sight of the Countess, who v standing in the centre of a little group, whose looks told th language was flattery; and she herself wore that bright cited air which the words of the flatterer, even more th those of the lover, can call up in woman's face. Every ac coquetry, every look a captivation, she just realised one of brilliant beauties of La Fronde, a Duchesse de Longueville, whose sake Rochefoucauld made love, war, and epigrams, a to whom he addressed his celebrated lines,

> " Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
> J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurois faite aux dieux."

She wore a dress of azure blue velvet, with a deep border gold; her luxuriant hair was put back from her brow i style which no face but the most perfect could have bor and was then gathered in a form like that of an anci helmet, every plait glittering with diamonds: it was peculi but it suited her. " What," thought Edward, " the p says in praise of one beauty, I say in dispraise of another:

> ' Her eyes, like suns, the rash beholder strike,
> But, like the sun, they shine on all alike.'

This is very well for indifference, but very bad for vanity. I trust" (and the lover smiled in scornfulness at the very idea) "my Beatrice will be more exclusive of her smile." And with this wish, which with him took the shape of conviction, Edward turned into the gallery which led to the turret.

It was a narrow, gloomy passage, hung with very old tapestry. How strange did the fantastic and discoloured shapes appear by the dim light of the single lamp! At first the sounds of music seemed like a connexion with the gay and the bright left behind—soon the tones became confused—and before Edward had threaded two-thirds of the many turnings, the music was quite inaudible.

One large room only remained to cross: it had in former days been a picture gallery, but now, being apart from the other suite of apartments, it was never used. The furniture was old and faded, and a few worthless paintings mouldered on the walls. Among them was one which, in Edward's estimation, deserved a better place. It was the portrait of himself and his brother, taken years ago, when Algernon was a fine handsome boy, of about thirteen years of age, and Edward not quite three. The younger, a frank, bold, bright-eyed child, was mounted on a large Newfoundland dog, whose impatience the elder brother was trying to soothe. This was another proof how little Algernon's affections or recollections were considered by the Countess Adelaide.

Lorraine was now at the foot of the winding staircase which led to the turret, and he could not but recall his brother's luxurious habits, as he ascended the steep and narrow steps. At last he entered the chamber, and his first look was caught by its comfortless and unfurnished aspect. There was a little table, on which stood a common inkstand, some scattered papers, and a candle which had burnt down in the socket; but the room was illumined by the moonlight, which streamed in from the uncurtained window. Lord Etheringhame was seated with his back to the door, so that his visitor entered unobserved. "My dear Algernon, how comes it that I find you here, and alone?" There was no answer. With a vague feeling of alarm, rather than positive fear, Edward sprang to his brother. The lamp fell full upon his face—there was no mistaking its awful likeness. The features were drawn frightfully aside, and the open eyes looked out with

that stony stare which says light has forsaken them for ever. Edward caught his hands, but they were death cold. Algernon had been dead some hours. "God of heaven! my brother dead—and our parting was in anger!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"And impulses of deeper thought
Have come to me in solitude."
WORDSWORTH.

"This cell hath taught me many a hidden thing:
I have become acquainted with my soul
Through midnight silence, and through lonely days
Silent as midnight. I have found therein
A well of waters, undisturbed and deep,
Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose."

"Supported by the very power of sorrow,
And Faith that comes a solemn comforter,
Even hand in hand with death."
WILSON

"DEAREST LADY MANDEVILLE,

"IF you have not already forgotten my wilful, wayward, and ungrateful conduct, I am persuaded it will be forgiven when I tell you, that I have suffered much both in mind and in body, and am now at home—but ill, very ill, and pining to see you, my kind, my almost only friend. The fatigue of writing is great, and I will enter into no details; but only tell you, that I have escaped from my convent, in company with, and by the assistance of, Beatrice de los Zoridos. She is with me now in England. Every event that has taken place you can learn from others—my feelings only from myself; and if I speak boldly on a subject which even now brings the blood to my cheek, it is because you, and you only, know my secret, and because I would implore you to keep silence as sacredly as you would a trust from the dead—it will soon be one. The melancholy wind is sweeping through the old trees of our garden—I could fancy it filled with spirit tones, which call me away. This is very fanciful; but what has my whole life been but a vain false fancy? I tremble to recall the past—*the gifts* I have misused—the good things that have found *me thankless*—the obstinate will that has rejected content, *unless that* content were after its own fashion.

"Death sends Truth before as its messenger. In the loneness of my sleepless midnight—in the feverish restlessness f days which lacked strength for pleasant and useful employıent—how have I been forced on self-examination! and how ave my own thoughts witnessed against me! Life—the sacred nd the beautiful—how utterly have I wasted! for how much iscontent and ingratitude am I responsible! I have been elf-indulged from my childhood upwards—I have fretted ith imaginary sorrows, and desired imaginary happiness: and hen my heart beat with the feelings of womanhood, it set up divinity, and its worship was idolatrous!

"Sinful it was to love as I loved Edward Lorraine; and ruly it has had its reward. I loved him selfishly, engrossıgly, to the exclusion of the hopes of Heaven, and the ffections of earth. I knelt with the semblance of prayer, but n earthly image was the idol: I prayed but for him. I cared or no amusement—I grew disgusted with all occupation—loved none else around me. I slept, and he was in my reams—I awoke, and he was my very first thought. Too oon, and yet too late, I learnt to what a frail and foolish ision I had yielded. A storm of terrible passions swept over ne. I loathed, I hated my nearest friends. My shame ınounted to madness: fear alone kept me from suicide. I epulsed the love that was yet mine—I disdained the many lessings that my lot still possessed—I forgot my religion, nd outraged my God, by kneeling at a shrine which was not acred to me, and taking vows in a faith I held to be false.

"A brain fever kept me to my bed for some weeks: I hope nd pray that its influence was upon me before. My hand embles so that I can scarcely write.

"Beatrice came to the convent; our intercourse was perıitted; and she was kind, gentle, affectionate, to me, as if he had been my sister. I cannot tell you how loving her oftened my heart. At length I heard her history. She told ıe of trials and hardships that put my complainings to shame; nd then I learnt that she was the beloved and betrothed of dward Lorraine. I looked in her beautiful face, and then, trange as it may seem to say, hope, for the first time, wholly bandoned me. My love had been so dreaming, that my nagination, even in the convent, was always shaping out ıne *improbable* reunion.

"I was ill again. Beatrice watched me, soothed to me from the little English Bible which she said been, in her trying and lonely life, a friend and a Alas! my heart died within me to think what account render of the talent committed to my charge. I fe lost and cast away. I prayed as one without hope — feels her sin is too great to be forgiven. But God justice with mercy — a new life rose up within me. even at the eleventh hour there is hope: I said, s Saviour of the world is mine also. I thought upon t to which I was hastening, and it seemed to me peace bed of a child —'There the wicked cease from troubl there the weary are at rest.' I repented me of my delusions, and strove to fix my thoughts above. Had made religion the guide of my way, I might even fulfilling the duties I have neglected, and looking fo patience and faith. But it is too late; the las house, I am perishing as a leaf to which spring h her life. I have longed to die at home—to hear o the words of prayer in my native tongue— and wo has my wish been granted, when expectation there w I shall sleep in the green churchyard where I fir that death was in this world; — the soil will be fami the air that of my home.

"I am one-and-twenty to-morrow. Would, O G my years had been so spent as to have been a worth ing! But thy fear is the beginning of wisdom; an fear is my trust, that a broken and a contrite spirit not despise.

"Will you not, my dear and kind friend, com me? I shall be so happy, if I can once tell you, that the orphan for a moment forgot your kindness, its was not effaced. I have thought of you, and prayed You will come, dear Lady Mandeville. I want you Beatrice. You will love her, and your kindness ma her. She will be more grateful than I have been. not come to-morrow?

"Your affectionate

"EMILY AR

It was a curious coincidence, that this letter was *Lady Mandeville's* hand while she was making som

ments for their Italian journey, and was in momentary expectation of her husband's arrival. How often did the tears fill her eyes as she read its contents! "Poor dear Emily!—but she cannot, must not, be so ill as she fancies. 'Will you not come to-morrow?' Does she think I could hesitate?"

Hastily turning from the untasted breakfast, she rang for the carriage: "Let them be as quick as possible." Never had she been so impatient: three times was the bell rung to know if it were ready. Luckily, she recollected that she must leave some reason for her absence, as Lord Mandeville was expected every moment. She scarcely liked to trust a message with the servants—a note would be more satisfactory. So down she sat and wrote:—

"Dear Henry,

"I am sure you will rejoice to learn that Emily is even now at Arundel House. I know nothing of the whys and wherefores: but she is so anxious to see me, that I have gone thither at once. Do you follow me.

"Yours, "Ellen."

Rejoicing at Emily's arrival—a very natural curiosity to hear how it had happened—an anxiety she was unwilling to allow even to herself about her health, occupied Lady Mandeville fully during her drive. The bright sun, the sweet free air, brought their own joyousness with them; all nature seemed too glad for sorrow. Lady Mandeville took the sunshine for an omen; and she sprang from the carriage with a step to which her hopes gave their own lightness, and in a moment more was in the room where Beatrice was watching her young companion.

The feverish flush with which the pleasure of seeing Lady Mandeville had crimsoned Emily's face soon passed, and she sank back exhausted; while the slight attention she could bestow was again riveted on the little watch. Lady Mandeville's eyes kept filling with tears as she gazed upon her: she was altered beyond any thing she had even feared. Her position, too, gave the full effect of contrast. She was seated in a low old-fashioned arm-chair, directly below a portrait of herself, that had been taken just before her first visit to London. It had been painted after a fancy of her uncle's, and she was seated in the same old arm-chair, and nearly in the

same attitude as now: but there the likeness ended.]
picture, health coloured the loveliness of youth:

The laughing mouth
Was like a red rose opening to the south.

A volume of fairy tales had fallen from her hand: but her
was evidently still filled with their fanciful creations, f
bright eyes were raised as if following in the air some
bow-touched creation of their own. A profusion of
curls, auburn dashed with gold, seemed dancing over he
and neck; and whosoever had looked on that counter
and sought to read in it an augury of its future, would
said, in the beautiful words of Scripture, "thy ways sh
ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths peace."

Beneath sat the original, her pale lips apart, as if to
the heavy breath were a task of weariness. The outl
the features had utterly lost its roundness, and would
been harsh but for its exceeding delicacy. The dull wh
the skin was only relieved by the blue veins, which, sing
azure and transparent, seemed unnaturally conspicuous.
eyes were strangely large and bright, and much lighter
those in the picture.

But what struck Lady Mandeville the most, was th
treme youthfulness of Emily's appearance: she looked
like a sick child. With the restlessness so common to inv
which fancies that any change must be relief, she had p
away her cap, till, in the many alterations of position, i
entirely fallen back, and showed her head, from whic
ringlets had all been so lately shorn: the hair had, hov
grown rapidly, and it lay in the short, thick, waving cu
early childhood.

With the hope of relieving her oppression, the wir
had all been thrown up. As if a sudden thought struc
Emily rose, and, with Beatrice's aid, walked to the one
opened by some garden steps. "So much for auguries,
Emily, pointing to a young geranium, which was growi
vigour below. "The day before I left home, I plante
slip, and, in idea, linked my futurity with the slight s
saying, If it flourishes, so shall I—if it dies, I shall di
See how luxuriantly it blooms!"

Neither of her friends spoke: the words of encourage
of its being a good omen, died on Lady Mandeville'

and Beatrice led her back to the chair, finding no voice to urge the quiet she recommended by signs.

"It is twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Emily; and at the same moment the church-clock struck. The wind, which was setting towards the house, brought the hours slowly and distinctly. She counted them as they struck; and then breathless with mingled weakness and eagerness, unfolded the scroll she had written the night before. "I see your father and Mr. Morton in the garden: just call them in, Beatrice. I am of age now—I want them to witness my signature."

They came in, and, almost without assistance, Emily wrote her name: the fine clear characters were singularly steady. "It is needless for you to read this paper. I believe all that is necessary is for you to witness my signature." The two gentlemen subscribed it, and Emily took and refolded the paper: but her hand now trembled violently. "I consign it to your care, Mr. Morton," said she, in a voice almost inaudible.

As she was giving the packet, suddenly her whole frame seemed convulsed with violent agitation. A bright crimson flooded her face and neck, nay even her hand, from which, as she eagerly extended it, the scroll fell on the table. "My God! it is his step!" The door opened, and in came Lord Mandeville and Edward Lorraine. The latter caught sight of Beatrice; and, with an exclamation of wonder, advanced towards her. Emily made an effort to rise, but reeled, and fell with her head on Beatrice's shoulder. The unconscious Edward hastily supported her. She raised herself for a moment—gave one eager look towards him—a frightful convulsion passed over her features; it was very transitory—for before Beatrice, who sprang from her side to reach some essence from the table, had returned with it, her face was set in the fixed calm and the pale hues of death.

THE LAST CHAPTER.

" O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits ! "
SHAKESPEARE.

THE winding-up of a novel is like winding up a skein of silk, or casting up a sum — all the ends must be made neat, all the numbers accounted for, at last. Luckily, in the closing chapter a little explanation goes a great way; and a character, like a rule of morality, may be dismissed in a sentence.

Cecil Spenser married his cousin, Helen Morland: it was very satisfactory to find somebody who looked up to him entirely. He repaired the beautiful old abbey, which his father had allowed to go to ruin — built a library and a picture-gallery — threw open his preserves — refused to stand for the county — and if not happy, believed he was, and in such a case belief is as good as reality. He practised what Lord Mandeville theorised, who, in despite of his convictions of the excellence and happiness of those who are

" Home dwellers on their father's land,"

accepted a foreign embassy to one of the most brilliant of the European courts, but where Lady Mandeville was the most brilliant and the most beautiful.

There is a very acute remark of Crowe's, which says, "the English rather desire to extract a moral than a truth from experience." I must own they do dearly delight in a judgment; and sorry am I that I cannot gratify this laudable propensity by specifying some peculiar evil incurred by Mr. Delawarr's ambition, or Lady Etheringhame's vanity.

Adelaide neither lost her life by eating ice when warm with dancing, nor her features by the small-pox, the usual destiny of vain creatures in the days of moral essays: she went on like Lady Macbeth,

" For I can smile, and murder while I smile,"

till the rose and the ringlet became alike artificial; and she was left to that "winter of discontent," which shared it reproaches between the maid who could no longer make, and the mirror that could no longer reflect, a beauty.

Mr. Delawarr's life was spent in debates and dinners. Once, for a few weeks, he was in the opposition — caught cold, and decided that such a position was equally bad for his own and his country's constitution — resumed, and never after resigned his post under government. He died the first and last Earl of Delawarr.

Mrs. Francis Boyne Sillery played cards to an interminable old age; and her youthful husband died, five years after their marriage, of the jaundice. There were some *on dits* afloat respecting a third marriage with a "certain young writer," whose hymns had converted every old lady in Bath; but it never took place.

The respectable family of the Higgs's got on amazingly well in the world: the sons, as their mother was wont exultingly to state, were quite gentlemen, and spent a power of money on their clothes. The Countess, as in their own circle she was invariably called, used always to choose for her favourite topics the uncertainty of worldly distinctions — the horrors of a revolution — and the melancholy situation of a nobleman in a foreign land, where he was forced to abandon his natural sphere, and had only his own consciousness of high birth to sustain him. Signor Giulio rose marvellously in Mr. Higgs's esteem; for, to his wife's dismay and his father-in-law's delight, he set up a manufactory of macaroni, which answered so well, that Mr. Higgs used to rub his hands with great glee, and be very grateful to Providence, who had made even a foreigner turn out so well; taking, however, to himself a due share of credit for the benefit his advice had been, as well as for the credit obtained by an alliance with such a 'sponsible family as that of the Higgs's. "I never gave him no credit for nothing because of his mustachers — but, Lord! he knows a good ha'penny from a bad 'un as well as me."

We regret to state that Miss Carry went on to forty-five, falling, and being crossed in love. By the by, as she never got married, a fine moral lesson might be drawn from her fate, touching the inexpediency of too many attachments. At last she took to a blonde cap with roses, and a flaxen wig; became suddenly faithful to her first love, or rather to his memory; and retired with her blighted affections into the country — *that is to say*, she took a small cottage at Islington; a sickly-

looking passion-flower was trained over the front; a weeping-willow, whose leaves were like "angel visits" in one respect at least, for "they were few and far between," grew by the pump; and over the parlour mantel-piece was hung the profile of the long-forgotten but now ever-to-be-remembered Benjamin Stubbs. And there dwelt Miss Carry Constantia Higgs, with her sorrows, her canary, and her cat.

Mrs. Smithson's laurel and olive branches multiplied equally; to her last child she stood godmother, having gone the round of her friends with that honour, till none were left for the youngest. Her last work she published on her own account, not being able to find a bookseller; and still the pleasure of her life consists in collecting round her a little genteel and literary society.

A change came o'er the spirit of Don Henriquez's dream; from political he turned scientific; and his superabundant activity found ample employment in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics. His pursuit soon became a mania; and one fine morning he set off for the pyramids. From them he duly despatched an account of his discoveries to the various learned bodies that have a council and a charter throughout Europe. There was one agreeable piece of self-deception attending it — he called the splendid allowance which Beatrice was made the medium of offering him, a fine proof of the Hon. Mr. Lorraine's devotion to the interests of science. It is an excellent plan to generalise individual gratitude — it makes an obligation sit so very lightly.

Beatrice was still as much an orphan as amid the lonely woods of Andalusia; but now she needed not the care nor the support of her kindred. One heart kept over her the deep and eternal watch of love; and perhaps her own attachment to her husband was more passionate and entire, that earth held not another tie to claim one thought. The world said that the beautiful Spaniard was cold as she was beautiful — too reserved and too proud for attraction. True it was that early habits of silence and reserve, and the timidity born of long solitude, together with a high and ideal creed of the sacredness of affection, made Beatrice shrink away from the many, to concentrate her whole existence upon the one. Edward could scarcely love her the less, because for him only *her eye* brightened, and her cheek flushed into crimson —

that for him only, her smile softened into tenderness, of her words grew eloquent with feeling and thought.

Lorraine's future destiny was a stirring and a brilliant one. Lord Byron says, what does a great man purchase by the devotion of his whole life but

"A name, a wretched picture, a worse bust?"

Still, it is something to have a name "familiar as a household word" — a picture, the worst print from which is popular — and also an exceedingly handsome bust: all these were in Edward Lorraine's futurity.

When Miss Arundel's will was opened — that paper which it was her last earthly act to sign — it was found, that, after having amply provided for all the old dependants of her house, and bequeathed a few legacies — slight marks of affection to friends, not one of whom was forgotten — Beatrice de los Zoridos was constituted sole heiress. One request was subjoined — that Arundel Hall should be pulled down. "I could not endure that another race should dwell in the house of my fathers." Of course the injunction was fulfilled. The wheat now springs up over the dwelling-place of the ancient house of the Arundels.

In the picture-gallery at Etheringhame Castle hangs a portrait, which bears not the name, and claims no affinity with the noble race around; yet the spectator often pauses before it, to ask who is that glad and girlish-looking beauty? and the answer is, "An early and beloved friend of the Countess's, who died young." There is also one other memorial of the departed — a small marble tablet in the village church, near what was once Arundel Hall, hangs amid the scutcheons of her house: it bears a brief inscription:

EMILY ARUNDEL,

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF HER FAMILY,

AGED 21.

THE END.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES AND SHAW,
NEW-STREET-SQUARE.